McClure's Magazine.

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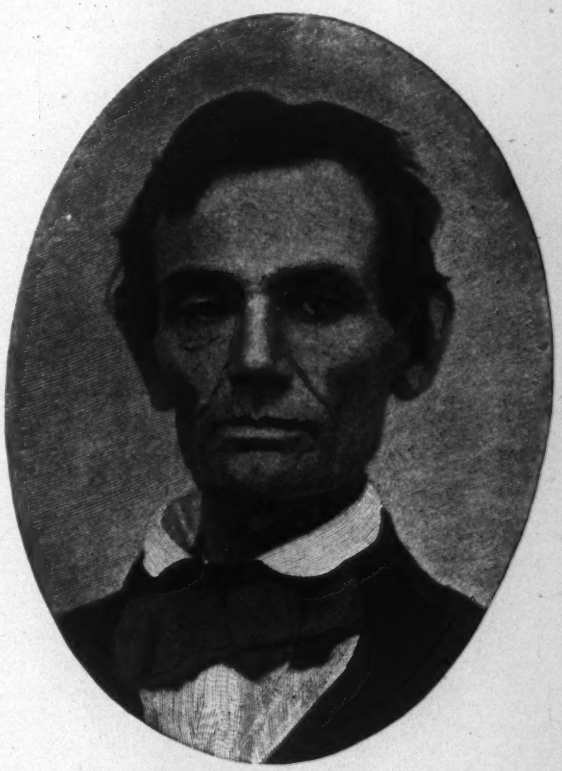
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Edited by Ida M. Tarbell.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is certainly a remarkable fact that only once before has a magazine undertaken to publish a Life of Abraham Lincoln. Editors have eagerly explored the whole world for subjects, themes have been worn threadbare, and yet the greatest of subjects has for some inscrutable reason been overlooked, excepting in a fragmentary way. The Life of Lincoln here begun will in no sense be a rival to the great and monumental work of Messrs. Nicolay and Hay. Theirs was "Abraham Lincoln: A History;" ours is to be Abraham Lincoln the Man. One-fourth of theirs was devoted to the first fifty years of Lincoln's career; three-fourths of the McClure's Life will be occupied with the story of Lincoln's first fifty years.



From a pictorial standpoint this Life of Lincoln will be unique. Our frontispiece is the only portrait of Lincoln showing him with a young face. We shall publish fully twice as many portraits of Lincoln as have ever appeared in any Life, and we shall illus-

LINCOLN IN 1858.

From a photograph loaned by W. J. Franklin of Macomb, Illinois, and taken in 1866 from an ambrotype made in 1858 in Macomb. This portrait figures in the collection in the Lincoln Home at Springfield, Illinois, and on the back of the photograph is the following inscription: "This likeness of Abraham Lincoln is a faithful copy of an original ambrotype, now in possession of James K. Magie. It was taken August 25, 1858, by Mr. T. P. Pierson, at Macomb, in this State, and is believed to be of anterior date to any other likeness of Mr. Lincoln ever brought before the public. Mr. Magie happened to remain over night at Macomb at the same hotel with Mr. Lincoln, and the next morning took a walk about town, and upon Mr. Magie's invitation they stepped into Mr. Pierson's establishment, and the ambrotype of which this is a copy was the result. Mr. Lincoln, upon entering, looked at the camera as though he was unfamiliar with such an instrument, and then remarked: 'Well, do you want to take a shot at me with that thing?' He was shown to a glass, where he was told to 'fix up,' but declined, saying it would not be much of a likeness if he fixed up any. The old neighbors and acquaintances of Mr. Lincoln in Illinois, upon seeing this picture, are apt to exclaim: 'There! that's the best likeness of Mr. Lincoln that I ever saw!' The dress he wore in this picture is the same in which he made his famous canvass with Senator Douglas." This inscription was written by J. C. Power, now dead, but for many years custodian of the Lincoln monument in Springfield.

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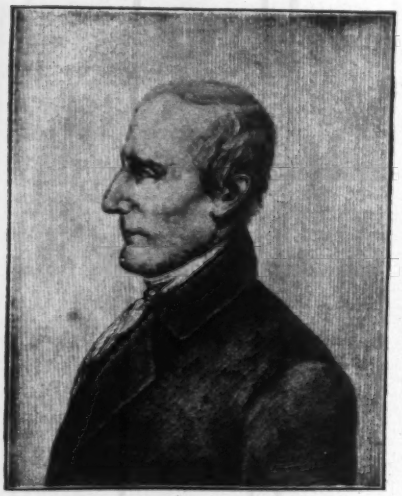
I do hereby certify that by authority of License I did from the Clerks Office of Washington Co I have Solemnized the Rites of Matrimony between Thomas Linaln and Nancy Hanks, June 12th 1806 A D. agreeable to the Rites and ceremonies of the Methodist Episcopal Church witness my hand

Jesse Head D E M C

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF THOMAS LINCOLN AND NANCY HANKS.

From the original in the possession of Henry Whitney Cleveland of Louisville, Kentucky.



THE REV. JESSE HEAD.

From an original drawing in the possession of R. T. Durrett of Louisville, Kentucky. The Rev. Jesse Head was a Methodist preacher of Washington County, Kentucky, who married Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. Christopher Columbus Graham, who was at the wedding and who knew Mr. Head well, says: "Jesse Head, the good Methodist preacher who married them, was also a carpenter or cabinet-maker by trade, and, as he was then a neighbor, they were good friends. He had a quarrel with the bishops and was an itinerant for several years, but an editor and county judge afterwards, in Harrodsburg. . . . The preacher, Jesse Head, often talked to me on religion and politics, for I always liked the Methodists. I have thought it might have been as much from his free-spoken opinions as from Henry Clay's American-African colonization scheme, in 1817, that I lost a likely negro man, who was leader of my musicians. . . . But Jesse Head never encouraged any runaway, nor had any 'underground railroad.' He only talked freely and boldly, and had plenty of true Southern men with him, such as Clay."—H. W. CLEVELAND, *in unpublished interview with Christopher Columbus Graham.*

trate the scenes of Lincoln's career on a scale never before attempted.

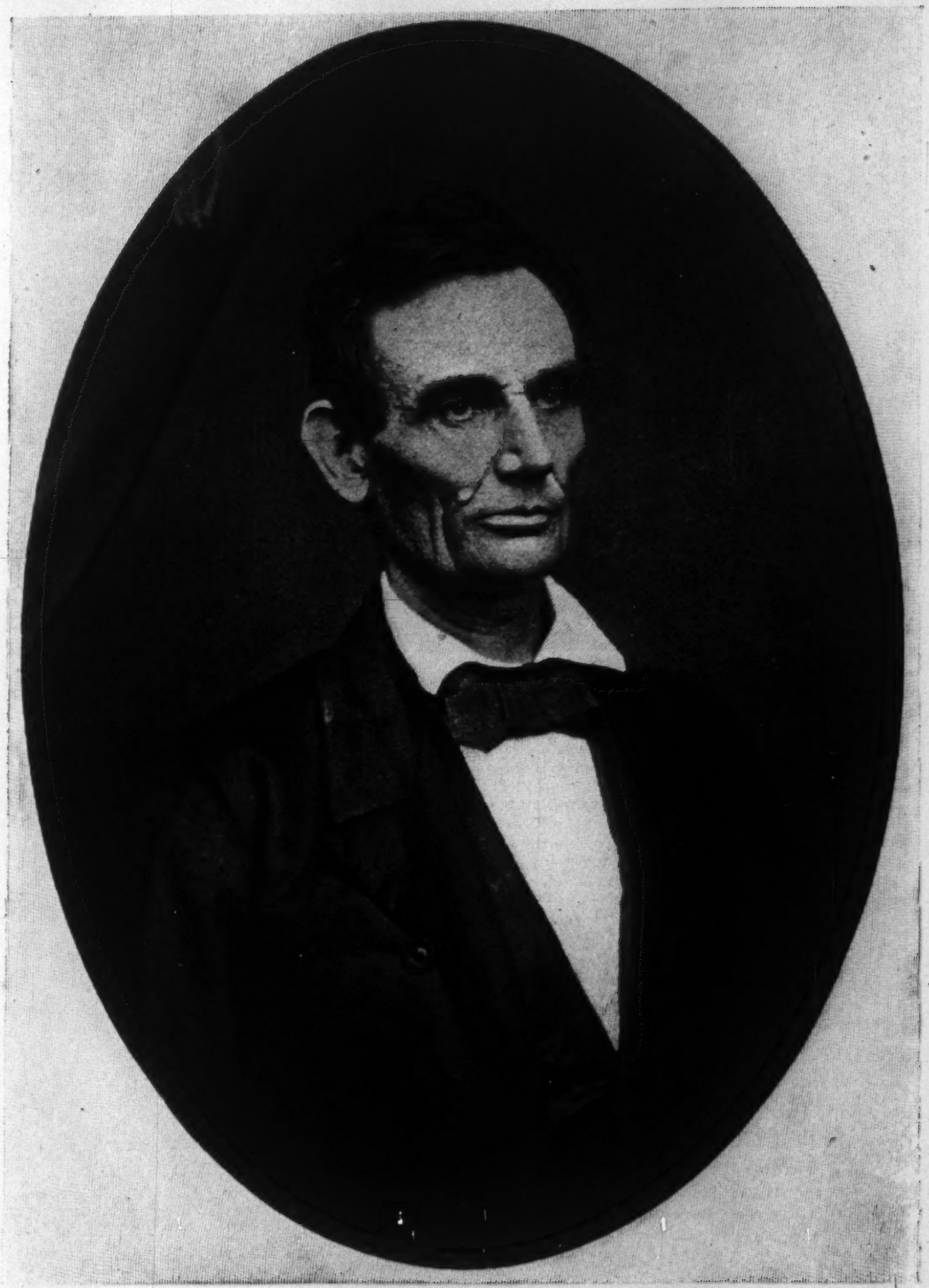
The method of preparing this Life is also unique. As far as possible the story of each period of Lincoln's career will be told by the persons most competent, either from personal association, or by special study, to relate it. Miss Tarbell directs each writer, and herself furnishes connecting links for the narrative. By this means accuracy, local color, and, in many cases, facts absolutely new are secured.

The text and the pictures of this first article, however, are the best exposition of our plans, and the best indication of what we intend to do.

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD IN KENTUCKY AND INDIANA.

"THE short and simple annals of the poor" was Abraham Lincoln's own characterization of his early life. It is a characterization true as well of the lives of his father and mother, and of all his ancestors as far back as we are able with any certainty to follow them. For our present purpose it is not necessary to trace these ancestors farther back than the paternal grandfather, one Abraham Lincoln, who, towards the close of the last century, fell under the spell of the adventurous spirit of his friend Daniel Boone, and left his home in Rockingham County, Virginia, in 1780 or thereabouts, to move into Kentucky, where he took up four hundred acres of land in Jefferson County, twenty miles east of Louisville. In 1784 Abraham Lincoln was killed by Indians, leaving his wife and five children to shift for themselves. The youngest of these children, a lad of six years at that time, was called Thomas.

The death of the father was sad for this child,



LINCOLN IN 1858.

From a photograph in the possession of Mr. Stuart Brown of Springfield, Illinois. Mr. Milton Hay of Springfield, an intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln's, considered this the most perfect likeness made of Mr. Lincoln before he went to Washington. It is supposed to have been taken in 1858 in Hannibal, Missouri.

HOUSE NEAR BEECHLAND, KENTUCKY, WHERE THOMAS LINCOLN AND NANCY HANKS WERE MARRIED.

From a photograph in the collection of O. H. Oldroyd, preserved in the house in which Lincoln died, Washington, D. C.

VIEW OF ROCK SPRING FARM, WHERE PRESIDENT LINCOLN WAS BORN.

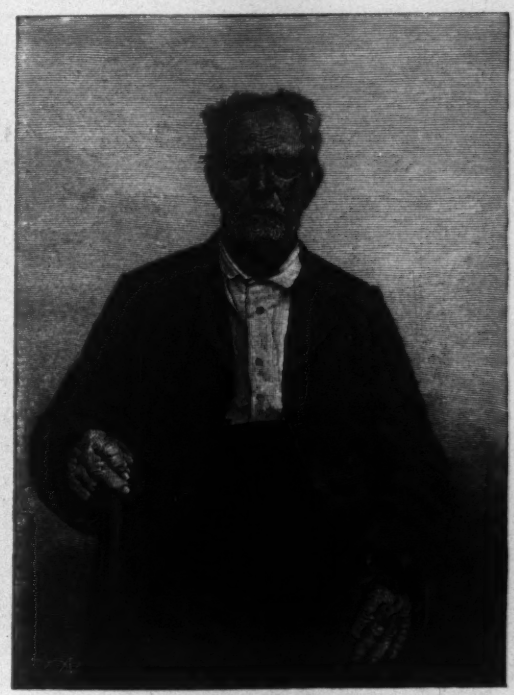
From a photograph taken in September, 1895, for McClure's Magazine. The house in which Lincoln was born is seen to the right in the background. Rock Spring is in a hollow under the clump of trees in the left centre of the picture.

for it turned him adrift to become a "wandering laboring-boy" before he had learned even to read. For twenty-two years he went about from place to place, doing many kinds of rough farm work, as well as learning indifferently well the trade of a carpenter and cabinet-maker; though undoubtedly he was, as one of his old acquaintances said, "a good carpenter for those days, when a cabin was built mainly with the axe, and not a nail or bolt-hinge in it; only leathers and pins to the door, and no glass, except in watches and spectacles and bottles. Tom had the best set of tools in what was then and now Washington County."* He never became a thrifty or ambitious man. "He would work energetically enough when a job was brought to him," said one of his old acquaintances, "but he would never seek a job." He was absolutely illiterate, never doing more "in the way of writing than to bunglingly write his own name." Nevertheless, he had the reputation of having, as one of his nephews, J. L. Nall, says, "good, strong horse-sense;" and Dennis Hanks declares he was a man of the strongest determination when his mind was made up; besides, he was good-natured and obliging, "a very quiet sort of man," says Mr. Nall, moral—and, in the crude way of the pioneer, he was religious.

When twenty-eight years old, Thomas Lincoln married. His wife, Nancy Hanks by name, was, like her husband, a Virginian, and, like him, of a "second-rate family." Her experience in life had, too, been similar to her husband's, for the Hanks family had been drawn into Kentucky by the fascination of Boone as had the Lincolns. But it was only in her surroundings and her family that Nancy Hanks was like Thomas Lincoln. In nature, in education, and in ambition she was, if tradition is to be believed, quite another person. Certainly a fair and delicate woman, who could read and write, who had ideas of refinement and a desire to get more from life than fortune had allotted her, was hardly enough like Thomas Lincoln to be a suitable wife for him. She was still more unfit to be his wife because of a sensitive nature which made her brood over her situation—a situation made the more hopeless by the fact that she had neither the force of character nor strength of body to do anything to improve it; if, indeed, she had any clear notion of what it lacked.

Thomas and Nancy Lincoln were married near Beechland, in Washington County, Kentucky, on June 12, 1806. There was still living in 1884, in his hundredth year, an old man, Christopher Columbus Graham, who was present at this wedding. "I was out hunting roots for my medicines," he told an interviewer, "and just went to the wedding to get a good supper, and got it. I saw Nancy Hanks Lincoln at her wedding; a fresh-looking girl, I should say over twenty. I was at the infare, too, given by John H. Parrott, her guardian, and only girls with money had guardians appointed by the court. We had bear meat, . . . venison, wild turkey and ducks, eggs wild and tame—so common that you could buy them at two bits a bushel—maple sugar swung on a string to bite off for coffee or whiskey, syrup in big gourds, peach-and-honey, a sheep that the two families barbecued whole over coals of wood burned in a

*Christopher Columbus Graham, as reported by H. W. Cleveland in an interview held in 1884, in Mr. Graham's hundredth year, and never before published.



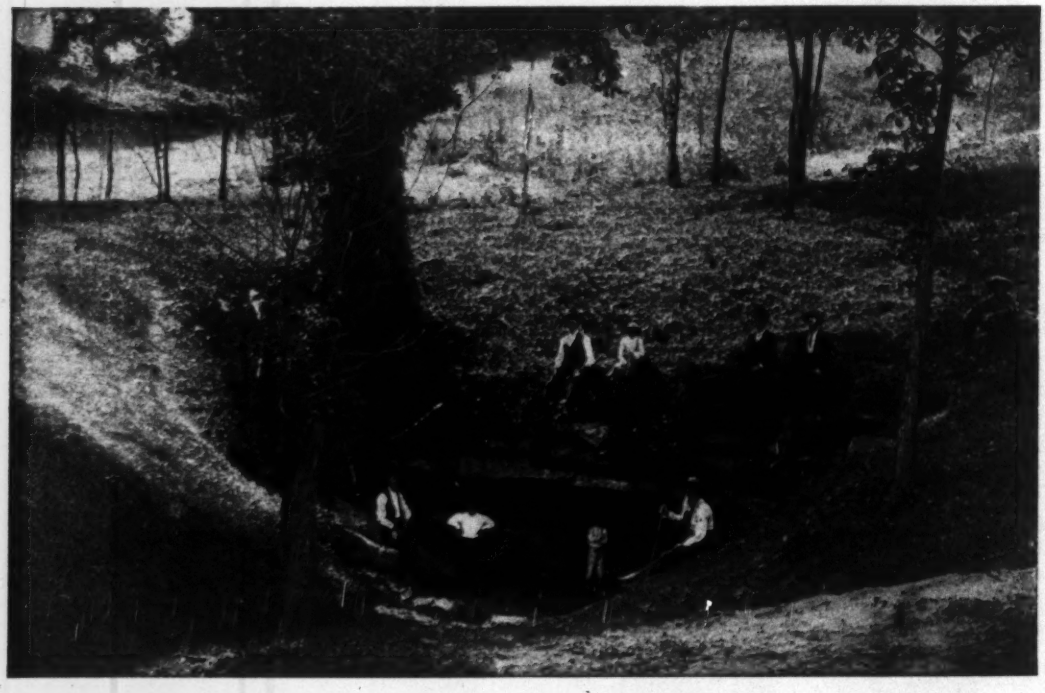
Portrait reproduced by permission of The Century Company.

AUSTIN GOLLAHER.

Austin Gollaher is the only person now living who was a friend and associate of Abraham Lincoln during the latter's boyhood life in Kentucky. Mr. Gollaher is now ninety years of age; his entire life has been spent within a short distance of Lincoln's birthplace. In a quiet and simply furnished home, located on a small stream known as Knob Creek, the old gentleman struggles with increasing physical infirmity. His mind remains sound and bright. Mr. Gollaher is a man of the highest standing in the community and possesses the respect of all his neighbors. His reputation for veracity is of the best. Nothing pleases him more than to relate incidents of his childhood, when he was acquainted with the Lincolns and other pioneers.—D. J. THOMAS, on *The Boyhood of Lincoln*.

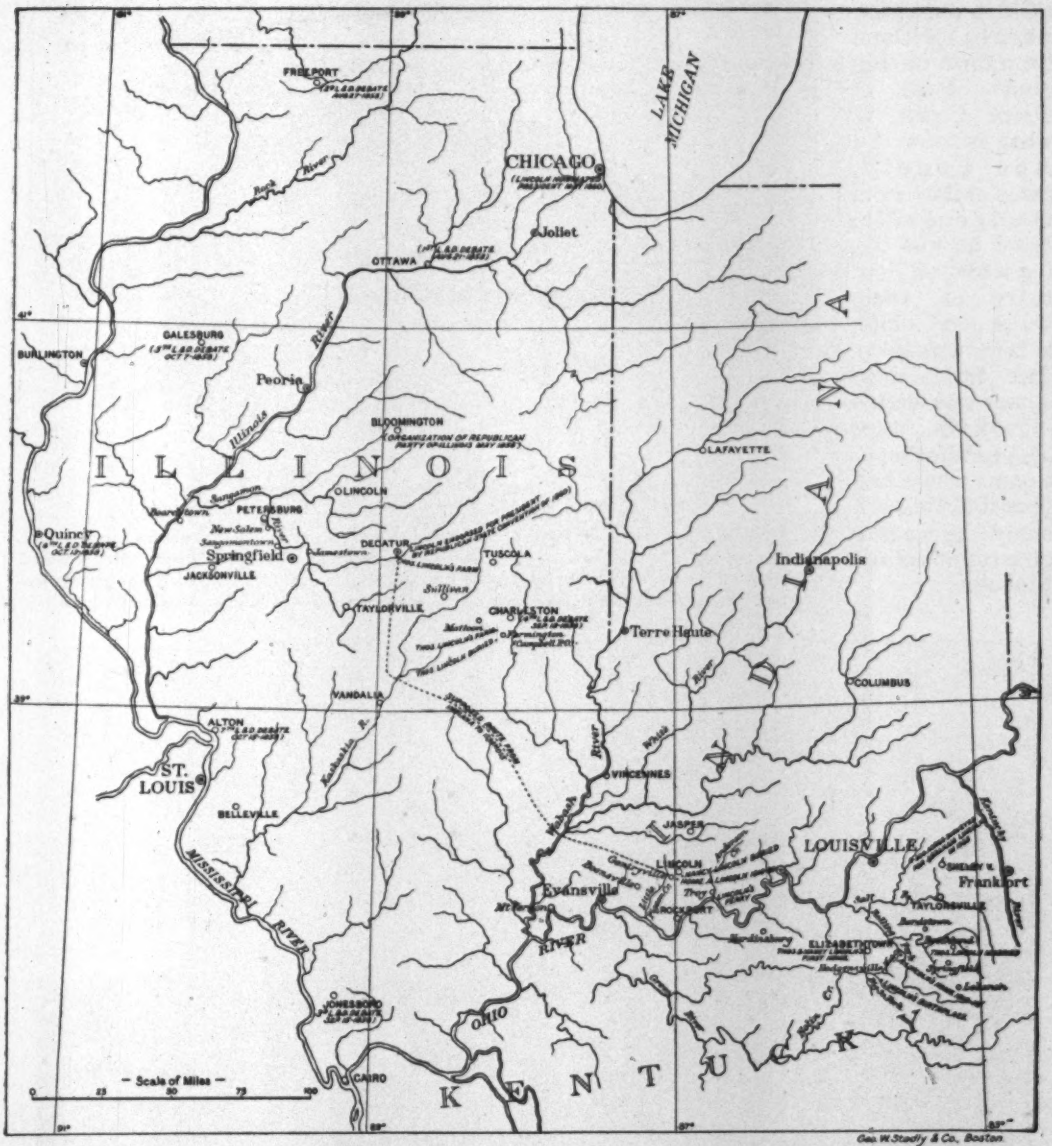
HOUSE IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN.

Thomas Lincoln moved into this cabin on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, three miles from Hodgensville, in La Rue County, Kentucky, in 1808; and here, on February 12, 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born. In 1813 the Lincolns removed to Knob Creek. The Nolin Creek farm has been known as the "Creal Farm" for many years from its occupant, Mrs. Richard Creal, but recently it was bought by New York people. The cabin was long ago torn down, but the logs were saved. The new owner, in August, 1895, rebuilt the old cabin on the original site. This, the first and only picture which has been taken of it, was made for this magazine.



ROCK SPRING ON THE FARM WHERE LINCOLN WAS BORN.

From a photograph taken in September, 1895, for McClure's Magazine. The spring is in a hollow, at the foot of the gentle slope on the top of which the house stands.



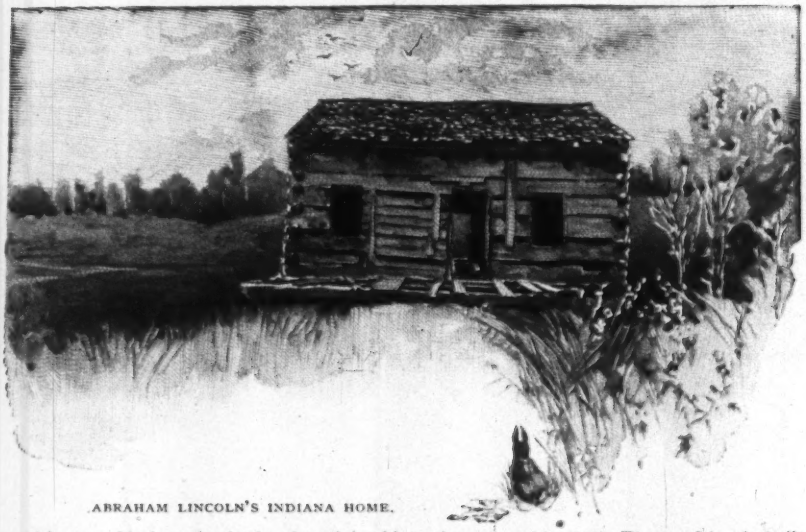
MAP SHOWING POINTS OF INTEREST IN LINCOLN'S EARLY LIFE. MADE SPECIALLY FOR THIS MAGAZINE.

The above map shows where Abraham Lincoln's grandfather first took land in Kentucky, where his father and mother were married, where they first lived, where he was born, and where he lived from 1813 to 1816. It shows the Rolling Fork, Salt River, and the Ohio, which Thomas Lincoln followed in going into Indiana; the new home in Indiana; the point where Lincoln kept the ferry; Boonsville, where he went to hear trials; the Little Pigeon Creek in which he fished and swam; the grave of his mother; the route by which it is supposed he went into Illinois. (The rule of the early settler was to take the route by which the most watercourses would be avoided. It is supposed that the Lincolns would have crossed the Wabash at the point indicated rather than to have gone to Vincennes and taken the old post route which ran west from that point. We know that they entered Decatur from the south, following nearly the present route of the main line of the Illinois Central. That much Mr. Lincoln once told to Mr. H. C. Whitney when the two were in Decatur. Mr. Whitney gives his conversation with Mr. Lincoln in full in his "Life on the Circuit with Lincoln.") The map shows both of Thomas Lincoln's farms in Illinois, and his grave. Sangamon, New Salem, Vandalia, Springfield, and the chief places where Mr. Lincoln practised on the circuit are shown, as well as the points where the Lincoln and Douglas debates and the important political events of the campaign of 1860 took place.

pit, and covered with green boughs to keep the juices in, and a race for the whiskey bottle. . . . Our table was of the puncheons cut from solid logs."

Marriage compelled the restless Thomas to locate at last. His first home was a poor little cabin in Elizabethtown, and here he remained until after the birth of his first

child, a daughter, when he took land for a farm on Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, in what is now La Rue County, three miles from Hodgensville. Here he was living when, on February 12, 1809, his second child, a boy, was born. The little newcomer was called Abraham, after his grandfather—a name which had persisted through many preceding generations of the Lincolns.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S INDIANA HOME.

After an old photograph showing the cabin as it appeared in 1869. Thomas Lincoln built this house in 1817, and moved into it about a year after he reached his farm. At first it had neither windows, door, nor floor; but after the advent of Sally Bush Lincoln it was greatly improved. When he decided to leave Indiana he was preparing the lumber for a better house.

LINCOLN FARM IN INDIANA.

Present appearance of the quarter section of government land in Spencer County, Indiana, entered by Thomas Lincoln, October 15, 1817, view looking east. Thomas Lincoln selected this tract in 1816, and, to identify it, he blazed the trees and piled up brush at the corners to establish boundary lines. When he returned with his family he was obliged to cut his way to the spot chosen for his cabin and to fell trees to find space for the "half-face camp" in which he first lived. This land was entered under the old credit system. Later Mr. Lincoln gave up to the United States the east half, and the amount paid on it was passed to his credit to complete paying for the west half. The patent issued for the latter tract was dated June 6, 1827. The above picture is from a photograph taken for this Magazine.

SARAH BUSH LINCOLN.

From a photograph in the possession of her granddaughter, Mrs. Harriet Chapman of Charleston, Illinois. Sarah Bush was born in Kentucky, December 13, 1788. She was a friend and companion of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, and it is said that Thomas Lincoln asked her first to marry him, but that she preferred Daniel Johnston. Her husband died before Thomas Lincoln lost his wife, in October of 1818. In November, 1819, Thomas Lincoln went to Kentucky to seek her a second time in marriage. An incident of the courtship is told in a private letter from Mr. J. L. Nall, a cousin of President Lincoln's: "I have recently spent a few days in Elizabethtown, the old Kentucky home of Uncle Thomas Lincoln. While there I had a long talk with my old friend Hon. S. H. Bush, who is a nephew of President Lincoln's step-mother. He told me that when Uncle Thomas came back after the death of his first wife, Nancy Hanks, and proposed marriage to his aunt, who was then a widow Johnston, she told him she would be perfectly willing to marry him, as she had known him a long time, and felt that the marriage would be congenial and happy, but it would be impossible for her to even think of marrying and leaving the State, as she was considerably in debt, and she could not think of leaving the State while in debt. Uncle Thomas told her that need make no difference, as he had plenty of money, and would take care of her financial affairs; and when he had ascertained the amount of her indebtedness and the names of the parties to whom the money was due, he went around and redeemed all her paper and presented it to her, and told her, when she showed so much honor about debts, he was more fully satisfied than ever that she would make him a good wife. She said, as he had displayed so much generosity in her behalf, she was willing then to marry and go with him to Spencer County, Indiana. This second wife of Thomas Lincoln has a vast relationship living in this (Hardin) county, among them the nephew from whom the above was obtained; also a niece, Mrs. M. H. Cofer, whose husband died a few years ago, and was, at the time of his death, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Kentucky. She has also a nephew, Hon. W. P. D. Bush, at Frankfort, Kentucky; and one, Hon. Robert Bush, at Hawesville, Kentucky. The men rank among the best lawyers in Kentucky." Sarah Bush Lincoln changed the character of the Lincoln home completely when she entered it, and there is no question of the importance of her influence upon the development of her step-son Abraham. She was a woman of great natural dignity and kindliness, and highly esteemed by all who knew her. She died on the 10th of April, 1869.

BUCKTHORN VALLEY, WHERE LINCOLN WORKED AND HUNTED.

After a photograph made for McClure's Magazine. In this valley are located nearly all the farms on which Lincoln worked in his boyhood, including the famous Crawford place, where he and his sister Sarah were both employed as "help." Visitors to the locality have pointed out to them numberless items associated with his early life—fields he helped to clear and till, fences he built, houses he repaired, wells he dug, paths he walked, playgrounds he frequented. Indeed, the inhabitants of Buckthorn Valley take the greatest pride, and very properly, in Lincoln's connection with it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LIFE IN KENTUCKY.

The home into which the child came was a poor one. The cabin was not "the picturesque, vine-clad one of the story-books," says a resident of the country who has followed in detail the scenes of the President's early life,* "but one standing out in a clearing, with only one small room, a door, but no window, a stick chimney, with open cracks through which swept the winds, the rain, the snows of winter, and the swarms of mosquitoes in summer. . . . We take an inventory of the furniture of that cabin: bunks, the mattress of dry leaves, the slab stools, the open fireplace. We note the absence of even the necessities of life—neither stove, window, nor floor." The only one of Mr. Lincoln's early acquaintances now living, Mr. Austin Gollaher, said to a representative of this Magazine, in describing the poverty of these early surroundings:

"At the time of Abraham's birth his

THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE.

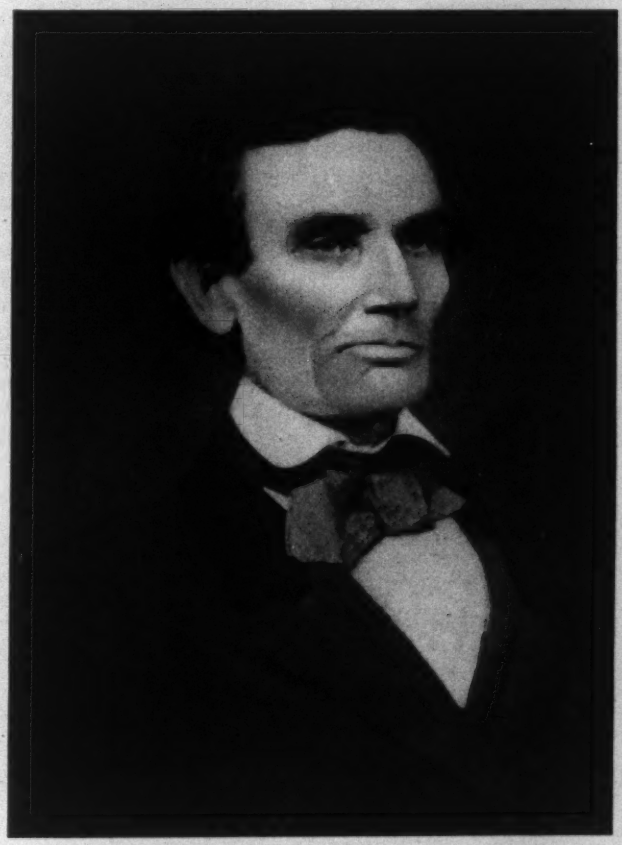
A secluded part of Little Pigeon Creek, not far from Gentryville, where Lincoln, Dennis Hanks, John Johnston, the Gentry boys, and others of the neighborhood used to bathe. It is still pointed out as "the place where Abe went in swimming."

* Unpublished MS. by A. Hoosier of Vincennes, Indiana.

father was away from home. Some of her neighbors who were with Mrs. Lincoln at the event learned that she was destitute of anything in the nature of food. Some of the ladies called upon Judge William Cessna, one of the most prominent men of that time in this section, in Mrs. Lincoln's behalf, and he donated flour and other articles of food."

The picture is dark, but, fortunately, there are those who remember pleasanter things about it. Christopher Columbus Graham, whose statements have already been quoted, says of some of the stories of the poverty in Thomas Lincoln's family:

"It is all stuff about Tom Lincoln keeping his wife in an open shed in a winter when the wild animals left the woods and stood in the corners next the stick-and-clay chimneys, so as not to freeze to death; or, if climbers, got on the roof. The Lincolns had a cow and calf, milk and butter, a good feather bed, for I have slept in it while they took the buffalo robes on the floor, because I was a doctor. They had home-woven 'kiverlids,' big and little pots, a loom and wheel; and William Hardesty, who was there too, can say with me that Tom Lincoln was a man, and took care of his wife."



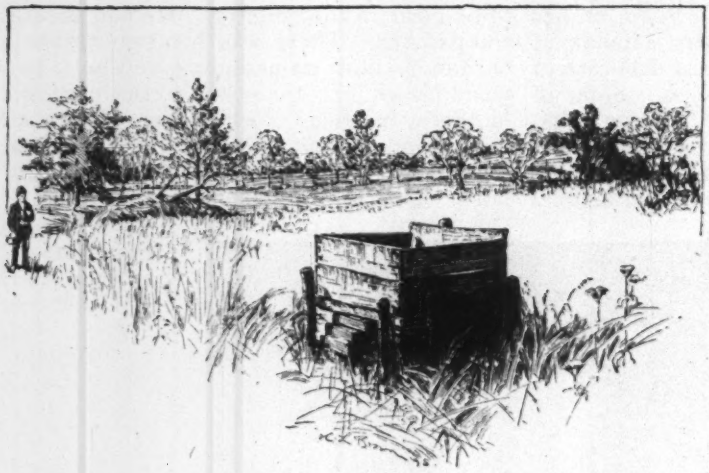
MR. LINCOLN IN 1857.

After a photograph owned by H. C. Whitney. In the fall of 1857 Mr. Lincoln was in Urbana, Illinois, and went into the photograph gallery of a Mr. Alschuler to have an ambrotype made. He wore a linen coat. The artist suggested that a black coat would give a better result, and suggested that Mr. Lincoln put on his (the photographer's). This he did. Mr. Lincoln sat again for Mr. Alschuler in November, 1860, in Chicago, at the request of Mr. H. C. Whitney, who furnished the above information.

However poor the Lincoln home may have been, it affected the new child but little. He was robust and active; and life is full of interest to the child happy enough to be born in the country. He had several companions. There was his sister Nancy, or Sarah—both names are given her—two years his senior; there was a cousin of his mother's, ten years older, Dennis Hanks, an active and ingenious leader in sports and mischief; and there were the neighbors' boys. One of the latter, Austin Gollaher, still tells with pleasure of how he hunted coons and ran the woods with young Lincoln, and once even saved his life.

"Yes," said Mr. Gollaher; "the story that I once saved Abraham Lincoln's life is true, but it is not correct as generally related.

"Abraham Lincoln and I had been going to school together for a year or more, and had become greatly attached to each other. Then school disbanded on account of there being so few scholars, and we did not see each other much for a long while. One Sunday my mother visited the Lincolns, and I was taken along. Abe and I played around all day. Finally, we concluded to cross the creek to hunt for some partridges young Lincoln had seen the day before. The creek was swollen by a recent rain, and, in crossing on the narrow footlog, Abe fell in. Neither of us could swim. I got a long pole and held it out to Abe, who grabbed it. Then I pulled him ashore. He was almost dead, and I was badly scared. I rolled and pounded him in good earnest. Then I got him by the arms



CRAWFORD WELL.

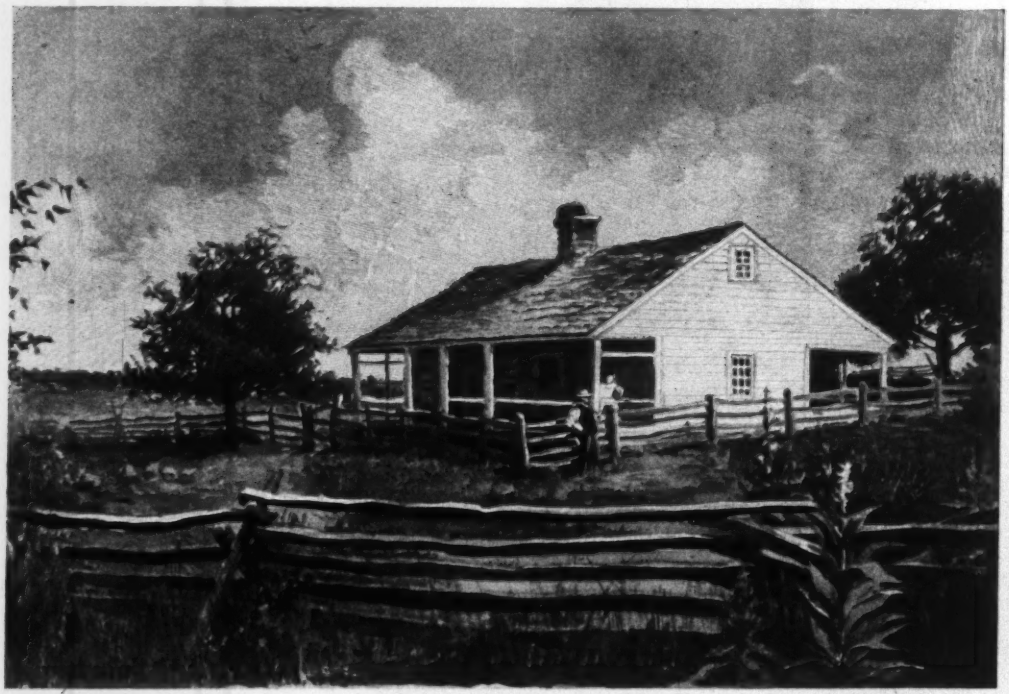
In a field near the Crawford house is a well which is pointed out to sight-seers as one which Lincoln helped to dig. Many things about the Crawford place—fences, corn-cribs, house, barn—were built in part by Mr. Lincoln.

and shook him, the water meanwhile pouring out of his mouth. By this means I succeeded in bringing him to, and he was soon all right.

"Then a new difficulty confronted us. If our mothers discovered our wet clothes they would whip us. This we dreaded from experience, and determined to avoid. It was June, the sun was very warm, and we soon dried our clothing by spreading it on the rocks about us. We promised never to tell the story, and I never mentioned the incident to any one until after Lincoln's tragic end.

"Abraham Lincoln had a sister. Her name was Sallie, and she was a very pretty girl. She went to school when she could, which was not often.

"Yes, if you must know, Sallie Lincoln was my sweetheart. She was about my age. I loved her and claimed her, as boys do. I suppose that was one reason for my warm regard for Abe. When the

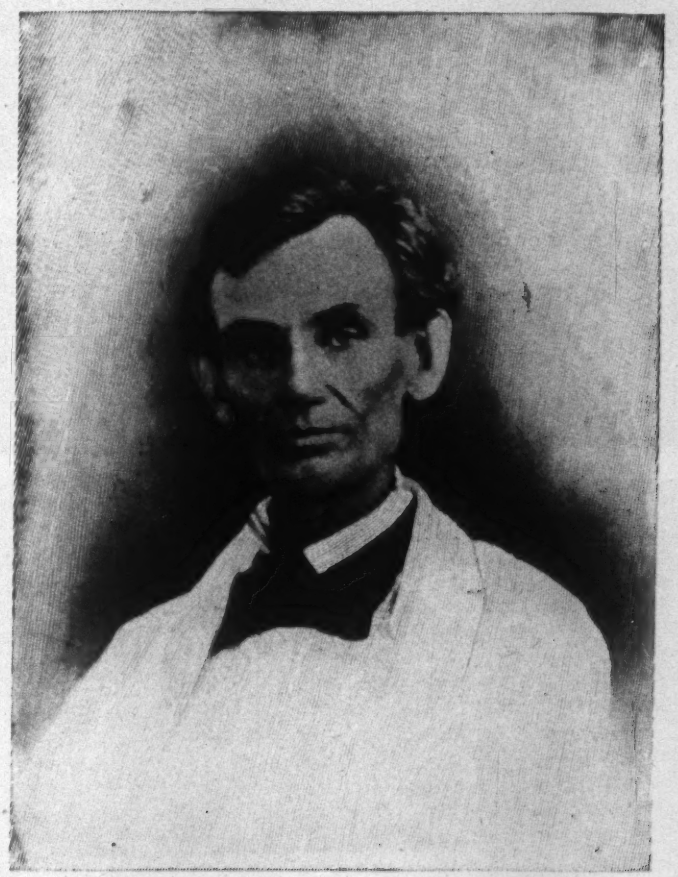


THE CRAWFORD HOUSE.

The house of Josiah Crawford, near Gentryville, Indiana. Here Mr. Lincoln worked by the day for several months, and his sister was a "hired girl" for Mrs. Crawford. In 1829 Mr. Lincoln cut down timber and whip-sawed it into planks for a new house which his father proposed to build; but Thomas Lincoln had decided to go to Illinois before the new house was begun, and Abraham sold his planks to Mr. Crawford, who worked them into the southeast room of his house, where relic-seekers have since cut them to pieces to make canes. This picture is made after a photograph taken before the death of Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, both of whom are shown here.

Lincoln family moved to Indiana, I was prevented by circumstances from bidding goodby to either of the children. And I never saw them again."*

All the young people went to school, Abraham chiefly to be a companion to his sister on her long walk, so the traditions say. The schools of that day in the West were hap-hazard affairs, depending upon whether some vagrant man, with nothing better to do for the moment, wandered into the country, and offered his services. The terms were irregular, their length being decided by the time the settlers felt able to board the master and pay his small salary. The chief qualification for a schoolmaster seems to have been enough strength to keep the "big boys" in order, though one great authority affirms that pluck went "for a heap sight more'n sinnoo with boys."



LINCOLN IN 1858.

After a faded ambrotype of Mr. Lincoln, now in the Lincoln Monument collection at Springfield, Illinois. All that is known of it is that it was taken at Beardstown in 1858. Mr. Lincoln wore a linen coat on the occasion. The picture is regarded as a good likeness of him as he appeared during the Lincoln-Douglas campaign.

Many of the itinerant masters were Catholics—strolling Irishmen from the colony in Tennessee, or French priests from Kaskaskia. Lincoln's first teacher, Zachariah Riney, was a Catholic, though there is no record that he tried proselyting among his pupils. Of the second master to whom he went in Kentucky, Caleb Hazel, we know even less than of Riney. However, they succeeded between them, in the few months Lincoln was their pupil, in teaching him to read and write. Mr. Gollaher testifies that Abraham Lincoln, in those days when he was his schoolmate, was "an unusually bright boy at school, and made splendid progress in his studies. Indeed, he learned faster than any of his schoolmates. Though so young he studied very hard. He would get spice-wood brushes, hack them up on a log, and burn them two or three together, for the purpose of giving light by which he might pursue his studies. It was not a good light, but the best he could obtain."

Probably the boy's mother had something to do with the spice-wood illuminations. Tradition has it that Mrs. Lincoln took great pains to teach her children what she knew, and at her knee they heard all the Bible lore, fairy tales, and country legends she had been able to gather in her poor life. It is not impossible that she did try to devise a means of lighting her cabin at night, when her work was ended, that she might read to her children.

Besides the "A B C schools," as Lincoln called them, the only other medium of education in the country districts of Kentucky in those days was "preaching." Itinerants like the schoolmasters, the preachers, of whatever denomination, were generally uncouth

* Unpublished MS. of an interview with Austin Gollaher, by D. J. Thomas.

MOUTH OF ANDERSON CREEK, WHERE LINCOLN KEPT THE FERRY-BOAT.

From a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine. This ferry, at the mouth of Anderson Creek, was first established and owned by James McDaniel, and was afterwards kept by his son-in-law James Taylor. It was the latter who hired Abraham Lincoln, about 1826, to attend the ferry-boat. As the boat did not keep him busy all the time, he acted as man-of-all-work around the farm. A son of James Taylor, Captain Green B. Taylor of South Dakota, is still alive, and remembers distinctly the months Lincoln spent in his father's employ. Captain Taylor says that Lincoln "slept upstairs" with him, and used to read "till near midnight."

and illiterate, but they administered the gospel with startling literalness, and in a thundering rhetoric which was music to the ear of the pioneer. The code of morals they taught was mainly a healthy one, though they rarely tried to persuade to righteousness for its own sake, evidently believing it more effective to frighten their hearers from evil-doing by terrifying pictures of future punishment. These men were of unquestionable sincerity and devotion, and they, no doubt, did much to keep the consciences of the pioneers awake. It is difficult to believe that they ever did much for the moral training of young Lincoln, though he certainly got his first notion of public speaking from them; and for years in his boyhood one of his chief delights was to get his playmates about him, and preach and thump until he had his auditors frightened or in tears.

THE LINCOLNS LEAVE KENTUCKY.

In 1816 a great event happened to the little boy. His father emigrated to Indiana from Knob Creek (Thomas Lincoln had removed from the farm on Nolin Creek to one some fifteen miles northeast, on Knob Creek, when Abraham was four years old). "This removal was partly on account of slavery, but chiefly on account of the difficulty in land titles in Kentucky," says his son. It was due, no doubt, too, to that restless pioneer spirit, which drives even men of sober judgment continually towards the frontier, in search of a place where the conflict with nature is less severe—some spot farther on, to which a friend or neighbor has preceded, and from which he sends back glowing reports. It may be that Thomas Lincoln was tempted into Indiana by the reports of his brother Josiah, who had already settled on the Big Blue River of that State. At all events, in the fall of 1816, he started with wife and children and household stores to journey by horseback and by wagon from Knob Creek to a farm selected on a previous trip he had made. This farm, located near Little Pigeon Creek, about fifteen miles north of the Ohio River, and a mile and a half east of Gentryville, Spencer County, was in a forest so dense that the road for

the travellers had to be hewed out as they went.

"They find no beaten highway through the forest, therefore our interest is the keener. We like to hear with our mind's ear the sounding stroke of the axe as it bites the trees. We watch the chips fly; the tree quivers, shakes, and then crashes to the earth, only to be pulled aside because it obstructs the onward progress of this inveterate mover." *

To a boy of seven years, free from all responsibility, and too vigorous to feel its hardships, such a journey must have been, as William Cooper Howells, the father of the novelist, says of his own trip from Virginia to Ohio, in 1813, "a panorama of delightful novelty." Life suddenly ceased its routine, and every day brought forth new and strange scenes and adventures. Little Abraham saw forests greater than he had ever dreamed of, peopled by strange new birds and beasts, and he crossed a river so wide that it must have seemed to him like the sea. To Thomas and Nancy Lincoln the journey was probably a hard and sad one; but to the children beside them it was a wonderful voyage into the unknown.

* Unpublished MS. by A. Hoosier of Vincennes, Indiana.

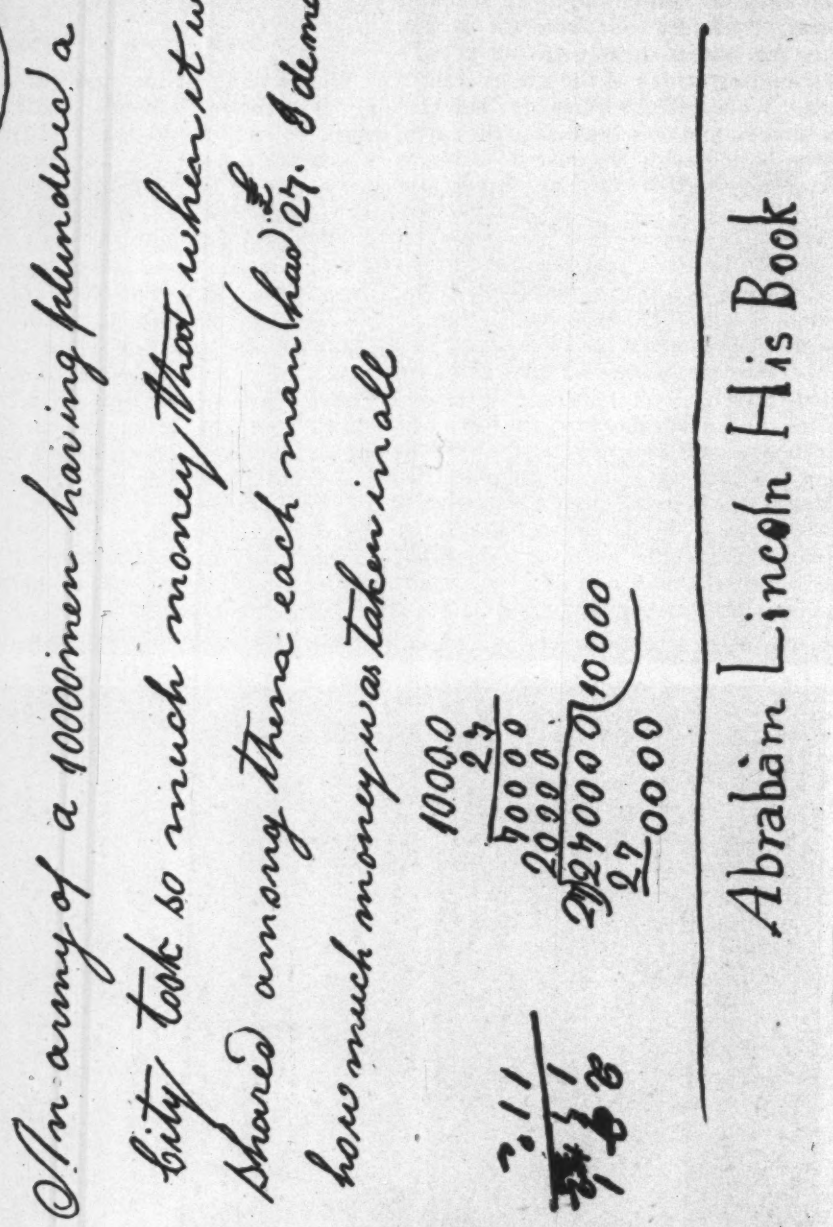
A NEW HOME IN INDIANA.

On arriving at the new farm an axe was put into the boy's hands, and he was set to work to help build the "half-face camp" which for a year was the home of the Lincolns, and to aid in clearing a field for corn. There were few more primitive homes in the wilderness of Indiana in 1816 than this of young Lincoln's, and there were few families, even in that day, who were forced to practise more makeshifts to get a living. The cabin which took the place of the "half-face camp" had but one room, with a loft above. For a long time there was no window, door, or floor; not even the traditional deer-skin hung before the exit, nor the oiled paper over the opening for light, nor the puncheon covering on the ground on which they trod.

The furniture was painfully primitive. Their bedstead, or, rather, bed-frame, was still made of poles held up by two outer posts, and the ends made firm by inserting

LINCOLN WORKING BY THE FIRELIGHT.

"At night, lying on his stomach in front of the open fireplace, with a piece of charcoal he would cipher on a broad wooden shovel. When the latter was covered on both sides, he would take his father's drawing knife or plane and shave it off clean, ready for a fresh supply of inscriptions the next day."—WILLIAM H. HERNDON, *from interview with Sarah Bush Lincoln.*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Abraham Lincoln His Book

FRAGMENT FROM A LEAF OF LINCOLN'S EXERCISE-BOOK.

the poles in augur-holes that had been bored in a log which was a part of the wall of the cabin; skins were its chief covering. Little Abraham was not so well off as this even, his bed being a heap of dry leaves in the corner of the loft, to which he mounted by means of pegs driven into the wall. The table and chairs were of the rudest sort—rough slabs of wood in which holes were bored and legs fitted in.

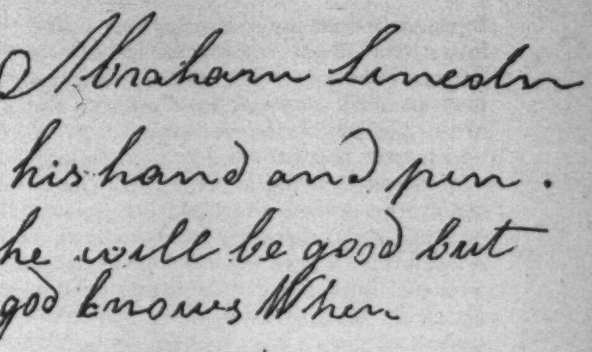
The food, if coarse, was usually abundant, though sometimes the variety was painfully small. Of game there was plenty—deer, bear, pheasants, wild turkeys, duck, birds of all kinds. There were fish in the streams, and wild fruits of many kinds in the woods in the summer, and these were dried for winter use; but the difficulty of raising and milling corn and wheat was very great. Indeed, in many places in the

West, the first flour cake was a historical event.* "Corn dodger" was the every-day bread of the Lincoln household, the wheat cake being a reserved dainty for Sunday mornings.

Potatoes were the only vegetables raised in any quantity, and there were times in the Lincoln family when they were the only food on the table; a fact proved to posterity by the oft-repeated remark of Abraham to his father after the latter had asked a blessing over a dish of roasted potatoes—that they were "mighty poor blessings." Not only were potatoes all the Lincolns had for dinner sometimes, they were all they had on occasions to offer to guests; for one of their neighbors tells of calling there once when raw potatoes, pared and washed, were passed around and eaten as apples.

The food was prepared in the rudest way, for the supply of both groceries and cooking utensils was limited. The former were

* The first flour cake made in Louisville, Kentucky, was made in 1779. The records of the city thus describe the event: "It is related that, when the first patch of wheat was raised about this place, after being ground in a rude and laborious hand-mill, it was sifted through a gauze neckerchief, belonging to the mother of the gallant man who gave us the information, as the best bolting cloth to be had. It was then shortened, as the housewife phrased it, with raccoon fat, and the whole station invited to partake of a sumptuous feast upon a flour cake."—*History of the Ohio Falls Counties*, page 174.



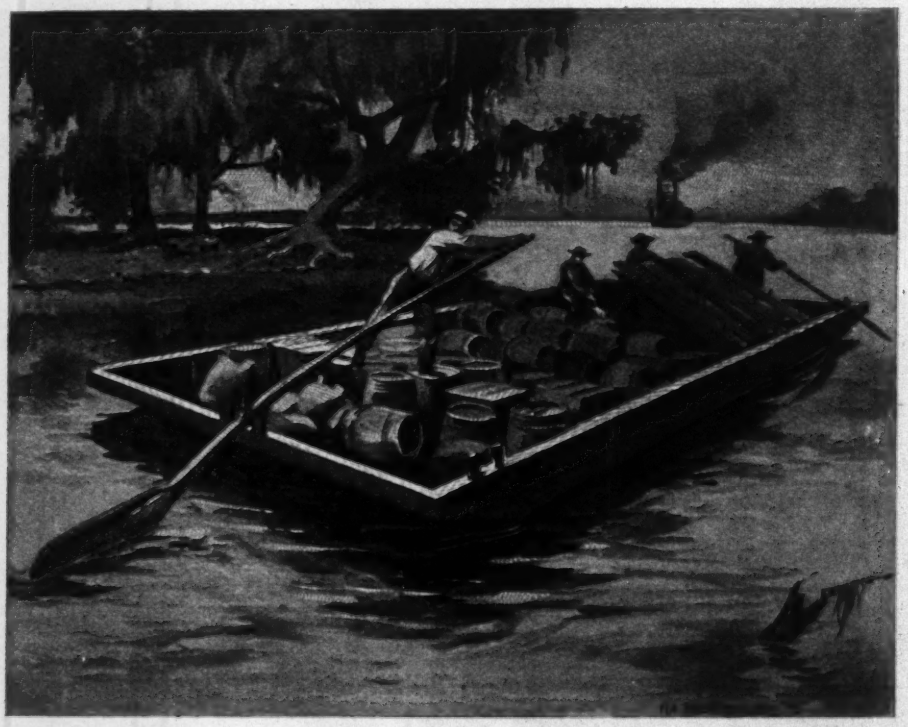
LINES FROM LINCOLN'S COPY-BOOK.

These lines were written on a leaf of a copy-book in which Lincoln wrote out the tables of weights and measures and the sums in connection with them. His step-mother, Sarah Bush Lincoln, gave the leaf with a few others from the book to Mr. Herndon. It is now in the possession of J. W. Weik.

GRAVE OF NANCY HANKS LINCOLN.

The grave of Abraham Lincoln's mother is on a wooded knoll about half a mile southeast of the site of her Indiana home. Near her are buried Thomas and Betsey Sparrow, who followed the Lincolns to Indiana, and who died a few days before Mrs. Lincoln and of the same disease; and also Levi Hall and his wife, who died several years later. There are two or three other graves in the vicinity. Until 1879 the only mark about the grave of Nancy Lincoln was the names of visitors to the spot cut in the bark of the trees which shaded it; then Mr. P. E. Studebaker of South Bend, Indiana, erected the stone, and soon after a fence was purchased by a few of the leading citizens of Rockport, Indiana. The inscription on the stone runs: "Nancy Hanks Lincoln, Mother of President Lincoln, died October 5, A.D. 1818. Aged thirty-five years. Erected by a friend of her martyred son."

frequently wanting entirely, and as for the latter, the most important item was the Dutch oven.* "The old-fashioned deep iron skillet," says one familiar with the life of the period, "with its strong iron lid, on which were piled the red coals to bake whatever the skillet might contain for the family to eat, the crane and its pot—these were the cooking and furnishing outfit of the Lincoln household. There was no floor in the cabin, and nothing spoke of comfort, except the cheerful, blazing wood fire, which did its utmost to give a rosy hue to the bare room, which contained but rude makeshifts."



LINCOLN AS A FLATBOAT-MAN.

An important article in the primitive kitchen outfit was the "gritter." It was made by flattening out an old piece of tin, punching it full of holes, and nailing it to a board. Upon this all sorts of things were grated, even ears of corn, in which slow way enough meal was sometimes secured for bread. Old tin made many other little contrivances besides the "gritter," and every scrap to be found was carefully saved. Most of the dishes were of pewter; the spoons, iron; the knives and forks, horn-handled.

Mrs. Lincoln and her daughters of course made their own soap and candles, and if they had cotton or wool to wear they had literally to grow it. One of the old settlers of Illinois says of her experience at this period:

"As for our clothes, we had to raise, pick, spin, and weave cotton for winter and summer. We also made linsey of wool and flax. The first indigo we had we raised. Besides that we used sumac berries, white-walnut bark, and other barks for coloring.

"Now for cotton picking. We children had to lie before the fire and pick the seed from the cotton bolls before we could go to bed. The warmer the cotton the better it picked; so we would take a good sweat. The next day that had to be carded and spun; so some would soap the cotton, some card, and some spin; and when we would get enough spun and colored to make a dress apiece we would put it in the loom and weave it. It did not take fifteen or twenty yards to make a dress then; six or eight yards of linsey were enough for any woman."

With such difficulties in the way it is probable that Abraham wore little cotton or linsey-woolsey. His trousers were of roughly tanned deer-skin, his foot-covering a home-made moccasin, his cap a coon-skin, his coat a blouse of linsey-woolsey. But if this kind of costume had some obvious disadvantages, it was not to be despised.

* "A kind of flat-bottomed pot, . . . which stood upon three legs of three inches long, and had an iron lid. Into this bread or meats were put, and baked by placing it on the hearth with a quantity of coals under it and upon the lid, which was made with a rim to keep the coals upon it, and a loop handle to lift it by. It also had a bail like a pot, by which it could be hung over the fire."—*Recollections of Life in Ohio*, by WILLIAM COOPER HOWELLS, page 78.

JOSIAH CRAWFORD.

Among those whom Lincoln served in Indiana as "hired boy" was Josiah Crawford, a well-to-do farmer living near Gentryville. Mr. Crawford owned a copy of Weems's "Life of Washington," a precious book in those days, and Lincoln borrowed it to read. "Late in the night before going to rest he placed the borrowed book in his only bookcase, the opening between two logs of the walls of the cabin, and retired to dream of its contents. During the night it rained; the water, dripping over the 'mud-daubing' on the book, stained the leaves and warped the binding. Abe valued the book in proportion to the interest he had in the hero, and felt that the owner must value it beyond his ability to pay. It was with the greatest trepidation he took the book home and told the story, and asked how he might hope to make restitution. Mr. Crawford answered: 'Being as it is you, Abe, I won't be hard on you. Come over and shuck corn three days, and the book is yours.' Shuck corn three days and receive a hero's life! He felt that the owner was giving him a magnificent present! After reading the book he used to tell the Crawfords: 'I do not always intend to delve, grub, shuck corn, split rails, and the like.' His whole mind was devoted to books, and he declared he 'was going to fit himself for a profession.' These declarations were often made to Mrs. Crawford, who took almost a mother's interest in him, and she would ask: 'What do you want to be now?' His answer was invariably: 'I'll be President.' As he was generally teasing some of her daughters or playing a joke on some one, she would answer: 'You'd be a purty President with all your tricks and jokes. Now, wouldn't you?' He would then declare: 'Oh, I'll study and get ready, and then the chance will come, and I'll be prepared.'" *

So good an authority as Governor Reynolds says of one of its articles—the linsey-woolsey shirt—"It was an excellent garment. I have never felt so happy and healthy since I put it off."

* Unpublished MS. by A. Hoosier of Vincennes, Indiana.

These "pretty pinching times," as Abraham Lincoln once described the early days in Indiana, lasted until 1819. The year before, Nancy Lincoln had died, and for many months no more forlorn place could be conceived than the bereft household; but finally Thomas Lincoln went back to Kentucky and returned with a new wife—Sally Bush Johnston, a widow with three children, John, Sarah, and Matilda. The new mother came well provided with household furniture—things unheard of before by little Abraham—"one fine bureau, one table, one set of chairs, one large clothes-chest, cooking utensils, knives, forks, bedding, and other articles." She at once made the cabin habitable, and taught the children habits of cleanliness and comfort.

ABRAHAM BECOMES A LABORER.

By this time Abraham had become an important member of the family. He was remarkably strong for his years, and the work he could do in a day was a decided advantage to Thomas Lincoln. The axe which had been put into his hand to help in making the first clearing, he had never been allowed to drop; indeed, as he says himself, "from that till within his twenty-third year he was almost constantly handling that most useful instrument." Besides, he drove the team, cut down the elm and linn brush with which the stock was often fed, learned to

CABINET MADE BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This cabinet is now in the possession of Captain J. W. Wartman of Evansville, Indiana. It is of walnut, two feet in height, and very well put together. Thomas Lincoln is said to have aided his son in making it.

THE FIRST LINCOLN MONUMENT.

When Abraham Lincoln left Indiana, in 1830, his friend James Gentry planted in remembrance of him, near the Lincoln cabin, a cedar tree. It still stands, sturdy and strong, though it is kept stripped of twigs as high as visitors can reach.

handle the old shovel-plough, to wield the sickle, to thresh the wheat with a flail, to fan and clean it with a sheet, to go to mill and turn the hard-earned grist into flour; in short, he learned all the trades the settler's boy must know, and well enough so that when his father did not need him he could hire him to the neighbors. Thomas Lincoln also taught him the rudiments of carpentry and cabinet-making, and kept him busy some of the time as his assistant in his trade. There are houses still standing, in and near Gentryville, on which it is said he worked. The families of Lamar, Jones, Crawford, Gentry, Turnham, and Richardson all claim the honor of having employed him upon their cabins.

As he grew older he became one of the strongest and most popular "hands" in the vicinity, and much of his time was spent as a "hired boy" on some neighbor's farm. For twenty-five cents a day—paid to his father—he was hostler, ploughman, woodchopper, and carpenter, besides helping the women with the "chores." For them, so say the legends, he was ready to carry water, make the fire, even tend the baby. No wonder that a laborer who never refused to do anything asked of him, who could "strike with a mallet heavier blows" and "sink an axe deeper into the wood" than anybody else in the community, and who at the same time was general help for the women, never lacked a job in Gentryville.

Of all the tasks his rude life brought him, none seems to have suited him better than going to the mill. It was, perhaps, as much the leisure which was enforced on him by this trip as anything else which attracted him. The machinery was primitive, and each man waited his turn, which sometimes was long in coming. A story is told by one of the pioneers of Illinois of going many miles with a grist, and waiting so long for his turn that when it came he and his horse had eaten all the corn, and he had none to grind. This waiting with other men and boys on like errands gave an opportunity for talk and story-telling which was a great delight to Abraham.

In 1826 he added to his other accomplishments that of ferryman, being employed for some nine months at the mouth of Anderson Creek, where it joins the Ohio. This experience opened new possibilities to him, and he became ambitious to try the river as a boatman. It was a custom among the farmers of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois at this date to collect a quantity of produce, build a raft, and float down to New Orleans to sell it. Young Lincoln saw this, and wanted to try his fortune as a produce merchant. An incident of his projected trip he related once to Mr. Seward:

"Seward," he said, "you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?"

"No," said Mr. Seward.

"Well," replied he, "I was about eighteen years of age, and belonged, as you know, to what they call down South the 'scrubs;' people who do not own land and slaves are nobody there; but we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion I had got the consent of my mother to go, and had constructed a flatboat, large enough to take the few barrels of things we had gathered down to New Orleans. A steamer was going down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams, and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, they were to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new boat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any part, when two men with trunks came down to the shore in carriages, and looking at the different boats, singled out mine, and asked: 'Who owns this?' I answered modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something, and supposed that each of them would give me a couple of bits. The trunks were put in my boat, the passengers seated themselves on them, and I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board, and I lifted the trunks and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out, 'You have forgotten to pay me.' Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it on the bottom of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. You may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me like a trifle, but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, the poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day; that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time."

Soon after this, while he was working for Mr. Gentry, the leading citizen of Gentryville, his employer decided to send his son to New Orleans with a load of produce, and chose young Lincoln to go as "bow-hand," "to work the front oars." For this trip he received eight dollars a month and his passage back as a deck passenger on a steamer.

OLD POST FORD ACROSS THE WABASH RIVER.

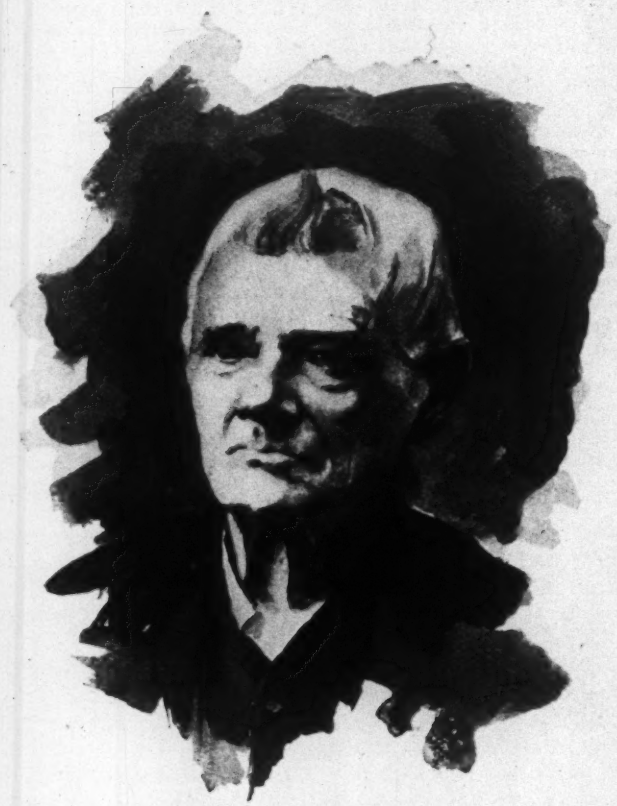
The route by which the Lincolns went into Illinois from Indiana is a question in dispute. Some of the acquaintances of the family still living in Indiana claim that they followed the line marked on our map (page 489). Others say that they went from Gentryville to the Old Post Ford across the Wabash. Though this road is much longer and leads across several large water-courses, it would give the travellers the advantage of a visit to Vincennes, a most important point in the State, and from there they could follow the highway between Vincennes and St. Louis as far as what is now the main line of the Illinois Central.

EARLY EDUCATION.

With all this hard living and hard work, Lincoln was getting in this period a desultory kind of education. Not that he received much schooling. He went "by littles," he says; "in all it did not amount to more than a year." But more or less of the schoolroom is a matter of small importance if a boy has learned to read and to think of what he reads. And that this boy had learned. His stock of books was small, but he knew them thoroughly, and they were good books to know: the Bible, Æsop's "Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a "History of the United States," Weems's "Life of Washington," and the "Statutes of Indiana." These are the chief ones we know about. He did not own them all, but sometimes had to borrow them from the neighbors, a practice which resulted in at least one casualty, for Weems's "Life of Washington" he allowed to get wet, and to make good the loss he had to pull fodder three days. No matter. The book became his then, and he could read it as he would. Fortunately he took this curious work in profound seriousness, which a wide-awake boy would hardly be expected to do to-day. Washington became an exalted figure in his imagination; and he always contended later, when the question of the real character of the first President was brought up, that it was wiser to regard him as a godlike character, heroic in nature and deeds, as Weems did, than to contend that he was only a man who, if wise and good, still made mistakes and indulged in follies like other men.

In 1861, addressing the Senate of the State of New Jersey, he said:

"May I be pardoned if, upon this occasion, I mention that away back in my childhood, the earliest days of my being able to read, I got hold of a small book, such a one as few of the younger members have ever seen—Weems's 'Life of Washington.' I remember all the accounts there given of the battle-fields and struggles for the liberties of the country, and none fixed themselves upon my imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton, New Jersey. The crossing of the river, the contest with the Hessians, the great hardships endured at that time, all fixed themselves on my memory more than any single Revolutionary event; and you all know, for you have all been boys, how these early impressions last longer than any others. I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that these men struggled for."



DENNIS HANKS.

From a photograph in the Libby Prison Museum of Chicago, by permission of Mr. C. F. Gunther. Dennis Hanks, a cousin of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, was born in Kentucky in 1799, and was brought up by his uncle, Thomas Sparrow. The year after Thomas Lincoln moved to Indiana, Thomas Sparrow followed him, but both he and his wife died there in 1818, and Dennis became an inmate of the Lincoln household. He afterwards married one of the daughters of Sally Bush Lincoln. It was largely through his influence that the Lincolns moved into Illinois in 1830. Dennis Hanks remained in Illinois, and after Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency was an unsuccessful applicant for the post-office at Charleston, Coles County. To the early period of Mr. Lincoln's life he has been one of the most prolific contributors, his letters to Mr. Herndon being full of curious and valuable matter. Dennis Hanks died in October, 1892. One of his daughters, Mrs. Harriet Chapman, is still living in Charleston, Illinois.

Besides these books he borrowed many. He once told a friend that he "read through every book he had ever heard of in that country, for a circuit of fifty miles." From everything he read he made long extracts, using a turkey-buzzard pen and brier-root ink. When he had no paper

he would write on a board, and thus preserve his selections until he secured a copy-book. The wooden fire-shovel was his usual slate, and on its back he would cipher with a charred stick, shaving it off when covered. The logs and boards in his vicinity were always filled with his figures and quotations. By night he read and worked as long as there was light, and he kept a book in the crack of the logs in his loft, to have it at hand at peep of day. When acting as ferryman, in his nineteenth year, anxious, no doubt, to get through the books of the house where he boarded, before he left the place, he read every night "till midnight," so says his room-mate.

JOSEPH GENTRY.

The only boy companion of Lincoln's youth in Indiana now living, Mr. Joseph Gentry, resides on a farm one-fourth mile west from the Lincoln farm, where he has lived about sixty years. When a boy he lived in Gentryville—a town founded by the Gentrys. He was present at the funeral services held over the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln and remembers hearing the minister say it was through the efforts of the little son of the dead woman that his services had been secured.

In his habits of reading and study the boy had little encouragement from his father, but his step-mother did all she could for him. Indeed, between the two there soon grew up a relation of touching gentleness and confidence. In one of the interviews a biographer of Mr. Lincoln sought with her before her death, Mrs. Lincoln said:

"I induced my husband to permit Abe to read and study at home, as well as at school. At first he was not easily reconciled to it, but finally he too seemed willing to encourage him to a certain extent. Abe was a dutiful son to me always, and we took particular care when he was reading not to disturb

GRAVE OF LINCOLN'S SISTER.

From a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine. Sarah, or Nancy, Lincoln was born in Elizabethtown, Kentucky, in 1807. In 1826 she married Aaron Grigsby, and a year later died. She was buried not far from Gentryville, in what is now called "Old Pigeon Cemetery." Her grave is marked by the rude stone directly over the star. The marble monument in the centre is that of her husband.

him—would let him read on and on till he quit of his own accord."

This consideration of his stepmother won the boy's confidence, and he rarely copied anything that he did not bring it to her to read, asking her opinion of it; and often, when she did not understand it, explaining the meaning in his plain and simple language.

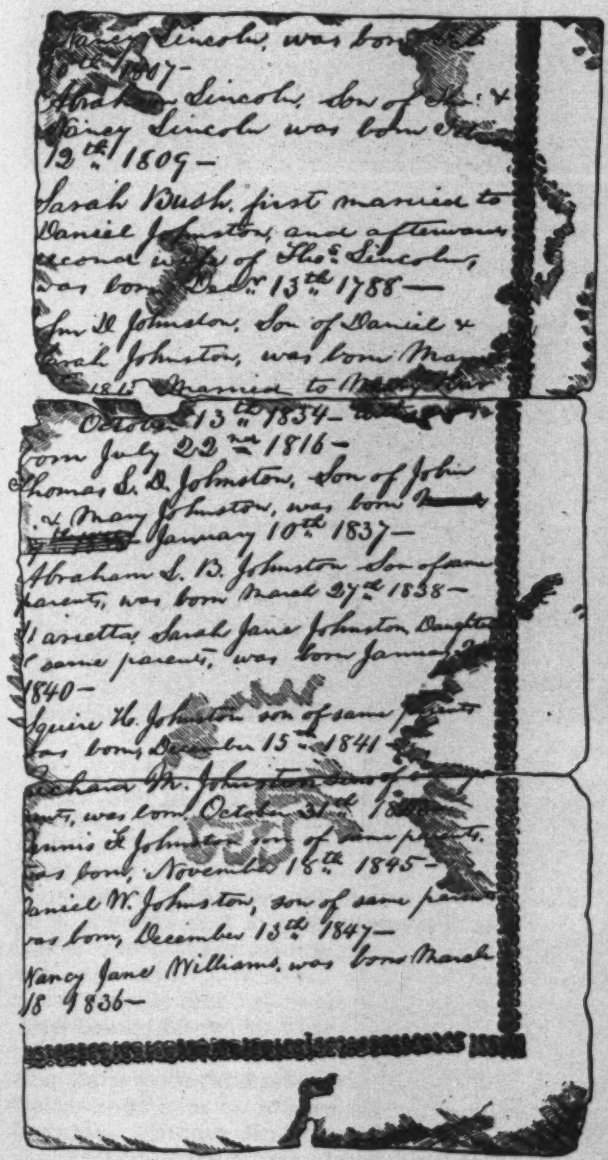
No newspaper ever escaped him. One man in Gentryville, a Mr. Jones, the storekeeper, took a Louisville paper, and here Lincoln went regularly to read and discuss its contents. All the men and boys of the neighborhood gathered there, and everything which the paper related was subjected to their keen, shrewd common-sense. It was not long before young Lincoln became the favorite member of the group and the one listened to most eagerly. Politics were warmly discussed by these Gentryville citizens, and it may be that sitting on the counter of Jones's grocery Lincoln even discussed slavery. It certainly was one of the live questions in Indiana at that date. For several years after her organization as a Territory, and in spite of the Ordinance of 1787, a system of thinly disguised slavery had existed; and it took a sharp struggle to bring the State in without some form of slavery. So uncertain was the result that, when decided, the word passed from mouth to mouth all over Hoosierdom, "She has come in free, she has come in free!" Even in 1820, four years after her admission as a State, the census showed one hundred and ninety slaves, nearly all of them in the southwest corner, where the Lincolns lived, and it was not, in reality, until 1821 that the State Supreme Court put an end to the question. In Illinois in 1822–1824 there was carried on one of the most violent contests between the friends and opponents of slavery which occurred before the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The effort to secure slave labor was nearly successful. In the campaign, pamphlets *pro* and *con* literally inundated the State; the pulpits took it up; and "almost every stump in every county had its bellowing, indignant orator." So violent a commotion so near by

By permission, from Herndon and Weik's "Life of Abraham Lincoln." Copyright, 1892, by D. Appleton & Co.

LINCOLN FAM

Written by Abraham Lincoln

From original in possession of


Nancy Lincoln was born
1807–
Abraham Lincoln, son of Thos. &
Nancy Lincoln was born
12th 1809–
Sarah Bush, first married to
Daniel Johnston, and afterwards
second wife of Thos. Lincoln,
was born Dec. 13th 1788–
Sam'l Johnston, son of Daniel &
Sarah Johnston, was born May
18[illegible] married to
October 13th 1834–
born July 22d 1816–
Thomas L. D. Johnston, son of John
& Mary Johnston, was born
January 10th 1837–
Abraham L. D. Johnston son of same
parents, was born March 27th 1838–
Harriett Sarah Jane Johnston daughter
of same parents, was born January
1840–
Squire H. Johnston son of same parents
was born December 15th 1841–
Richard M. Johnston son of same
parents, was born October 31st 1843–
Dennis H. Johnston son of same parents
was born, November 18th 1845–
Daniel W. Johnston, son of same parents
was born, December 13th 1847–
Nancy Jane Williams, was born March
18 1836–

ILY RECORD.

in his Father's Bible.

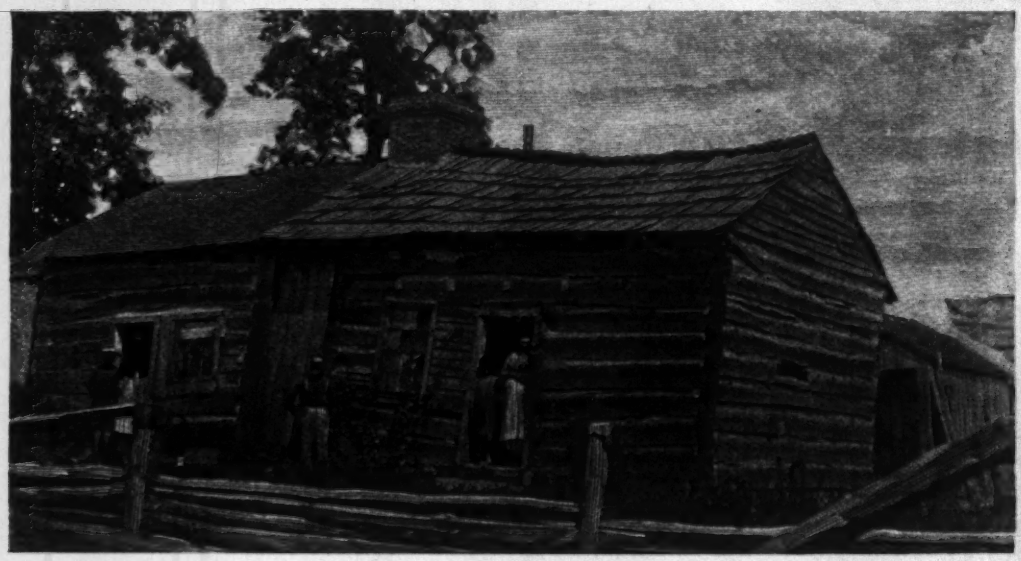
C. F. Gunther, Esq., Chicago.

could hardly have failed to reach Gentryville.

There had been other anti-slavery agitation going on near by for several years. In 1804 a number of Baptist ministers of Kentucky started a crusade against the institution, which resulted in a hot contest in the denomination and the organization of the "Baptist Licking-Locust Association Friends of Humanity." The Rev. Jesse Head, the minister who married Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, talked freely and boldly against slavery, and one of their old friends, Christopher Columbus Graham, the man who was present at their wedding, says: "Tom and Nancy Lincoln and Sally Bush were just steeped full of Jesse Head's notions about the wrong of slavery and the rights of man as explained by Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine." In 1806 Charles Osborn began to preach "immediate emancipation" in Tennessee. Ten years later he started a paper in Ohio, devoted to the same idea, and three years after he went to Indiana. In 1821 Benjamin Lundy started, in Tennessee, the famous "Genius," devoted to the same doctrine; and in 1822, at Shelbyville, only about one hundred miles from Gentryville, was started a paper similar in its views, the "Abolition Intelligencer." At that time there were in Kentucky five or six abolition societies, and in Illinois was an organization called the "Friends of Humanity." If these things came to young Lincoln it was probably but vaguely; but some of them must have come to him, and he must have connected them with the "Speech of Mr. Pitt on the Slave Trade;" and with Merry's elegy, "The Slaves," which he had learned in his "American Preceptor;" and with the discussion given in his "Kentucky Preceptor," "Which has the Most to complain of, the Indian or the Negro?"

Young Lincoln was not only winning in these days in the Jones grocery store a reputation as a debater and story-teller, he was becoming known as a kind of backwoods orator. He could repeat with effect all the poems and speeches in his various school readers, he could imitate to perfection the wandering

preachers who came to Gentryville, and he could make a political speech so stirring that he drew a crowd about him every time he mounted a stump. The applause he won was sweet; and frequently he indulged his gifts when he ought to have been at work — so thought his employers and Thomas his father. It was trying, no doubt, to the hard-pushed farmers, to see the men who ought to have been cutting grass or chopping wood throw down their sickles or axes to group around a boy whenever he mounted a stump to develop a pet theory or repeat with variations yesterday's sermon. In his fondness for speech-making he attended all the trials of the neighborhood, and frequently walked fifteen miles to Boonsville to attend court.



THOMAS LINCOLN'S HOME IN ILLINOIS.

This cabin was built by Thomas Lincoln in 1831 on Goose Nest Prairie in Coles County, Illinois, where he had taken up forty acres of land. It was situated nine miles south of Charleston on what is called Lincoln's Lane. Here Thomas Lincoln died in 1851. The cabin was occupied until 1891, when it was bought by the Lincoln Log Cabin Association. It was shown at the World's Fair in 1893.

He wrote as well as made speeches, and some of his productions were even printed, through the influence of his admiring neighbors. Thus a local Baptist preacher was so struck with one of Abraham's essays on temperance, that he sent it to Ohio, where it appeared in some local paper. Another article, on "National Politics," so pleased a lawyer of the vicinity that he declared the "world couldn't beat it."

INFLUENCE OF THE RIVER LIFE.

In considering the different opportunities for development which the boy had at this time, his months spent on the Ohio as a ferryman and his trips down the Mississippi should not be forgotten. In fact, all that Abraham Lincoln saw of men and the world outside of Gentryville and its neighborhood, until after he was twenty-one years of age, he saw on these rivers. For many years the Ohio and the Mississippi were the Appian Way, the one route to the world for the Western settlers. To preserve it they had been willing in early times to go to war with Spain or with France, to secede from the Union, even to join Spain or France against the United States if either country would insure their right to their highway. Every man of them had come to feel in the long years in which the ownership of the great river was unsettled, with Benjamin Franklin, "a neighbor might as well ask me to sell my street-door." In fact, this water-way was their "street-door," and all that many of them ever saw of the world passed here. Up and down the rivers was a continual movement. Odd crafts of every kind possible on a river went by: "arks" or "sleds," with tidy cabins where families lived and where one could see the washing stretched, the children playing, the mother on pleasant days rocking and sewing; keel-boats, which dodged in and out and turned inquisitive noses up all the creeks and bayous; great fleets from the Alleghanies, made up of a score or more of timber rafts, and manned

INTERIOR OF LINCOLN CABIN IN ILLINOIS.

From a photograph made by W. J. Root of Chicago, for the Lincoln Log Cabin Association. Interior of cabin on Goose Nest Prairie near Charleston, Illinois, showing bedstead on which Thomas Lincoln died in 1851.

by forty or fifty rough boatmen; "Orleans boats," loaded with flour, hogs, produce of all kinds; pirogues, made from great trees; "broad-horns," curious nondescripts worked by a wheel; and, after 1812, steamboats.

All this traffic was leisurely. Men had time to tie up and tell the news and show their wares, if they found sympathetic listeners. Even the steamboats loitered as it pleased them. They knew no schedule. They stopped anywhere to let passengers off. They tied up wherever it was convenient to wait for fresh wood to be cut and loaded, or for repairs to be made. Waiting for repairs seems, in fact, to have absorbed a great deal of the time of these early steamers. They were continually running on to "sawyers," or "planters," or "wooden islands," and they blew up with a regularity which was monotonous. Even as late as 1842, when Charles Dickens made the trip down the Mississippi, he was gravely recommended a great many times to keep as far aft as possible, "because the steamboats generally blew up forward."

It was this varied river life that Abraham Lincoln came into contact with while a ferryman and boatman. Who can believe that he could see it and be part of it without learning much of the life and of the world beyond him? Every time a steamboat or raft tied up near Anderson Creek and he with his companions boarded it and saw its mysteries and talked with its crew, every time he rowed out with passengers to a passing steamer, who can doubt that he came away with new ideas and fresh energy? The trips to New Orleans were, to a thoughtful boy, an education of no mean value. It was the most cosmopolitan and brilliant city of the United States at that date, and there young Lincoln saw life at its intensest.

AMUSEMENTS OF HIS LIFE.

If his struggle for both livelihood and education was rough and hard, his life was not without amusements. At home the rude household was overflowing with life. There was Abraham and his sister, his step-brother and two step-sisters, and Dennis Hanks,

SITE OF THOMAS LINCOLN'S ILLINOIS CABIN.

From a photograph taken in September, 1895, for this magazine. The Goose Nest Prairie Cabin, as this home of Thomas Lincoln is called, was taken down in 1891. The only marks of the site are the two trees which formerly shaded the house, the rough outdoor cellar shown at the right, and the heap of dirt and stones of the foundation.

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JOHN HANKS.

The son of Joseph Hanks, with whom Thomas Lincoln learned the carpenter's trade, and a cousin of Nancy Hanks Lincoln. John Hanks lived with Thomas Lincoln in Indiana, from about 1823 to 1827, then returned to Kentucky, and from there emigrated to Illinois. It was largely through his influence that Thomas Lincoln and Dennis Hanks went to Sangamon County in 1830. When Mr. Lincoln first left home he and John Hanks worked together. In 1831 they made a trip to New Orleans on a flatboat. It was John Hanks who, in 1860, accompanied Governor Oglesby to the old Lincoln farm in Macon County, to select the rails Lincoln had split, and it was he who carried them into the convention of the Republican party of Illinois which nominated Lincoln as its candidate. John Hanks was an illiterate man, being able neither to read nor write, but he was honest and kindly, and his reminiscences of Mr. Lincoln's early life, gathered by Mr. Herndon and others, are regarded by all who knew him as trustworthy. After Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency, he desired an Indian agency; but his lack of even a rudimentary education made it impossible to give it to him.

whom bad fortune had made an inmate of the Lincoln home—quite enough to plan sports and mischief and keep time from growing dull. Thomas Lincoln and Dennis Hanks were both famous story-tellers, and the Lincolns spent many a cozy evening about their cabin fire, repeating the stories they knew.

Of course the boys hunted. Not that Abraham ever became a true sportsman; indeed he seems to have lacked the genuine sporting instinct, as his own story of his exploits shows: "A few days before the completion of his eighth year, in the absence of his father, a flock of wild turkeys approached the new log cabin; and Abraham with a rifle-gun, standing inside, shot through a crack and killed one of them. He has never since pulled the trigger on any larger game."*

* This exploit is confirmed by Dennis Hanks, who turns it, as is usual with him, so as to get in a word for his own superior prowess. "No doubt about A. Lincoln's killing the turkey. He done it with his father's rifle, made by William Lutes of Bullitt County, Kentucky. I have killed a hundred deer with her myself; turkeys too numerous to mention."

He went swimming in the evenings; went fishing with the other boys in the fishing pool, and caught chubs and suckers enough to delight any boy; he wrestled, jumped, or ran races at the noon rests.

The sports he preferred were those which brought men together: the spelling-school, the husking-bee, the "raising;" and of all these he was the life by his wit, his stories, his good-nature, his doggerel verses, his practical jokes, and by a rough kind of politeness—for even in Indiana in those times there was a notion of politeness, and one of Lincoln's schoolmasters had even given "lessons in manners." Lincoln seems to have profited to a degree by them; for Mrs. Crawford, at whose home he worked some time, declares that he always "lifted his hat and bowed" when he made his appearance.

There was, of course, a rough gallantry among the young people; and Lincoln's old comrades and friends in Indiana have left many tales of how he "went to see the girls;" of how he brought in the biggest back-log and made the brightest fire; then, of how, "sitting around" it, watching the way the sparks flew, the young folks told their fortunes. He helped pare apples, shell corn, and crack nuts. He took the girls to meeting and to spelling-school, although he

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JUDGE JOHN PITCHER.

A lawyer of Rockport, Indiana, at the time the Lincolns lived near Gentryville. An essay of Mr. Lincoln's, composed when he was about nineteen, was submitted to Mr. Pitcher, who declared the "world couldn't beat it," and he seems to have taken a kindly interest in the author from that time forward, lending him books freely from his law office. Mr. Pitcher was still living in 1889 in Mt. Vernon, Indiana, having reached the age of ninety-three years. His reminiscences of the boyhood of Lincoln are embodied in Herndon's "Life."

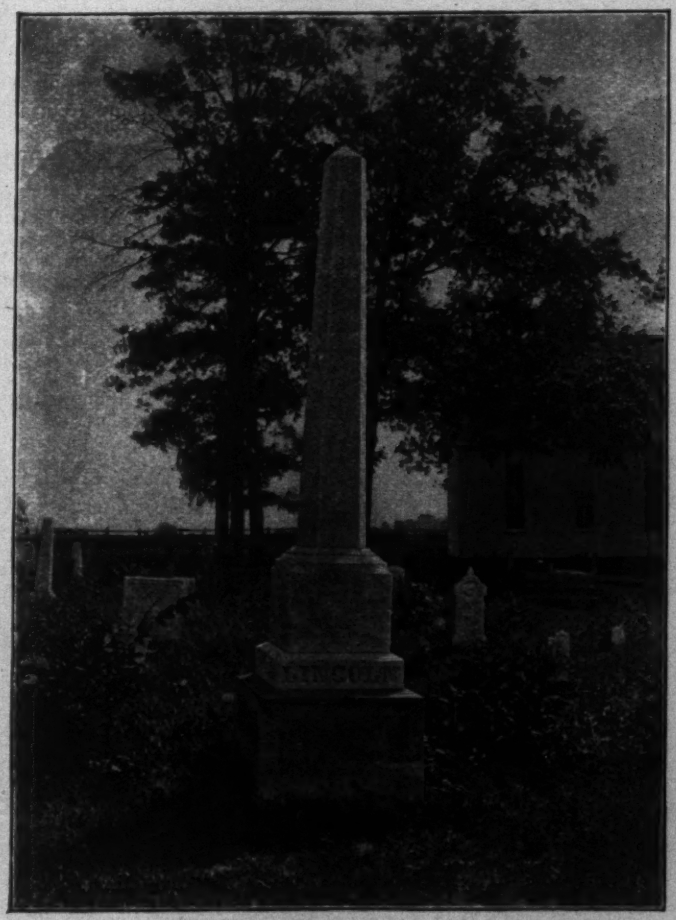
was not often allowed to take part in the spelling-match, for the one who "chose first" always chose "*Abe Lincoln*," and that was equivalent to winning, as the others knew that "he would stand up the longest."

The nearest approach to sentiment at this time of which we know, is a story he once told to an acquaintance in Springfield. It was a rainy day, and he was sitting with his feet on the wood-sill, his eyes on the street, watching the rain. Suddenly he looked up and said:

"Did you ever write out a story in your mind? I did when I was a little codger. One day a wagon with a lady and two girls and a man broke down near us, and while they were fixing up, they cooked in our kitchen. The woman had books and read us stories, and they were the first I ever had heard. I took a great fancy to one of the girls; and when they were gone I thought of her a great deal, and one day when I was sitting out in the sun by the house I wrote out a story in my mind. I thought I took my father's horse and followed the wagon, and finally I found it, and they were surprised to see me. I talked with the girl and persuaded her to elope with me; and that night I put her on my horse, and we started off across the prairie. After several hours we came to a camp; and when we rode up we found it was the one we had left a few hours before, and we went in. The next night we tried again, and the same thing happened—the horse came back to the same place; and then we concluded that we ought not to elope. I stayed until I had persuaded her father to give her to me. I always meant to write that story out and publish it, and I began once; but I concluded it was not much of a story. But I think that was the beginning of love with me." *

EARLY SORROWS.

His life had its tragedies as well as its touch of romance—tragedies so real and profound that they gave dignity to all the crudeness and poverty which surrounded him, and quickened and intensified the melancholy temperament he had inherited from his mother. Away back in 1816, when Thomas Lincoln had started to find a farm in Indiana, bidding his wife be ready to go into the wilderness on his return, Nancy Lincoln had taken her boy and girl to a tiny grave, that of her youngest child; and the three had there said good-by to a little one whom the children had scarcely known, but for whom the mother's grief was so keen that the boy never forgot the scene. Two years later he saw his father make a green pine box and put his dead mother into it, and he saw her buried not far from their cabin, almost without prayer. Young as he was, it



GRAVE OF THOMAS LINCOLN.

From a photograph made in September, 1895, for this magazine. Shiloh Cemetery, in which Thomas Lincoln is buried, is about three and a half miles from the Lincoln homestead. The church in the corner of the picture is called the Shiloh Church. The inscription on the monument reads: "Thomas Lincoln, Father of the Martyred President. Born January 6, 1778; died January 15, 1851."

* Interview with Mr. T. W. S. Kidd of Springfield, Illinois, editor of "The Morning Monitor."

is said that it was his efforts which brought a parson from Kentucky, three months later, to preach the sermon and conduct the service which seemed to the child a necessary honor to the dead.* As sad as the death of his mother had been was that of his only sister, Sarah. Married to Aaron Grigsby in 1826, she had died a year and a half later in child-birth, a death which to her brother must have seemed a horror and a mystery.

Apart from these family sorrows there was all the crime and misery of the community—all of which came to his ears and awakened his nature. He even saw in those days one of his companions go suddenly mad. The young man never recovered his reason, but sank into idiocy. All night he would croon plaintive songs, and Lincoln himself tells how, fascinated by this mysterious malady, he used to rise before daylight to cross the fields and listen to this funeral dirge of the reason. In spite of the poverty and rudeness of his life the depth of his nature had not been blunted. He could feel intensely, and his imagination was quick to respond to the touch of mystery.

* It still happens frequently in the mountain districts of Tennessee that the funeral services are not held until months after the burial. A gentleman who has lived much in the South tells a story of a man marrying a second wife at a respectable interval after the death of his first, but the funeral of the first taking place *after* the wedding of the second.

(To be continued.)

SOURCES OF INFORMATION ON THE EARLY LIFE OF LINCOLN.

Unpublished manuscripts, documents, pamphlets, newspapers, and books consulted in the preparation of the present article.

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The Boyhood of Lincoln. Incidents related by his only surviving playmate, Austin Gollaher. Unpublished MS. by D. J. Thomas.

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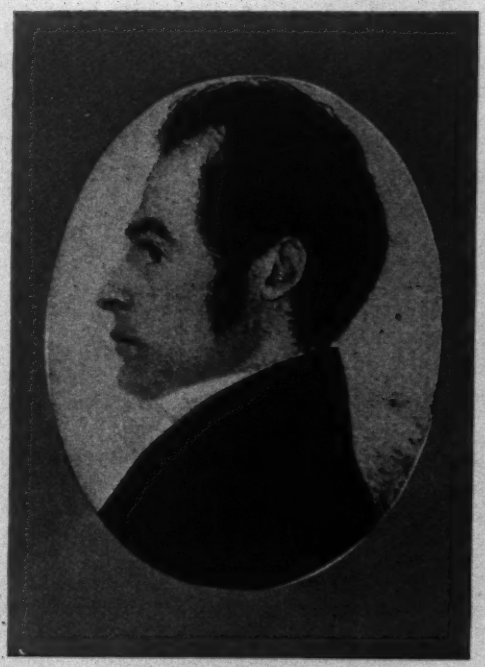
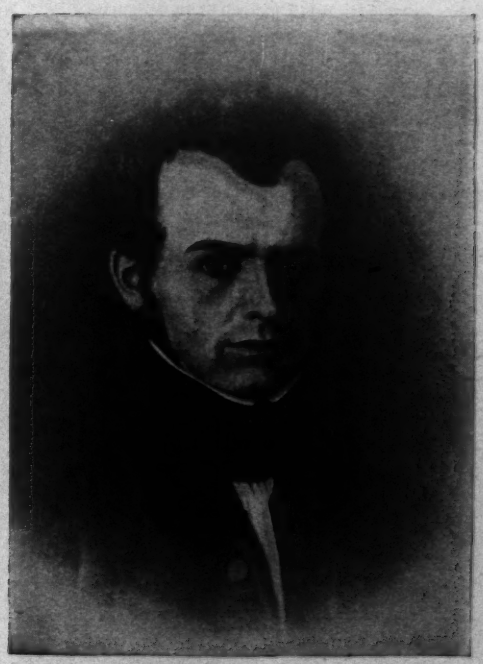
"HUMAN DOCUMENTS"—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born December 17, 1807, at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in the farmstead made familiar to the world through his own description of it in "Snowbound." In the winter lull of farm work he obtained short terms of schooling in the district school; and, by combining the craft of shoemaker with that of farmer, he was able, in his twenty-first year, to maintain himself for six months in an academy. Then he taught school for a term, and, on the means thus procured, spent another six months in the academy. After his father's death he carried on the family farm for several years. Between 1829 and 1840 he made several ventures as a newspaper editor —first with the "American Manufacturer" in Boston, then with the "Haverhill Gazette," then with the "New England Weekly Review" in Hartford, Connecticut, and finally with the "Pennsylvania Freeman" in Philadelphia. Later, for six months, he was editor of the "Middlesex Standard" at Lowell, Massachusetts, and from 1847 to 1859 he was an editorial contributor to a prominent anti-slavery journal, the "National Era," published at Washington. The larger part of this newspaper work was done in promotion of the cause of anti-slavery, and on occasions it brought Whittier into the personal peril which was the early abolitionist's usual lot. Thus, in Philadelphia, his printing office was sacked and burned. Apart from his editorial labors, and his work as counsellor and secretary in anti-slavery societies, Whittier's chief vocation was the composition of the poems which have made his name a household word. All but three or four years of his life was passed first in his native town of Haverhill, and then in the near-by village of Amesbury. He died at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, September 7, 1892.



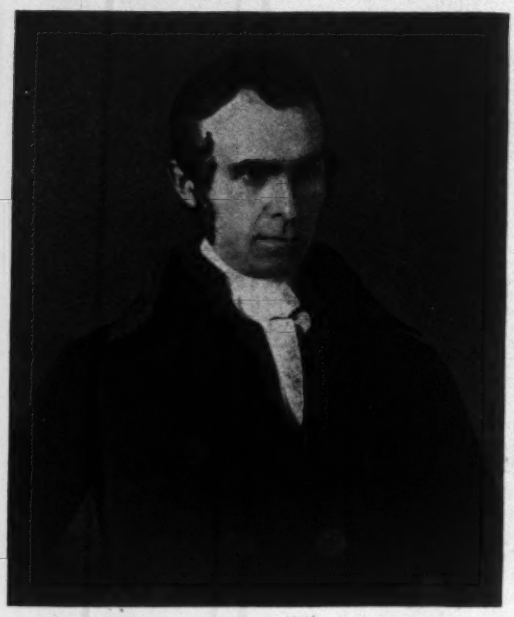
1830 OR 1831. AGE 23.



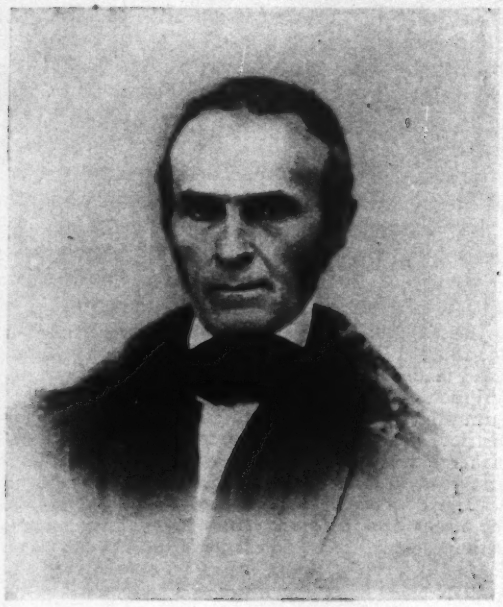
1835. AGE 27.

The portrait of 1830 or 1831 is from a miniature made by a Mr. Porter, now owned by Mrs. Pickard, and never before reproduced.

The portrait of 1835 is from a painting by "Deacon" Peckham, a farmer living at Westminster, Massachusetts, who went to Haverhill in 1835 to get a portrait of Whittier, because he admired Whittier's poetry. Whittier himself never saw the painting. It is now owned by an antiquarian society at Worcester, Massachusetts.



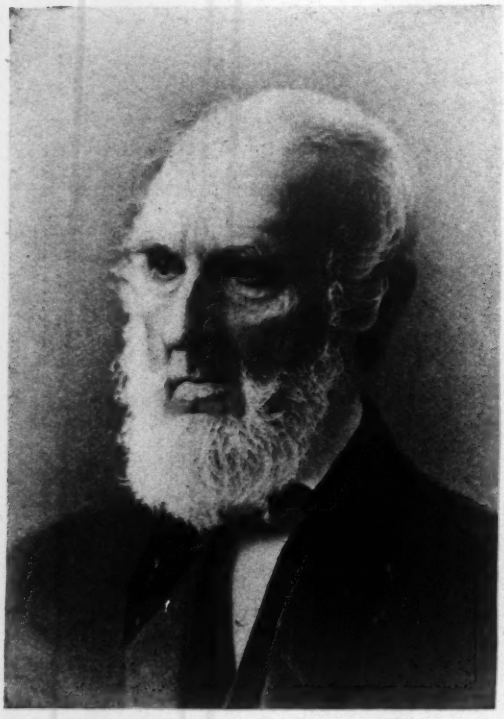
1845. AGE 38.



1857 OR 1858. AGE ABOUT 50.

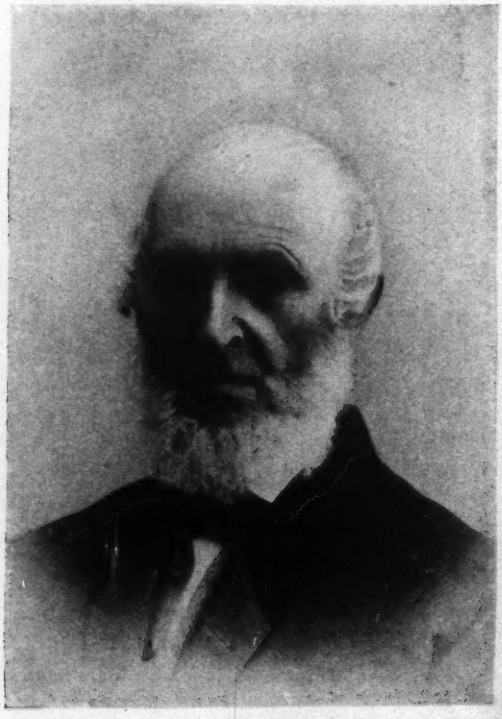
From an ambrotype.

The portrait of 1845 is from a daguerreotype taken at Philadelphia in the winter of 1844-45, of which Mr. S. T. Pickard, the biographer of Whittier, writes: "It was taken the same day with the one etched for the first volume of my 'Life of Whittier,' and I preferred it to the one selected by the artist for etching. He went to the daguerrean with James Russell Lowell, who had pictures taken at the same time." A copy of the original daguerreotype is owned by Mr. Pickard; the original is owned by Mrs. Pennock of Philadelphia.



1885. AGE 77.

From a photograph by Lamson, Portland, Maine.



1892. AGE 84.

From a photograph by W. C. Thompson, Amesbury, Massachusetts.

THE MERRY THANKSGIVING OF THE BURGLAR AND PLUMBER.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

By Octave Thanet.

MISS ELINOR MERRYWEATHER went to bed Thanksgiving evening in a graceless frame of mind—at least in a frame of mind that may pass for graceless in a woman of such kindly nature as Miss Merryweather. "You may go, Robbins," she said to her faithful maid, "and you and Harriet" (Harriet was the cook) "and Matilda" (Matilda was the waitress) "may all go to that party at James's" (James was the gardener). "I shall not need any of you."

"I hate to leave you alone, Miss Elinor," said Robbins, and hesitated, knowing Miss Merryweather well enough not to ask her would she be afraid. She did not do much better to blurt out: "They do say there's burglars in town, ma'am!"

"Very well," responded Miss Merryweather with unshaken calm—whatever her faults, timidity never was charged to her—"be sure you lock all the doors and windows securely. And you may as well see that the galvanic battery works all right. Good night, a pleasant time to you."

Robbins knew when her mistress used this tone that argument would be vain; so, discomfited, and with more than one wistful glance backward in the hall, she retired.

"THE BURGLAR STOOD DIRECTLY UNDER THE BLAZE."

Miss Merryweather began to walk up and down the room. It was an attractive room with the soft ivory gleam of the paint, and the sprangly, old-fashioned flowers on the creamy walls. These walls were thickly hung with water-color sketches, and pen-and-ink and wash drawings which gave one an eerie sensation of familiarity, like faces seen in a dream; and sometimes, by some clever people of long memories, were traced to a favorite illustrator, being, in fact, by famous artists, their original drawings for well-known magazines.

One perceived also an old-fashioned air due to the presence of certain chairs and tables, luxuriantly carved in dull-hued oak, or tinted in old marqueterie. In one corner of the room, a cabinet showed all the dazzling hues of rare old china; the sumptuous gilding of Satsuma, the delicate forms of old Sèvres, the solider opulence of color and shape of the great English makers. A davenport in one corner, a lounge with many piltows in another, and a tea-lable with its shining equipage, hinted the room to be Miss Merryweather's own special sitting room. She never called it a boudoir, and nothing made her more indignant than to hear the name from any one else. "Do *I* look like a woman who would have a *boudoir?*" she had been known to demand, almost with fierceness. "A boudoir is a place where girls with sloppy hair read poetry and write notes on scented paper, and make poor tea that they sip with souvenir spoons. Look at *my* spoons, they are truly apostles; and isn't that Eve sprawling by that ridiculous river on that Capo di Monti teapot delicious? Taste my tea—a friend brought it to me from Russia; did you ever taste such tea

in a *boudoir?* I think not!" Miss Merryweather's tea was celebrated by all who were so fortunate as to drink it; but it was not the tea-table to which the eye of a newcomer instinctively turned—it was a heavy Italian chest, the lid adorned by two curiously wrought iron handles, the chest itself of age-stained oak, having divers vague and grisly traditions connecting it with the treasure of a convent and the murder of faithful guardians by vandal robbers. By a natural divagation of the mind, the chest had become Miss Merryweather's safe, and contained, it was said, a *bona fide* iron safe wherein was deposited the famous Merryweather plate, some descended from colonial Merryweathers, some presented by brother officers to the late General Merryweather. Also, therein sparkled the jewels of Miss Merryweather, which would not have been despised in a large city, and were regarded with awe in an Iowa town. Miss Merryweather, though a spinster and no longer young, was fond of magnificence in dress, on proper occasions. In general, she wore simple costumes, always of black, which recognized but did not slavishly defer to fashion. But for high toilets she had satins and velvets, and lace as ancient as her china. In person, Miss Merryweather was tall and thin; but she had a mantua-maker that understood her business. When she was young and her hair was black, Miss Merryweather's Roman features might have seemed large, however finely chiselled. Now, framed in softest iron-gray, they were commonly described as "so distinguished." She was of a fine carriage, a figure to notice on the streets; especially as she was a trifle absent-minded, and when she walked, had the habit of swaying her shapely right hand from side to side as if addressing an invisible audience in inaudible words. She had a warm heart and a quick temper; and she had been known to arrest (with the aid of sympathetic bystanders) at least half a dozen oppressors of dumb brutes. She did not keep a single cat in the house. In pussy's place, she petted a majestic St. Bernard.

Whatever her eccentricities—I must grant her some—she was greatly beloved by her fellow-townsmen; and those who knew her best, loved her most strongly. She had, however, a will of her own. And she was one who, in the language of Holy Writ, kept her promise to her hurt. Thus, sometimes, an impetuous temper led her into imprudent declarations out of which she could not always extract herself without great exercise of her wits. Her latest dilemma engrossed her to-night. Having had the plumbing of her dwelling repaired, in an unlucky moment there had come a quarrel with the plumbers' union over a bill. The result was that she sent away "every man swindler of them all"—I would not be understood to endorse her words—and was left with the water service of the house cut off, and water hauled from the cisterns and a single faucet in the garden, while friends sniffed apprehensively whenever they entered the house, and asked her was she not afraid of sewer gas? and her niece (who was as a daughter to her) did not dare to bring the baby to spend Thanksgiving, because the child might catch diphtheria through the deadly, leaking pipes.

"Stuff!" said Miss Merryweather, who used strong expressions sometimes, being by birth and breeding quite too great a lady to disturb herself about the minor conventions; "stuff and nonsense! There are *no* leaks, but I'm not going to argue with you, Helen; I shall get a plumber, and have you come Thanksgiving."

Then, discerning a peculiar smile on the amiable features of Helen's husband, she added gravely: "He will not belong to the union. If I have to wait to hire a union plumber, I shall wait until the pipes tumble to pieces!"

But the imported plumber who was to put the forces of organized labor to rout did not come; although, such is the extraordinary working of the feminine logic, he was offered as high wages as the erring and grasping union plumbers had been refused.

Miss Merryweather was sure that he had either been bought off or assassinated by the union; she paid no heed to the theory meekly tendered by Helen's husband, to wit, that, knowing the man's habits, he had cause to suspect he was simply celebrating Thanksgiving in an unholy manner, on his own account.

"No, poor fellow," she murmured; "most likely he is lying dead in some alleyway with all his ribs broken. They do such things." Therefore it was with a gloomy soul she beheld the night before Thanksgiving. "I never was so little thankful in my life," she murmured, "and I was so bent on having that plumbing done in time to have Helen, and show that Vance that I am a match for the plumbers' union, if I *am* a lone woman." Miss Merryweather was not used to be beaten; it galled. She had mailed letters to different plumbers asking for bids by telegraph; but, peer as she might, she could not see a loop-hole of escape for her this time.

She went to bed early, but for a long while she could not sleep; she thought of the plumbers' union and her own defeat, and raged anew.

And when, at last, she was just slipping off into the shadows of peace, she heard the softest of footfalls. Surely she had closed the door on Diogenes, the dog! *Hadn't* she closed the door? Her mind drove her backward over that hasty journey through the rooms downstairs. Diogenes had a mat in the laundry, and the range of the kitchen; she certainly had closed one of the kitchen doors. *Hadn't* she closed the kitchen door upstairs? She had—at least she had seen that the door to the cellar was fast, and she thought she had bolted the door upstairs—how did people ever feel certain about anything enough to swear that it happened? The footsteps were nearer, in the sitting-room which adjoined the chamber. Her first thought was for the safety of the tea-table with its precious freight; she was sure if she called to the dog kindly, he would begin wagging his tail, that tremendous brush which, with one sweep, might hurl her idols into irredeemable, smashing, crashing ruin!

Sternness was the only chance! "Down charge, Di!" she commanded. "Bad dog! *Down!*"

A particularly mild voice answered her: "It ain't a dog, miss; it's a man!"

"A man?" repeated Miss Merryweather. "*Well!*"

Of course it was not well; but Miss Merryweather just then did not think of the nicer meanings of words.

"Yes, ma'am," the voice repeated; "don't be alarmed; I'm a man—a burglar!"

Miss Merryweather showed no signs of alarm; in the first place, she had a fearless soul; in the second place, the voice was so mild, so almost apologetic, that it aroused her sense of humor.

"I don't know but that you are less of a nuisance than the dog would be," said she. "You stay right where you are, and I will turn on the electric lights. Don't move, or you'll hit something!"

"All right, ma'am," said the burglar; "only no pulling out a pop, you know, and firing it off at me in the dark, hit or miss!"

"Certainly not; at least, not until I can see you," said Miss Merryweather. All the while she was hastily donning a wrapper and slippers. Then she turned on the lights.

The burglar stood directly under the blaze. He did not look like a burglar; there was nothing much in his pale face except the look of recent sickness and hopelessness. His clothes were like any workman's, a pair of blue, soiled overalls with something like a bib front, and a patched check shirt. His hat (it was a hat, and not the cap in which artists, for reasons best known to themselves, delight to depict the burglar) was a very battered soft felt, and it was not pulled down over his black brows; it was pushed back from dark, brown locks. He looked like a workman out of a job. His hands, one of which held a pistol, were calloused and stained—a workingman's hands.

When Miss Merryweather loomed upon him—one may say darted, since that was the effect of the springing of the light upon her image—he lifted his empty hand to his hat.

"I don't want to disturb you, ma'am," he repeated, "but I've *got* to have some money!"

"Why?" said Miss Merryweather. She was quite at her ease and had taken a rocking chair.

"Why?" the man echoed bitterly. "Because I prefer to steal to see my wife dying for want of things done for her and my children without shoes to their feet, and never a bite amongst us all this day, by

"DO I LOOK LIKE A WOMAN WHO WOULD HAVE A BOUDOIR?"

——! I beg your pardon, lady; I wasn't meaning to swear, but I'm wore out!"

"Haven't you had anything to eat to-day?" said Miss Merryweather.

He shook his head. A stiff lock of brown hair which stood up on the top of his head waggled at the motion; it gave him a grotesque look. He certainly was frightfully thin.

"Humph!" said Miss Merryweather. "You sit down in that rocking chair and stay there until I come up again. Don't you burgle any until I come back; then we'll see what we can do."

"You ain't going to telephone to the police to nab me?"

Miss Merryweather waved her hand toward the wall at a telephone.

"It isn't customary in houses of people who are not millionnaires to have *two* telephones," said she. "I am going to bring you something to eat."

"I won't touch a thing, lady," promised the burglar; "I've been druv to this, I truly have."

Miss Merryweather encouraged him by a nod, and departed, lighted candle in hand.

Never, it seemed to her, had she heard so many sinister noises as pricked her ears while her candle flitted from pantry to sideboard. Boards creaked under her tread as they never creaked in the daytime, and every door she touched sent up a long shriek of remonstrance.

But Diogenes slept calmly in the laundry. Miss Merryweather shook her head. She carried a revolver in her hand which she laid on the tray. "He seems like a decent sort of submerged unfortunate"—thus ran her meditations while she provisioned the tray—"but he may be wicked, and run after me downstairs. If he does, Di and the gun will have to hurt him."

She thought of waking the sleeping dog and taking him upstairs; but the peril to the china of Diogenes's clumsy bulk seemed so much greater to her intrepid soul than any personal danger from the mild-mannered burglar, that she dismissed the suggestion as soon as it appeared. When she entered her sitting-room again, and saw how starved and tired her burglar looked, she was glad of her decision.

He was leaning back in his chair, his pistol still in one limp hand, his head laid back, showing his miserably thin neck; and the white glare full on the haggard pallor of his face.

His eye brightened at the sight of the tray. Miss Merryweather, making no comment, lighted the lamp under the silver chafing dish; and, as it burned, she buttered the slices of bread and placed beef between them.

"I am afraid the beef is a little underdone for your taste," observed she kindly, "and I hope you don't care for mustard, for I forgot it; but I've put on salt and pepper, and they were the best done pieces I could find. The soup will be warm in a minute. Now, you drink this glass of wine."

The man drank it, keeping his eyes on her. Then he laid the pistol on the table. "I ain't going to use it," he said.

"Much better not," returned Miss Merryweather. "The truth is, I have long had a curiosity to see a burglar, and I rather have planned things that way; but I didn't expect he would be so decent as you seem. How do you like that wine? It's old Jacques port." The burglar looked rather bewildered, but answered that it was the best wine he had ever tasted. He added, ingenuously, that he had "not tasted much wine."

"You are not at all like a professional burglar," remarked the lady, who had now come to ladling out the steaming soup; "I think you must be an amateur."

"I never touched a thing 't wasn't my own before, lady, so help me ——!"

"Well, you haven't touched anything *yet*, now," interrupted Miss Merryweather, who had a mania for accuracy. She continued: "I suppose you are putting that sandwich into your pocket for your family—don't do it! I'll make you up a basket for them. Tell me what brought you, such a decent man, to this pass?"

The man smeared his eyes with his hand before he began. "I never seen a lady like you," said he; "I'm just going to tell you the honest truth. I was working in Chicago. I belonged to the junior plumbers——"

"Oh, if you were a plumber, it must have come natural to you to rob!"

The burglar acknowledged the sally by a faint smile. "We ain't so bad as they make us out. Well, hard times came and work fell off, and the union wouldn't let us work below wages, so I left the union—fact is, I couldn't keep up my dues——"

"Do you mean to tell me," cried Miss Merryweather, springing from her chair in strong agitation—"do you mean to tell me you are not a union man? Don't think of burgling me! I can give you a great deal better job, and I will advance you money on it, too. This house is only about half plumbed; if you will take hold and get this plumbing done by six o'clock to-morrow, I'll pay you *well!* And you shall have two men

to help you who aren't plumbers, but have some sense. And a boy to run to the shop to get the tools. Are you a *good* plumber?"

"Yes'm, I *was;* but, you see, I went to Pullman, and worked there till the strike came. I didn't strike; but I joined the A. R. U. afterwards, so as to get the relief. The strike lasted so long I used up all my savings; and then I didn't git back, after all. So I'm a little out of practice. But I guess I can satisfy you. I'll try hard."

"You shall have a chance, anyhow. So you went to Pullman; and why didn't you get back there when the strike ended?"

"They didn't take all the men, ma'am; and I heard of a job in Chicago, so I moved there; and I got it, sure enough, but it only lasted a little while; and then I wrote to the new factory they was starting here, the glucose works, and I got a job, but the first week I come down with typhoid fever, and I worked with the fever on me; and I did take whiskey to kinder hold me up, for I was wild to think of losing my job; but I wasn't drunk, though somebody said so. So I lost it, and another feller got it—well, I guess he needed it bad, too. But that's how it was. I went home and was sick awful bad for six weeks; and when I got up again there was nothing I could get, and the baby come just then, God forgive it! and I guess he knowed he was none too welcome, for he's been hollering ever since. Doctor says he needs some kinder food, Nestling food, or some sich name, and I wanted to git it, for I someway don't jest want him to die, if he *is* mean! Then I wanted to git my woman things; she's an awful nice woman, I'll say that, and about all we've got she's earned washing. I have been out a week walking about a hundred miles, I guess, begging for a job everywhere I heard jobs were to be had; but you see we were strangers, and there ain't enough work to go round 'mong the old men. To-day, as I went back from the shoe factory 'cross the river, and seen all the turkeys in the winders, and remembered how there wasn't a bite in our house for to-day nor for to-morrow, and looked at the rich folks that don't love their families a mite better'n I love mine, I got kinder wild, I guess. I never had gredged rich folks their money, before. I was willing to work hard, and not to have very much; but now it seems as if there wasn't an inch of room for me and my family on this earth. We'd pawned every last thing we could pawn, and there we was—a-starving!"

"DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU ARE NOT A UNION MAN?"

"But, goodness gracious!" exclaimed Miss Merryweather, who had with difficulty refrained from interrupting him before, "why didn't you go to the Associated Charities or to the Industrial Aid?"

"You see, lady, we ain't used to being poor; we didn't know about them places. Lady, I tell you, it ain't the poverty poor that gits squeezed the hardest when there's hard times; bless you, no! They're used to leanin' on other folks, and they just lop over a leetle heavier; but it's the decent folks that never knew the way to the poor-overseer's office before, or even to the pawnshop, that catch it. They suffer and don't holler about it."

"I see," said Miss Merryweather; "go on!"

"There ain't much more," said the man, very neatly folding the napkin. "I told my wife I had got a job and I would have the money for a turkey to-morrow; not to fret, I'd git some advanced. I went straight out, meaning to enter somebody's house and git enough to buy a Thanksgiving din-

ner. I prowled about for a long time, first deciding on one house and then on another. By and by I saw all the folks in your kitchen going out, and the light upstairs; and, says I, 'that lady is all alone by herself, and I can git some money, easy.' So I come."

"But how did you get in? The windows are barred downstairs——"

"Yes'm; they look like good winders. But I come in by the door—the kitchen door. I reasoned like the girls would have some place where they hid the kitchen key, and I could hunt it up. Most like it would be under the door-mat. That's where it was, too."

"They shall have a latch-key, every one of them; of course you got in. But didn't you wake the dog?"

"No, ma'am; he jest slept like the dead. Them big dogs is jest like men about sleeping, they sleep so sound."

"But when you came up the stairs what did you do about the mat at the foot of the stairs? The lights ought to have sprung up and the bells rung, the instant your foot touched the mat!"

"Why, you see, lady," said the burglar apologetically—he seemed to fear lest she should be hurt by the failure of her carefully planned burglar traps—"you see, I naturally struck a match, now and then, to see my way, and when I come on that plain, common mat in that beautiful hall with the handsome rugs about, I knowed it to be a burglar mat, so I jest stepped over it. I've no doubt all the things would have happened if I had stepped *on* it right."

"I don't know," said Miss Merryweather gloomily; "maybe the plumbers got it out of order. But, come here, open that chest!" She pointed to the nuns' chest against the wall, and the burglar obediently laid his pistol down to do her bidding. An inner chest of iron was disclosed, having two projecting handles.

"Lift the cover," commanded Miss Merryweather.

A smile of grim expectation parted her firm lips; now approached *her* triumph. The burglar laid his hands on the knobs, and pensively nodded his head, screwing up his mouth like a man recognizing a familiar flavor.

"Yes'm," said he; "galvanic battery, ain't it? Kinder prickly!"

"I'll weaken the current," said Miss Merryweather; "you must be a perfect Spartan not to call out."

"Well, you see I ruther suspicioned what it was," the burglar replied, letting his hands drop.

"*How can you get your hands away?*" cried Miss Merryweather.

"Hain't you weakened the current?" deprecated the burglar. "Pshaw! I thought you had, or I wouldn't 'a' taken them down. I'm real sorry."

Miss Merryweather laughed. "Everything is a failure," said she. "You *ought* to be held a prisoner, with your shoulders hunched up. It's all wrong."

"Oh, no, it ain't, ma'am," the burglar tried to reassure her. "I ain't no manner of doubt that them mats downstairs would work splendid; we kin try, going down. But these here galvanic batteries are mighty unreliable. Never mind, I kin fix it all right for you. I'm glad I came, though."

"So am I," said Miss Merryweather. "Do you think something is the matter with this, too?" displaying her revolver.

It was a big revolver of glossy and iridescent black, not a feminine frippery about it—no pearl, no silver; a revolver that meant business and showed its intentions honorably.

"No, it's all right," said the burglar, admiring; "you could 'a' plugged me, sure."

"Unless you shot me first."

"Humph! that would 'a' been difficult, seein' mine ain't loaded and there's something the matter with the trigger so it can't go off, else it would 'a' been in the pawnshop 'stead of here."

"Well," sighed Miss Merryweather, "it's a mercy you tried to burgle *me* with that useless thing, instead of some one else. Now, for goodness sake come downstairs and let me give you that basket and get you off before the servants come."

Miss Merryweather had very much the sensations of a burglar in her own house, as she despoiled the larder, the friendly burglar holding the candle. They hurried at every glimpse of the clock, they trembled at all the creakings of the floor.

"Robbins never did stay out before later than twelve or one; it's a quar— Great heavens!" Miss Merryweather jumped. Suddenly she was bathed in a flood of light, and bells seemed to be ringing all over the house!

"I guess the mats is straight goods," said the burglar; "you trod on it by mistake, ma'am. Say, what's that? They're a hollering in the yard! I'll try this door——"

"No, you will not," said Miss Merryweather, all herself again; "you will stay just where you are, while I open the door."

She was at the hall door before she ended,

"DO YOU THINK SOMETHING IS THE MATTER WITH THIS, TOO?"

calling loudly to the shrieking maids, who came in timidly (except Robbins), in the rear of the two men, who were none too valorous.

"Nothing is the matter," said Miss Merryweather; "I stepped on the mat myself. It works perfectly. Harriet, I've engaged a plumber, and he is to work all night, and the plumbing will be done by to-morrow afternoon. If you need those extra tools, you better go home and get them now"—turning upon the bewildered burglar—"and you don't need that candle any more; put it down. Don't forget the basket."

"No, ma'am, thank you, ma'am," the burglar responded meekly, "and I'll be back——"

"As soon as you can; there's no time to

lose," said Miss Merryweather. "He is a good plumber," she announced calmly to her dazed domestic staff, "and I was lucky to get him. I have sent a basket of things to his family. Get him a good breakfast to-morrow morning; and I hope we shall have a Thanksgiving after all. I shan't forget how good you all are in these emergencies."

The household knew too well Miss Merryweather's generosity, for these special efforts, to be unhappy; but Robbins summed up the general mixture of disapprobation and admiration. She said: "Did you ever see the like! I believe Miss Elinor would git her will if she had to tear the world up by the roots!"

The plumbing was done, and well done, by four of the next afternoon. The burglar's family, as well as the Merryweather gathering, dined late that Thanksgiving.

I cannot find any good moral in this tale unless it be contained in Miss Merryweather's own subsequent reflections. "Now, aren't the ways of Providence queer? Here's my burglar got a good plumber shop and lots of custom, simply by an unsuccessful attempt to rob. But then, it is a merciful thing that, as our best intentions are liable to bring harm and misfortune, so our bad ones run off the track sometimes, too. And, anyhow, it wasn't because he was a burglar he was so lucky, but because he was such a remarkably gentle and propitiating burglar! If he hadn't been, I should have had to shoot him or 'sic' Diogenes on him. I hope it will be a lesson to us both that it is better far to rule by love than fear, and kind words can never die, and all that kind of thing! And it was certainly a mercy to *me* that I feel truly thankful for; I don't know how I *could* have beaten the plumbers without him!"

VAILIMA LETTERS.

CORRESPONDENCE ADDRESSED BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON TO SIDNEY COLVIN.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY MR. COLVIN.

NOTE.—The following letters from the late Robert Louis Stevenson, along with the introduction by Mr. Colvin, are part of a volume entitled "Vailima Letters," about to be published by Messrs. Stone & Kimball of Chicago. It is a very remarkable volume, presenting such an intimate and gracious view of Stevenson's daily life as the world has rarely been admitted to in the case of any man. The entire correspondence is marked by the same frankness and geniality of nature and the same grace of composition shown in the letters presented here; and it would not be surprising if in the coming time Stevenson should be better known by the "Vailima Letters" than by some of his now so popular romances.—EDITOR OF MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

SO much of preface seems necessary to this volume as may justify its publication and explain its origin. The writer was for many years my closest friend. It was in the summer of 1873 that a lady, whose gracious influence has helped to shape and encourage more than one distinguished career, first awakened my interest in him and drew us together. He was at that time a lad of twenty-two, with his powers not yet set nor his way of life determined. But to know him was to recognize at once that here was a young genius of whom great things might be expected. A slender, boyish presence, with a graceful, somewhat fantastic bearing, and a singular power and attraction in the eyes and smile, were the signs that first impressed you; and the impression was quickly confirmed and deepened by the charm of his talk, which was irresistibly sympathetic and inspiring, and not less full of matter than of mirth. I have known no man in whom the poet's heart and imagination were combined with such a brilliant strain of humor and such an unsleeping alertness and adroitness of the critical intelligence. But it was only in conversation that he could as yet do himself justice. His earliest efforts in literature were of a very uneven and tentative quality. The reason partly was that in mode of expression and choice of language, not less than in the formation of opinion and the conduct of life, he was impatient, even to excess, of the conventional, the accepted,

STEVENSON ON HIS FAVORITE HORSE.

and the trite. His perceptions and emotions were acute and vivid in the extreme; his judgments, whether founded on experience, reading, discussion or caprice (and a surprising amount of all these things had been crowded into his youthful existence), were not less fresh and personal; while to his ardent fancy the world was a theatre glowing with the lights and bustling with the incidents of romance. It was from the first his effort in literature—nay, it was the main passion of his life—to express the matter which was in him in words of vital aptness and precision. The instrument that should serve his purpose could not be forged in haste, still less could it be adopted at second-hand or ready-made; and he has himself narrated how long and toilsome was the apprenticeship he served.

In those days, then, of Stevenson's youth it was my good fortune to be of use to him, partly by helping to soften parental opposition to his inborn vocation for letters, partly by recommending him to editors (Mr. Hamerton, Sir George Grove, and Mr. Leslie Stephen in succession), and a little even by such technical hints as a classical training and five years' seniority enabled me to give. It belonged to the richness of his nature to repay in all things much for little, *ἑκατομβοῖ' ἐννεαβοιῶν*, and from these early relations sprang both the affection, to me inestimable, of which the following correspondence bears evidence, and the habit, which it pleased him to maintain after he had become one of the acknowledged masters of English letters, of confiding in and consulting me about his work in progress. It was my business to find fault; to "damn" what I did not like; a duty which . . . I was accustomed to discharge somewhat unsparingly. But he was too manly a spirit to desire or to relish flattery, and too true an artist to be content with doing less than his best: he knew, moreover, in what rank of English writers I put him, and for what audience, not of to-day, I would have him labor. . . .

During the period of his Odyssey in the South Seas, from August, 1888, until the spring of 1890, the remoteness and inaccessibility of the scenes he visited inevitably interrupted all correspondence for months together; and when at long intervals a packet reached us, the facts and circumstances of his wanderings were to be gathered from the admirable letters of Mrs. Stevenson (who has this feminine accomplishment in perfection) rather than from his own. But when later in the last-mentioned year, 1890, he and his family were settled on their newly bought property on the

mountain behind Apia, to which he gave the name of Vailima (five rivers), he for the first time, to my infinite gratification, took to writing me long and regular monthly budgets as full and particular as heart could wish; and this practice he maintained until within a few weeks of his death.

It is these journal-letters from Samoa, covering with a few intervals the period from November, 1890, to October, 1894, that are printed by themselves in the present volume. They occupy a place, as has been indicated, quite apart in his correspondence, and in any general selection from his letters would fill a quite disproportionate space. Begun without a thought of publicity, and simply to maintain our intimacy undiminished, so far as might be, by separation, they assumed in the course of two or three years a bulk so considerable, and contained so much of the matter of his daily life and thoughts, that it by and by occurred to him, as may be read on page 200 [of the volume now preparing for the press], that "some kind of a book" might be extracted out of them after his death. It is this passage which has given me my warrant for their publication, and at the same time has imposed on me no easy editorial task.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

THE LETTERS.

NOVEMBER, 1890—This is a hard and interesting and beautiful life that we lead now. Our place is in a deep cleft of Vaea Mountain, some six hundred feet above the sea, embowered in forest, which is our strangling enemy, and which we combat with axes and dollars. I went crazy over outdoor work, and had at last to confine myself to the house, or literature must have gone by the board. *Nothing* is so interesting as weeding, clearing, and path-making; the oversight of laborers becomes a disease; it is quite an effort not to drop into the farmer; and it does make you feel so well. To come down covered with mud and drenched with sweat and rain after some hours in the bush, change, rub down, and take a chair in the verandah, is to taste a quiet conscience. And the strange thing that I mark is this: If I go out and make sixpence, bossing my laborers and plying the cutlass or the spade, idiot conscience applauds me; if I sit in the house and make twenty pounds, idiot conscience wails over my neglect and the day wasted. . . .

I have been hard at work since I came; three chapters of "The Wrecker," and since that, eight of the South Sea book, and along and about and in between, a hatful of verses. Some day I'll send the verse to you, and you'll say if any of it is any good. I have got in a better vein with the South Sea book, as I think you will see; I think these chapters will do for the volume without much change.

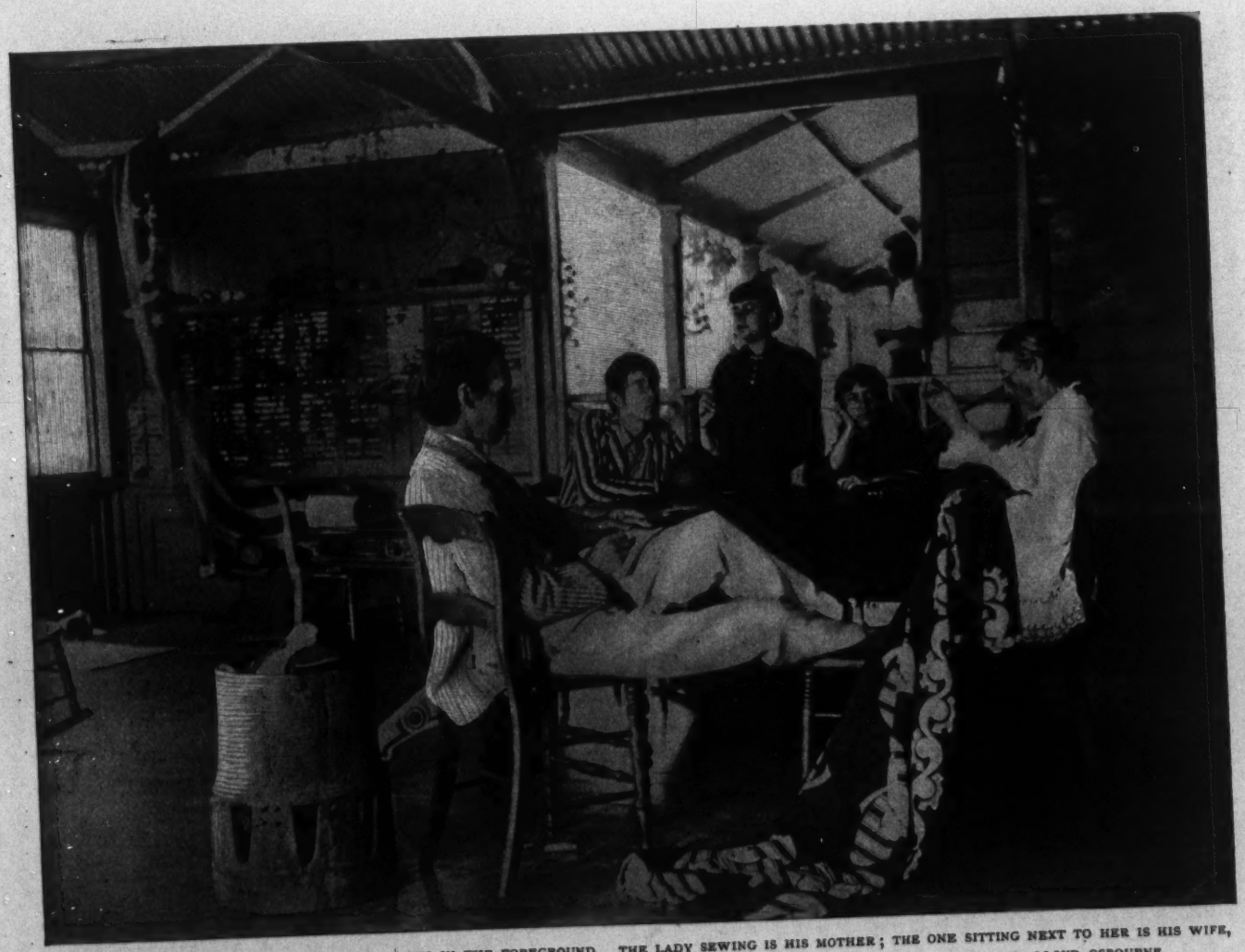
. . . . . .

I want you to understand about this South Sea book.* The job is immense; I stagger under material. I have seen the first big *tache*. It was necessary to see the smaller ones; the letters were at my hand for the purpose, but I was not going to lose this experience; and instead of writing mere letters, have poured out a lot of stuff for the book. How this works and fits, time is to show. But I believe, in time, I shall get the whole thing in form. Now, up to date, that is all my design, and I beg to warn you till we have the whole (or much) of the stuff together, you can hardly judge—and I can hardly judge. Such a mass of stuff is to be handled, if possible, without repetition—so much foreign matter to be introduced—if possible with perspicuity—and as much as can be, a spirit of narrative to be preserved. You will find that come stronger as I proceed, and get the explanations worked through. Problems of style are (as yet) dirt under my feet; my problem is architectural, creative—to get this stuff jointed and moving. If I can do that, I will trouble you for style; anybody might write it, and it would be splendid; well-engineered, the masses right, the blooming thing travelling—twig?

This I wanted you to understand, for lots of the stuff sent home is, I imagine, rot—and slovenly rot—and some of it pompous rot; and I want you to understand it's a *lay-in*.

DECEMBER, 1890—I do not bother you with all my troubles in these outpourings; the troubles of the farmer are inspiriting—they are like difficulties out hunting—a fellow rages at the time and rejoices to recall and to commemorate them. My troubles have been financial. It is hard to arrange wisely interests so distributed. America, England, Samoa, Sydney, everywhere I have an end of liability hanging out and some shelf of credit hard by; and

*"The South Seas: a Record of Three Cruises"—such was to be the title of the projected book, which was to narrate the experiences of the author and his family on their recent Pacific voyages, first in the yacht "Casco," and afterwards in the traders "Equator" and "Janet Nicoll." . . . The work never got beyond a number of chapters in the form of letters.—SIDNEY COLVIN.



THE STEVENSON HOUSEHOLD. MR. STEVENSON SITS IN THE FOREGROUND. THE LADY SEWING IS HIS MOTHER; THE ONE SITTING NEXT TO HER IS HIS WIFE, WHILE THE ONE STANDING IS HIS STEP-DAUGHTER, MRS. STRONG. THE MAN SITTING OPPOSITE HIM IS HIS STEP-SON, MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE.

to juggle all these and build a dwelling-place here, and check expense—a thing I am ill fitted for—you can conceive what a nightmare it is at times. Then God knows I have not been idle. But since "The Master"* nothing has come to raise any coins. I believe the springs are dry at home, and now I am worked out, and can no more at all. A holiday is required.

[Later]—I have got unexpectedly to work again, and feel quite dandy. Good-by.

APRIL, 1891—One thing embarrasses me. No one ever seems to understand my attitude about that book ["The South Seas"]; the stuff sent was never meant for other than a first state; I never meant it to appear as a book. Knowing well that I have never had one hour of inspiration since it was begun, and have only beaten out my metal by brute force and patient repetition, I hoped some day to get a "spate of style" and burnish it—fine mixed metaphor. I am now so sick that I intend, when the Letters are done and some more written that will be wanted, simply to make a book of it by the pruning-knife. I cannot fight longer; I am sensible of having done worse than I hoped, worse than I feared; all I can do now is to do the best I can for the future, and clear the book, like a piece of bush, with axe and cutlass. Even to produce the MS. of this will occupy me, at the most favorable opinion, till the middle of next year; really five years were wanting, when I could have made a book; but I have a family, and—perhaps I could not make the book after all.

MAY, 1891—Well, am I ashamed of myself? I do not think so. I have been hammering Letters ever since, and got three ready and a fourth about half through; all four will go by the mail, which is what I wish, for so I keep at least my start. Days and days of unprofitable stubbing and digging, and the result still poor as literature, left-handed, heavy, unillumined, but I believe readable and interesting as matter. It has been no joke of a hard time, and when my task was done, I had little taste for anything but blowing on the pipe. A few necessary letters filled the bowl to overflowing.

JUNE, 1891—No diary this time. Why? you ask. I have only sent out four Letters, and two chapters of "The Wrecker." Yes, but to get these I have written one hundred and thirty-two pages, sixty-six thousand words, in thirty days; two thousand two hundred words a day; the labors of an elephant. God knows what it's like, and don't ask me, but nobody shall say I have spared pains. I thought for some time it wouldn't come at all. I was days and days over the first letter of the lot—days and days writing and deleting and making no headway whatever, till I thought I should have gone bust; but it came at last after a fashion, and the rest went a thought more easily, though I am not so fond as to fancy any better.

SEPTEMBER, 1891—I have just interrupted my letter and read through the chapter of the "High Woods" that is written, a chapter and a bit, some sixteen pages, really very fetching, but what do you wish? the story is so wilful, so steep, so silly—it's a hallucination I have outlived, and yet I never did a better piece of work, horrid, and pleasing, and extraordinarily *true;* it's sixteen pages of the South Seas; their essence. What am I to do? Lose this little gem—for I'll be bold, and that's what I think it—or go on with the rest, which I don't believe in, and don't like, and which can never make aught but a silly yarn? Make another end to it? Ah, yes, but that's not the way I write; the whole tale is implied; I never use an effect when I can help it, unless it prepares the effects that are to follow; that's what a story consists in. To make another end, that is to make the beginning all wrong. The dénouement of a long story is nothing; it is just a "full close," which you may approach and accompany as you please—it is a coda, not an essential member in the rhythm; but the body and end of a short story is bone of the bone and blood of the blood of the beginning. Well, I shall end by finishing it against my judgment; that fragment is my Delilah. Golly, it's good. I am not shining by modesty; but I do just love the color and movement of that piece so far as it goes.

SEPTEMBER, 1891—Since I last laid down my pen, I have written and rewritten "The Beach of Falesà;" something like sixty thousand words of sterling domestic fiction (the story, you will understand, is only half that length); and now I don't want to write any more again for ever, or feel so; and I've got to overhaul it once again to my sorrow. I was all yesterday revising, and found a lot of slacknesses and (what is worse in this kind of thing) some literaryisms. One of the puzzles is this: It is a first person story—a trader telling his own adventure in an island. When I began I allowed myself a

* "Of Ballantrae."

few liberties, because I was afraid of the end; now the end proved quite easy, and could be done in the pace; so the beginning remains about a quarter tone out (in places); but I have rather decided to let it stay so. The problem is always delicate; it is the only thing that worries me in first person tales, which otherwise (quo' Alan) "set better wi' my genius." There is a vast deal of fact in the story, and some pretty good comedy. It is the first realistic South Sea story; I mean with real South Sea character and details of life. Everybody else who has tried, that I have seen, got carried away by the romance, and ended in a kind of sugar-candy sham epic, and the whole effect was lost—there was no etching, no human grin, consequently no conviction. Now I have got the smell and look of the thing a good deal. You will know more about the South Seas after you have read my little tale than if you had read a library.

JANUARY, 1892—I did a good morning's work, correcting and clarifying my draft, and have now finished for press eight chapters, ninety-one pages, of this piece of journalism ["The South Seas"]. Four more chapters, say fifty pages, remain to be done; I should gain my wager and finish this volume in three months, that is to say, the end should leave me per February mail; I cannot receive it back till the mail of April. Yes, it can be out in time; pray God that it be in time to help.

How do journalists fetch up their drivel? I aim only at clearness and the most obvious finish, positively at no higher degree of merit, not even at brevity—I am sure it could have been all done, with double the time, in two-thirds of the space. And yet it has taken me two months to write forty-five thousand five hundred words; and be damned to my wicked prowess, I am proud of the exploit! The real journalist must be a man not of brass only, but bronze. Chapter IX. gapes for me, but I shrink on the margin, and go on chattering to you. . . . I estimate the whole roughly at seventy thousand words. Should anybody ever dream of reading it, it would be found amusing. $\frac{70,000}{300} = 233$ printed pages; a respectable little five-bob volume, to bloom unread in shop windows. After that, I'll have a spank at fiction. And rest? I shall rest in the grave, or when I come to Italy. If only the public will continue to support me! I lost my chance not dying; there seems blooming little fear of it now. I worked close on five hours this morning; the day before, close on nine; and unless I finish myself off with this letter, I'll have another hour and a half, or *aiblins twa*, before dinner. Poor man, how you must envy me, as you hear of these orgies of work, and you scarce able for a letter. But Lord, Colvin, how lucky the situations are not reversed, for I have no situation, nor am fit for any. Life is a steigh brae. Here, have at Knappe, and no more clavers!

FEBRUARY, 1892—I have a confession to make. When I was sick I tried to get to work to finish that Samoa thing, wouldn't go; and at last, in the colic time, I slid off into "David Balfour," some fifty pages of which are drafted, and like me well. Really I think it is spirited; and there's a heroine that (up to now) seems to have attractions: *absit omen!* David, on the whole, seems excellent. Alan does not come in till the tenth chapter, and I am only at the eighth, so I don't know if I can find him again; but David is on his feet, and doing well, and very much in love, and mixed up with the Lord Advocate and the (untitled) Lord Lovat, and all manner of great folk. And the tale interferes with my eating and sleeping. The join is bad; I have not thought to strain too much for continuity; so this part be alive, I shall be content. But there's no doubt David seems to have changed his style, de'il ha'e him! And much I care, if the tale travel!

MAY, 1892—I have celebrated my holiday from "Samoa" by a plunge at the beginning of "The Young Chevalier." I am afraid my touch is a little broad in a love story; I can't mean one thing and write another. As for women, I am no more in any fear of them; I can do a sort all right; age makes me less afraid of a petticoat, but I am a little in fear of grossness. However, this David Balfour's love affair, that's all right—might be read out to a mother's meeting—or a daughter's meeting. The difficulty in a love yarn, which dwells at all on love, is the dwelling on one string; it is manifold, I grant, but the root fact is there unchanged, and the sentiment being very intense, and already very much handled in letters, positively calls for a little pawing and gracing. With a writer of my prosaic literalness and pertinency of point of view, this all shoves toward grossness—positively even towards the far more damnable *closeness*. This has kept me off the sentiment hitherto, and now I am to try: Lord! Of course Meredith can do it, and so could Shakespeare; but with all my romance, I am a realist and a

prosaist, and a most fanatical lover of plain physical sensations plainly and expressly rendered; hence my perils. . . .

I have had my little holiday outing in my kick at "The Young Chevalier," and I guess I can settle to "David Balfour" to-morrow or Friday like a little man. I wonder if any one had ever more energy upon so little strength?—I know there is a frost; the Samoa book can only increase that—I can't help it, that book is not written for me but for Miss Manners; but I mean to break that frost inside two years, and pull off a big success, and Vanity whispers in my ear that I have the strength. If I haven't, whistle ower the lave o't! I can do without glory, and perhaps the time is not far off when I can do without corn. It is a time coming soon enough, anyway; and I have endured some two and forty years without public shame, and had a good time as I did it. If only I could secure a violent death, what a fine success! I wish to die in my boots; no more Land of Counterpane for me. To be drowned, to be shot, to be thrown from a horse—ay, to be hanged, rather than pass again through that slow dissolution.

JUNE, 1892—I have finished copying Chapter XXI. of David—"*solus cum sola;* we travel together." Chapter XXII., "*Solus cum sola;* we keep house together," is already drafted. To the end of XXI., makes more than one hundred and fifty pages of my manuscript—damn this hair—and I only designed the book to run to about two hundred; but when you introduce the female sect, a book does run away with you. I am very curious to see what you will think of my two girls. My own opinion is quite clear; I am in love with both. I foresee a few pleasant years of spiritual flirtations. The creator (if I may name myself, for the sake of argument, by such a name) is essentially unfaithful. For the duration of the two chapters in which I dealt with Miss Grant, I totally forgot my heroine, and even—but this is a flat secret—tried to win away David. I think I must try some day to marry Miss Grant. . . .

I sometimes sit and yearn for anything in the nature of an income that would come in—mine has all got to be gone and fished for with the immortal mind of man. What I want is the income that really comes in of itself while all you have to do is just to blossom and exist and sit on chairs. Think how beautiful it would be not to have to mind the critics, and not even the darkest of the crowd—Sidney Colvin. I should probably amuse myself with works that would make your hair curl, if you had any left.

JULY, 1892—I am doing no work and my mind is in abeyance. Fanny and Belle are sewing-machining in the next room; I have been pulling down their hair, and Fanny has been kicking me, and now I am driven out. Austin and I have been chasing about the verandah; now he has gone to his lessons, and I make believe to write to you in despair. But there is nothing in my mind; I swim in mere vacancy; my head is like a rotten nut; I shall soon have to begin to work again or I shall carry away some part of the machinery. I have got your insufficient letter, for which I scorn to thank you. I have had no review by Gosse, none by Birrell; another time if I have a letter in the "Times," you might send me the text as well; also please send me a cricket bat and a cake, and when I come home for the holidays, I should like to have a pony.

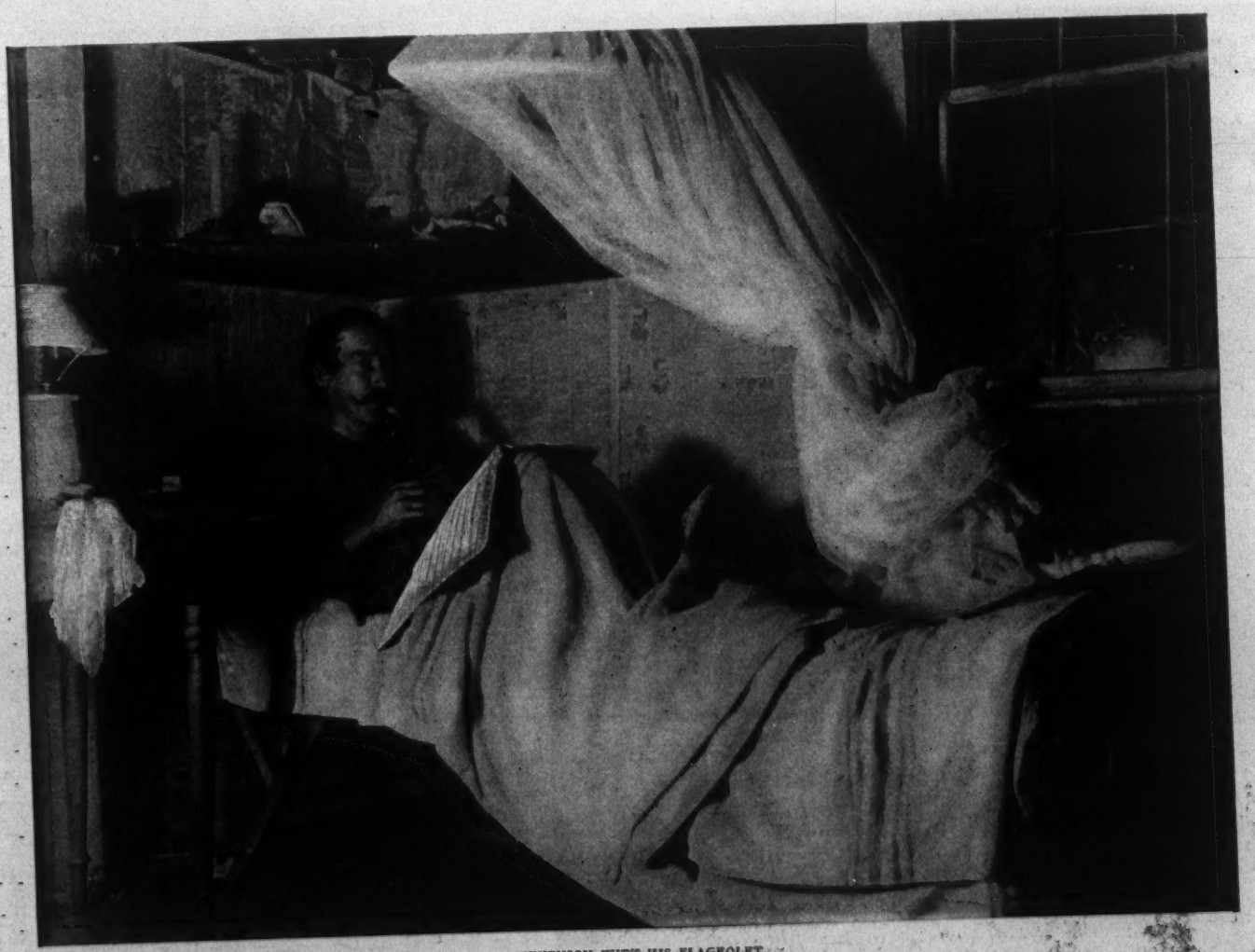
I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JACOB TONSON.

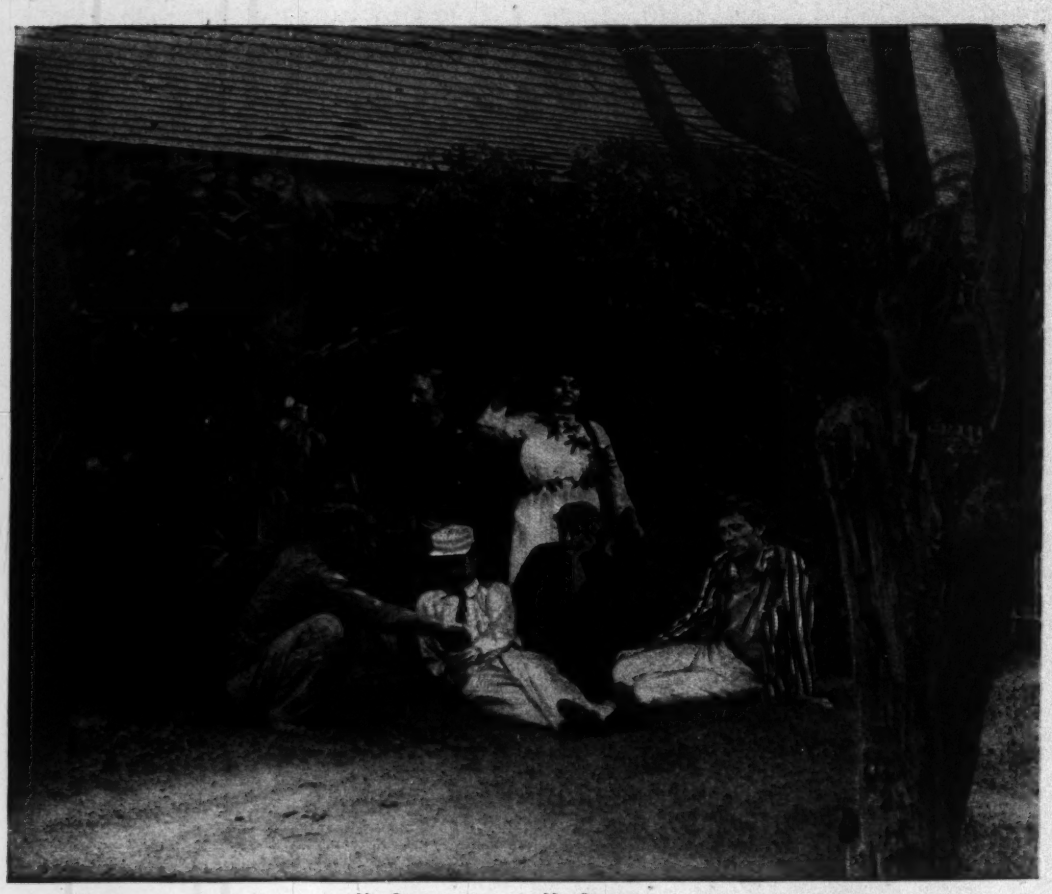
P.S.—I am quite well; I hope you are quite well. The world is too much with us, and my mother bids me bind my hair and lace my bodice blue.

SEPTEMBER, 1892—"David Balfour" done, and its author along with it, or nearly so. Strange to think of even our doctor here repeating his nonsense about debilitating climate. Why, the work I have been doing the last twelve months, in one continuous spate, mostly with annoying interruptions and without any collapse to mention, would be incredible in Norway. But I *have* broken down now, and will do nothing as long as I possibly can. With "David Balfour" I am very well pleased; in fact these labors of the last year—I mean "Falesà" and "D. B.," not "Samoa," of course—seem to me to be nearer what I mean than anything I have ever done; nearer what I mean by fiction; the nearest thing before was "Kidnapped." I am not forgetting the "Master of Ballantrae," but that lacked all pleasurableness, and hence was imperfect in essence. So you see, if I am a little tired, I do not repent.

DECEMBER, 1892—The new house is roofed; it will be a braw house, and what is better, I have my yearly bill in, and I find I can pay for it. For all which mercies, etc. I must have made close on four thousand pounds this year all told; but what is not so pleasant, I seem to have come near



STEVENSON, WITH HIS FLAGEOLET.



Mrs. Stevenson, sr. Mrs. Strong.
Stevenson. Lloyd Osbourne.
Mrs. Stevenson, jr.

THE STEVENSON HOUSEHOLD.

to spending them. I have been in great alarm, with this new house on the cards, all summer, and came very near to taking in sail, but I live here so entirely on credit, that I determined to hang on.

JANUARY, 1893—I must tell you that in my sickness I had a huge alleviation and began a new story. This I am writing by dictation, and really think it is an art I can manage to acquire. The relief is beyond description; it is just like a school-treat to me and the amanuensis bears up extraordinar'. The story is to be called "St. Ives," I give you your choice whether or not it should bear the sub-title, "Experiences of a French prisoner in England." We were just getting on splendidly with it, when this cursed mail arrived and requires to be attended to. It looks to me very like as if "St. Ives" would be ready before any of the others, but you know me and how impossible it is I should predict. The amanuensis has her head quite turned and believes herself to be the author of this novel (and *is* to some extent)—and as the creature (!) has not been wholly useless in the matter (I told you so! A.M.), I propose to foster her vanity by a little commemoration gift! The name of the hero is Anne de St. Yves—he Englishes his name to "St. Ives" during his escape. It is my idea to get a ring made which shall either represent *Anne* or A. S. Y. A., of course, would be Amethyst and S. Sapphire, which is my favorite stone anyway, and was my father's before me. But what would the ex-Slade professor do about the letter Y? Or suppose he took the other version how would he meet the case of the two N's? These things are beyond my knowledge, which it would perhaps be more descriptive to call ignorance. But I place the matter in the meanwhile under your consideration and beg to hear your views. I shall tell you on some other occasion and when the A.M. is out of hearing how *very* much I propose to invest in this testimonial; but I may as well inform you at once

that I intend it to be cheap, sir, damned cheap! My idea of running amanuenses is by praise, not pudding, flattery and not coins! I shall send you when the time is ripe a ring to measure by.

MAY, 1893—About "Davie" I elaborately wrote last time, but still "Davie" is not done; I am grinding singly at "The Ebb Tide," as we now call the "Farallone;" the most of it will go this mail. About the following, let there be no mistake: I will not write the abstract of "Kidnapped;" write it who will, I will not. Boccaccio must have been a clever fellow to write both argument and story; I am not, *et je me recuse.*

We call it "The Ebb Tide: a Trio and Quartette;" * but that secondary name you may strike out if it seems dull to you. The book, however, falls in two halves, when the fourth character appears. I am on page eighty-two if you want to know, and expect to finish on I suppose one hundred and ten or so; but it goes slowly, as you may judge from the fact that this three weeks past, I have only struggled from page fifty-eight to page eighty-two: twenty-four pages, *et encore* sure to be rewritten, in twenty-one days. This is no prize-taker; not much Waverley Novels about this! . . .

I can't think what to say about the tale, but it seems to me to go off with a considerable bang; in fact, to be an extraordinary work: but whether popular! Attwater is a no end of a courageous attempt, I think you will admit; how far successful is another affair. If my island ain't a thing of beauty, I'll be damned. Please observe Wiseman and Wishart; for incidental grimness, they strike me as in it. Also, kindly observe the Captain and *Adar;* I think that knocks spots. In short, as you see, I'm a trifle vainglorious. But O, it has been such a grind! The devil himself would allow a man to brag a little after such a crucifixion! And indeed I'm only bragging for a change before I return to the darned thing lying waiting for me on page eighty-eight where I last broke down. I break down at every paragraph, I may observe; and lie here and sweat, till I can get one sentence wrung out after another.

Well, it's done. Those tragic sixteen pages are at last finished, and I have put away thirty-two pages of chips, and have spent thirteen days about as nearly in hell as a man could expect to live through. It's done, and of course it ain't worth while, and who cares? There it is, and about as grim a tale as was ever written, and as grimy, and as hateful.

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
J. L. HUISH,
BORN 1856, AT HACKNEY, LONDON,
Accidentally killed upon this Island.
10th September, 1889.

. . . . . .

I wonder exceedingly if I have done anything at all good; and who can tell me? and why should I wish to know? In so little a while, I, and the English language, and the bones of my descendants, will have ceased to be a memory! And yet—and yet—one would like to leave an image for a few years upon men's minds—for fun. This is a very dark frame of mind, consequent on overwork and the conclusion of the excruciating "Ebb Tide."

AUGUST, 1893—Your pleasing letter *re* "The Ebb Tide," to hand.* I propose, if it be not too late, to delete Lloyd's name. He has nothing to do with the last half. The first we wrote together, as the beginning of a long yarn. The second is entirely mine; and I think it rather unfair on the young man to couple his name with so infamous a work. . . .

You will see that I am not in a good humor; and I am not. It is not because of your letter, but because of the complicated miseries that surround me and that I choose to say nothing of. Life is not all Beer and Skittles. The inherent tragedy of things works itself out from white to black and blacker, and the poor things of a day look ruefully on. Does it shake my cast-iron faith? I cannot say it does. I believe in an ultimate decency of things; ay, and if I woke in hell, should still believe it! But it is hard walking, and I can see my own share in the missteps, and can bow my head to the result, like an old, stern, un-

* The novel "The Ebb Tide" was published in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, February-July, 1894.

* On a first reading of the incomplete MS. of "The Ebb Tide," dislike of the three rascally heroes had made me unjust to the imaginative force and vividness of the treatment. —SIDNEY COLVIN.

happy devil of a Norseman, as my ultimate character is. . . .

I am deep in "St. Ives,"* which, I believe, will be the next novel done. But it is to be clearly understood that I promise nothing, and may throw in your face the very last thing you expect—or I expect.

DECEMBER, 1893—I have to announce that I am off work, probably for six months. I must own that I have overworked bitterly—overworked—there, that's legible. My hand is a thing that was, and in the meanwhile so are my brains. And here, in the very midst, comes a plausible scheme to make Vailima pay, which will perhaps let me into considerable expense just when I don't want it. You know the vast cynicism of my view of affairs, and how readily and (as some people say) with how much gusto I take the darker view?

OCTOBER, 1894—I know I am at a climacteric for all men who live by their wits, so I do not despair. But the truth is I am pretty nearly useless at literature. Were it not for my health, which made it impossible, I could not find it in my heart to forgive myself that I did not stick to an honest, common-place trade when I was young, which might have now supported me during all these ill years. But do not suppose me to be down in anything else; only, for the nonce, my skill deserts me, such as it is, or was. It was a very little dose of inspiration, and a pretty little trick of style, long lost, improved by the most heroic industry. So far, I have managed to please the journalists. But I am a fictitious article and have long known it. I am read by journalists, by my fellow-novelists, and by boys; with these, *incipit et explicit* my vogue. Good thing anyway! for it seems to have sold the Edition. And I look forward confidently to an aftermath; I do not think my health can be so hugely improved, without some subsequent improvement in my brains. Though, of course, there is the possibility that literature is a morbid secretion, and abhors health! I do not think it is possible to have fewer illusions than I. I sometimes wish I had more. They are amusing. But I cannot take myself seriously as an artist; the limitations are so obvious. I did take myself seriously as a workman of old, but my practice has fallen off. I am now an idler and cumberer of the ground; it may be excused to me perhaps by twenty years of industry and ill-health, which have taken the cream off the milk.

As I was writing this last sentence, I heard the strident rain drawing near across the forest, and by the time I was come to the word "cream" it burst upon my roof, and has since redoubled, and roared upon it. A very welcome change. All smells of the good wet earth, sweetly, with a kind of Highland touch; the crystal rods of the shower, as I look up, have drawn their criss-cross over everything; and a gentle and very welcome coolness comes up around me in little draughts, blessed draughts, not chilling, only equalizing the temperature. Now the rain is off in this spot, but I hear it roaring still in the nigh neighborhood—and that moment, I was driven from the verandah by random rain drops, spitting at me through the Japanese blinds. These are not tears with which the page is spotted! Now the windows stream, the roof reverberates. It is good; it answers something which is in my heart; I know not what; old memories of the wet moorland belike.

Well, it has blown by again, and I am in my place once more, with an accompaniment of perpetual dripping on the verandah—and very much inclined for a chat. The exact subject I do not know! It will be bitter at least, and that is strange, for my attitude is essentially *not* bitter, but I have come into these days when a man sees above all the seamy side, and I have dwelt some time in a small place where he has an opportunity of reading little motives that he would miss in the great world, and indeed, to-day, I am almost ready to call the world an error. Because? Because I have not drugged myself with successful work, and there are all kinds of trifles buzzing in my ear, unfriendly trifles, from the least to the—well, to the pretty big. All these that touch me are Pretty Big; and yet none touch me in the least, if rightly looked at, except the one eternal burthen to go on making an income. If I could find a place where I could lie down and give up for (say) two years, and allow the sainted public to support me, if it were a lunatic asylum, wouldn't I go, just! But we can't have both extremes at once, worse luck! I should like to put my savings into a proprietarian investment, and retire in the meanwhile into a communistic retreat, which is double-dealing. But you men with salaries don't know how a family weighs on a fellow's mind. . . .

Good-by, my lord. May your race continue and you flourish.

Yours ever,

TUSITALA.

* "St. Ives" is the novel which Mr. Stevenson left very nearly finished at his death and which is to appear in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE next year.

THE INDIFFERENCE OF THE MILLER OF HOFBAU.

By Anthony Hope,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

THERE is a swift little river running by the village of Hofbau, and on the river is a mill, kept, in the days of King Rudolf the Third, by a sturdy fellow who lived there all alone. The king knew him, having alighted at his house for a draught of beer as he rode hunting; and it was of him the king spoke when he said to the queen, "There is, I believe, but one man in the country whom Osra could not move, and that is the miller of Hofbau." But, though he addressed the queen, it was his sister at whom he aimed the speech. The princess herself was sitting by, and when she heard the king, she said:

"In truth, I do not desire to move any man. What but trouble comes of it? Yet who is this miller?"

The king told her where the miller might be found, and he added: "If you convert him to the love of women, you shall have the finest bracelet in Strelsau."

"There is nothing, sire, so remote from my thoughts or desire as to convert your miller," said Osra, scornfully.

And in this, at the moment, she spoke truthfully; but being left alone for some days at the Castle of Zenda, which is but a few miles from Hofbau, she found time hang very heavy on her hands; indeed, she did not know what to do with herself for weariness; and so, for this reason and none other at all, one day she ordered her horse and rode off with a single groom into the forest. Coming, as the morning went on, to a wide road, she asked the groom where it led. "To Hofbau, madam," he answered. "It is not more than a mile farther on." Osra waited for a few moments; then she said: "I will ride on and see the village, for I have been told that it is pretty. Wait here till I return." And she rode on, smiling a little, and with a delicate tint of color in her cheeks.

Before long she saw the river, and the mill on the river; and, coming to the mill, she saw the miller sitting before his door, smoking a long pipe, and she called out to him, asking him to sell her a glass of milk.

"You can have it for the asking," said the miller. He was a good-looking, fair fellow, and wore a scarlet cap. "There is a pail of it just inside the door behind me." Yet he did not rise, but lay there, lolling luxuriously in the sun. For he did not know Osra, never having been to Strelsau in his life and to Zenda three or four times only, and that when the princess was not there. Moreover—though this, as must be allowed, is not to the purpose—he had sworn never again to go so far afield.

Being answered in this manner, and at the same time desiring the milk, the princess had no choice but to dismount. This she did, and passed by the miller, pausing a moment to look at him with bright, curious eyes that flashed from under the brim of her wide-rimmed, feathered hat; but the miller blinked lazily up at the sun, and took no heed of her.

Osra passed on, found the pail, poured out a cup of milk, and drank it. Then, refilling the cup, she carried it to the miller.

"Will you not have some?" said she, with a smile.

"I was too lazy to get it," said the miller; and he held out his hand, but did not otherwise change his position.

Osra's brow was puckered and her cheek flushed as she knelt down, holding the cup of milk so that the miller could reach it. He took and drained it, gave it back to her, and put his pipe in his mouth again. Osra sat down by him and watched him. He puffed and blinked away, never so much as looking at her.

"What have you for dinner?" asked she, presently.

"A piece of cold pie," said he. "There's enough for two, if you're hungry."

"Would you not like it better hot?"

"Oh, ay, but I cannot weary myself with heating it."

"I will heat it," said the princess; and, rising, she went into the house and made up the fire, which was almost burnt out; then she heated the pie, and set the room in order, and laid the table, and drew a large jug of beer from the cask. Next she placed an arm-chair ready for the miller, and put the jug by it; then she filled a pipe from the bowl of tobacco, and set a

cushion in the chair. And all this while she hummed a tune and from time to time smiled gayly. Lastly, she arranged a chair by the elbow of the miller's chair; then she went out and told him that his dinner was ready; and he stumbled to his feet with a sigh of laziness and walked before her into the house.

"May I come?" cried she.

"Ay, there is enough for two," said the miller of Hofbau, without looking round.

So she followed him in. He sank into the arm-chair and sat there, for a moment surveying the room, which was so neat, and the table, so daintily laid, and the pie, so steaming hot. And he sighed, saying:

"It was like this before poor mother died;" and he fell to on a great portion of pie with which Osra piled his plate.

When he had finished eating—which thing did not happen for some time—she held the jug while he took a long draught; then she brought a coal in the tongs and held it while he lit his pipe from it; then she sat down by him. For several moments he puffed, and then at last he turned his head and looked at Princess Osra, and she drooped her long lashes and cast down her eyes; and next she lifted her eyes and glanced for an instant at the miller; and finally she dropped her eyes again and murmured shyly: "What is it, sir? Why do you look at me?"

"You seem to be a handy wench," observed the miller. "The pie was steaming hot, and yet not burnt; the beer was well frothed, but not shaken nor thickened, and the pipe draws well. Where does your father dwell?"

"He is dead, sir," said the Princess Osra, very demurely.

"And your mother?" pursued the miller.

"She also is dead."

"There is small harm in that," said the miller, thoughtfully; and Osra turned away her head to hide her smile.

"Are you not very lonely, living here all by yourself?" she asked, a moment later.

"Indeed, I have to do everything for myself," said the miller, sadly.

"And there is nobody to—to care for you?"

"No, nor to look after my comfort," said the miller. "Have you any kindred?"

"I have two brothers, sir; but they are married now, and have no need of me."

The miller laid down his pipe, and, setting his elbow on the table, faced Princess Osra.

"H'm," said he. "And is it likely you will ride this way again?"

"I may chance to do so," said Osra; and now there was a glance of malicious triumph in her eyes, and she was thinking already how the bracelet would look on her arm.

"Ah!" said the miller; and after a pause he added, "If you do, come half an hour before dinner, and you can lend a hand in making it ready. Where did you get those fine clothes?"

"My mistress gave them to me," answered Osra. "She has cast them off."

"And that horse you rode?"

"It is my master's; I have it to ride when I do my mistress's errands."

"And will your master and mistress do anything for you if you leave your service?"

"I have been promised a present if——" said Osra; and she paused in apparent confusion.

"Ay," said the miller, nodding sagaciously, and he rose slowly from the arm-chair. "Will you be this way again in a week or so?" he asked.

"I think it is very likely," answered Princess Osra.

"Then look in," said the miller, "about half an hour before dinner." And he nodded his head again very significantly at Osra, and, turning away, went to his work, as a man goes who would far rather sit still in the sun. But just as he reached the door he turned his head and asked, "Are you sturdy?"

"I am strong enough, I think," said she.

"A sack of flour is a heavy thing for a man to lift by himself," remarked the miller, and with that he passed through the door and left her alone.

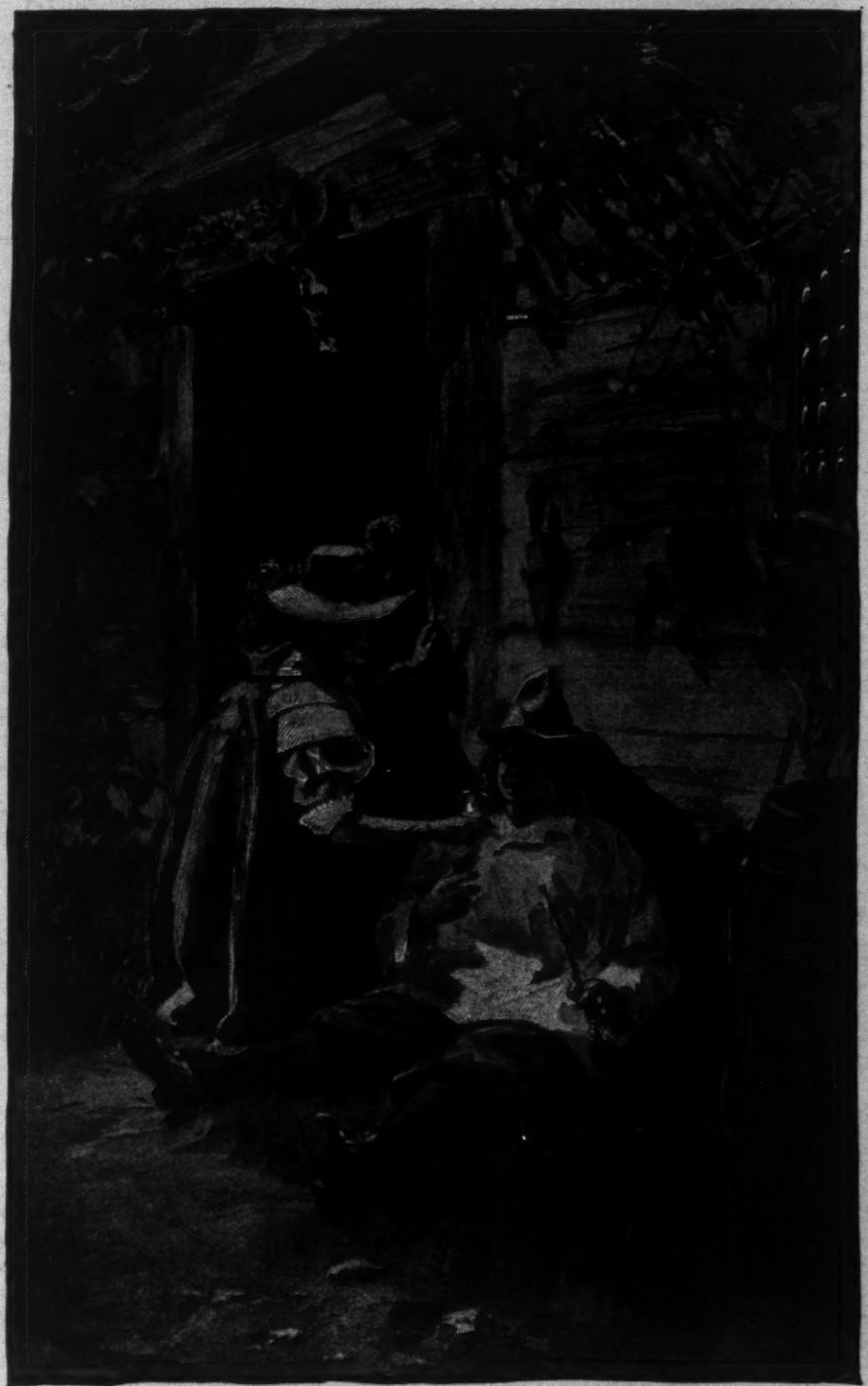
Then she cleared the table, put the pie—or what little was left—in the larder, set the room in order, refilled the pipe, stood the jug handy by the cask, and, with a look of great satisfaction on her face, tripped out to where her horse was, mounted, and rode away.

The next week—and the interval had seemed long to her, and no less long to the miller of Hofbau—she came again, and so the week after; and in the week following that she came twice; and on the second of these two days, after dinner, the miller did not go off to his sacks, but he followed her out of the house, pipe in hand, when she went to mount her horse; and, as she was about to mount, he said:

"Indeed, you are a handy wench."

"You say much of my hands, but nothing of my face," remarked Princess Osra.

"Of your face?" repeated the miller in some surprise. "What should I say of your face?"



"SHE KNELT DOWN, HOLDING THE CUP OF MILK SO THAT THE MILLER COULD REACH IT."

"Well, is it not a comely face?" asked Osra, turning towards him that he might be better able to answer her question.

The miller regarded her for some minutes, then a slow smile spread on his lips.

"Oh, ay, it is well enough," said he. Then he laid a floury finger on her arm, and he continued: "If you come next week—why, it is but half a mile to church! I'll have the cart ready and bid the priest be there. What is your name?" For he had not hitherto asked Osra's name.

"Rosa Schwartz," said she, and her face was all alight with triumph and amusement.

"Yes, I shall be very comfortable with you," said the miller. "We will be at the church an hour before noon, so that there may be time afterwards for the preparation of dinner."

"That will be on Thursday in next week?" asked Osra.

"Ay, on Thursday," said the miller, and he turned on his heel. But in a minute he turned again, saying: "Give me a kiss, then, since we are to be man and wife;" and he came slowly towards her, holding his arms open.

"Nay, the kiss will wait till Thursday. Maybe there will be less flour on your face then." And with a laugh she dived under his outstretched hands and made her escape. And, the day being warm, the miller did not put himself out by pursuing her, but stood where he was, with a broad, comfortable smile on his lips; and so he watched her ride away.

Now, as she rode, the princess was much occupied in thinking of the miller of Hofbau. Elated and triumphant as she was at having won from him a promise of marriage, she was yet somewhat vexed that he had not shown a more passionate affection; and this thought clouded her brow for full half an hour. But then her face cleared. "Still waters run deep," said she to herself. "He is not like these court gallants, who have learnt to make love as soon as they learn to walk, and cannot talk to a woman without bowing and grimacing and sighing at every word. The miller has a deep nature, and surely I have won his heart, or he would not take me for his wife. Poor miller! I pray that he may not grieve very bitterly when I make the truth known to him." And then, at the thought of the grief of the miller, her face was again clouded; but it again cleared when she considered of the great triumph that she had won, and how she would enjoy a victory over the king, and would have the finest bracelet in all Strelsau as a gift from him. Thus she arrived at the castle in the height of merriment and exultation.

It chanced that the king also came to Zenda that night, to spend a week hunting the boar in the forest; and when Osra, all blushing and laughing, told him of her success with the miller of Hofbau, he was greatly amused, and swore that no such girl ever lived, and applauded her, renewing his promise of the bracelet; and he declared that he would himself ride with her to Hofbau on the wedding day, and see how the poor miller bore his disappointment.

"Indeed, I do not see how you are going to excuse yourself to him," he laughed.

"A purse of five hundred crowns must do that office for me," said she.

"What, will crowns patch a broken heart?"

"His broken heart must heal itself, as men's broken hearts do, brother."

"In truth, sister, I have known them cure themselves. Let us hope it may be so with the miller of Hofbau."

"At the worst, I have revenged the wrongs of women on him. It is unendurable that any man should scorn us, be he king or miller."

"It is indeed very proper that he should suffer great pangs," agreed the king, "in spite of his plaster of crowns. I shall love to see the stolid fellow sighing and moaning like a lovesick courtier."

So they agreed to ride together to the miller's at Hofbau on the day appointed for the wedding, and both of them waited with impatience for it. But, with the bad luck that pursues mortals (even though they be princes) in this poor world, it happened that early in the morning of the Thursday a great officer came, riding post-haste from Strelsau, to take the king's commands on high matters of state; and although Rudolf was sorely put out of temper by this untoward interruption, yet he had no alternative but to transact the business before he rode to the miller's at Hofbau. So he sat fretting and fuming while long papers were read to him, and the princess walked up and down the length of the drawbridge, fretting also; for before the king could escape from his affairs the hour of the wedding was already come, and doubtless the miller of Hofbau was waiting with the priest in the church. And indeed it was one o'clock or more before Osra and the king set out from Zenda, and they had then a ride of an hour and a half—and all this when Osra should have been at the miller's at eleven o'clock.

"Poor man, he will be half mad with waiting and with anxiety for me!" cried

"SHE BROUGHT A COAL IN THE TONGS AND HELD IT WHILE HE LIT HIS PIPE FROM IT."

Osra. "I must give him another hundred crowns on account of it." And she added, after a pause, "I pray he may not take it too much to heart, Rudolf."

"We must try to prevent him doing himself any mischief in his despair," smiled the king.

"Indeed, it is a serious matter," pouted the princess, who thought the king's smile out of place.

"It was not so when you began it," said her brother; and Osra was silent. Then about half-past two they came in sight of the mill. Now the king dismounted while they were still several hundred yards away, and tied his horse to a tree in a clump by the wayside; and when they came near to the mill he made a circuit and approached from the side, and, creeping along the house, hid himself behind a large water-butt which stood just under the window; and from that spot he could hear what passed inside the house, although he could not see. But Osra rode up to the front of the mill, as she had been accustomed to do, and, getting down from her horse, walked up to the door. The miller's cart stood in the yard of the mill, but the horse was not in the shafts, and neither the miller nor anybody else was to be seen about; and the door of the house was shut.

"He must be waiting at the church," said she. "But I will look in and make sure. Indeed, I feel half afraid to meet him." And her heart was beating rapidly and her face was rather pale, as she walked up to the door; for she feared what the miller might do in the passion of his disappointment on learning who she was and that she could not be his wife. "I hope the six hundred crowns will comfort him," she said, as she laid her hand on the latch of the door; and she sighed—her heart being heavy for the miller, and maybe a little heavy also for the guilt that lay on her conscience for having deceived him.

Now, when she lifted the latch and opened the door, the sight that met her eyes was this: The table was strewn with the remains of a brave dinner; two burnt-out pipes lay beside the plates. A smaller table was in front of the fire; on it stood a very large jug, entirely empty, but bearing signs of having been full not so long ago; and on either side of it, each in an arm-chair, sat the priest of the village and the miller of Hofbau, and both of them were sleeping very contentedly, and snoring somewhat as they slept. The princess, smitten by remorse at this spectacle, said softly:

"Poor fellow, he grew weary of waiting, and hungry, and was compelled to take his

dinner; and, like the kind man he is, he has entertained the priest and kept him here, so that no time should be lost when I arrived. Indeed, I am afraid the poor man loves me very much. Well, miller or lord or prince —they are all the same. Heigh-ho! Why did I deceive him?" And she walked up to the miller's chair and leant over the back of it, and lightly touched his red cap with her fingers; and he put up his hand and brushed with it, as though he brushed away a fly, but gave no other sign of awakening.

Then the king called softly, from behind the water-butt under the window:

"Is he there, Osra? Is he there?"

"The poor man has fallen asleep in weariness," she answered. "But the priest is here, ready to marry us. O Rudolf, I am so sorry for what I have done!"

"Girls are always mighty sorry after it is done," remarked the king. "Wake him up, Osra."

At this moment the miller of Hofbau sat up in his chair and gave a great sneeze, and by this sound the priest also was awakened. Osra came forward and stood between them. The miller looked at her, and tilted his red cap forward, in order that he might scratch his head. Then he looked across to the priest, and said:

"It is she, father. She has come."

The priest rubbed his hands together, and smiled uncomfortably.

"We waited two hours," said he, glancing at the clock. "See, it is three o'clock now."

"I am sorry you waited so long," said Osra, "but I could not come before. And —and now that I am come, I cannot——" But here she paused in great distress and confusion, not knowing how to break her sad tidings to the miller of Hofbau.

The miller drew his legs up under his chair and regarded Osra with a grave air.

"You should have been here at eleven," said he. "I went to the church at eleven, and the priest was there, and my cousin Hans to act as my groom, and my cousin Gertrude to be your maid. And there we waited hard on two hours, and you did not come."

"I am very sorry," pleaded Princess Osra; and the king laughed low to himself behind the water-butt, being much amused at her distress and her humility.

"And now that you are come," pursued the miller, scratching his head again, "I do not know what we are to do." And he looked again at the priest, seeking counsel.

At this the Princess Osra, thinking that an opportunity had come, took the purse of six hundred crowns from under her cloak and laid it on the table.

"What is this?" said the miller, for the first time showing some eagerness.

"They are for you," said Osra, and she watched him while he unfastened the purse. Then he poured the crowns out on the table and counted them one by one, till he had told all the six hundred. Then he raised his hands above his head, let them fall again, sighed slightly, and looked across at the priest.

"I warned you not to be in such a hurry, friend miller," remarked the priest.

"I waited two hours," said the miller, plaintively, "and you know that she is a handy wench and very fond of me." And he began to gather up the crowns and return them to the purse.

"I trust I am a handy wench," said Osra, smiling, yet still very nervous, "and indeed I have a great regard for the miller, but——"

"Nay, he does not mean you," interrupted the priest.

"Six hundred," sighed the miller, "and Gertrude has but two hundred! Still, she is a handy wench and very sturdy. I doubt if you could lift a sack by yourself, as she can," and he looked doubtfully at Osra's slender figure.

"I do not know why you talk of Gertrude," said the princess, petulantly. "What is Gertrude to me?"

"Why, I take it that she is nothing at all to you," answered the priest, folding his hands on his lap and smiling placidly. "Still, for my part, I bade him wait a little longer."

"I waited two hours," said the miller. "And Gertrude urged me, saying that you would not come, and that she would look after me better than you, being one of the family. And she said that it was hard that she should have no husband, while her own cousin married a stranger. And since it was all the same to me, provided I got a handy and sturdy wench——"

"What!" cried the Princess Osra; and the king was so interested that he rose up from behind the water-butt and, leaning his elbows on the window-sill, looked in and saw all that happened.

"It being," pursued the miller of Hofbau, "all the same to me, so that I got what I wanted, why, when you did not come——"

"He married his cousin," said the priest.

A sudden, loud burst of laughter came from the window. All three turned round; but the king ducked his head and crouched again behind the water-butt before they saw him.

"Who was that?" cried the priest.

"ON EITHER SIDE . . . SAT THE PRIEST OF THE VILLAGE AND THE MILLER OF HOFBAU, AND BOTH OF THEM WERE SLEEPING VERY CONTENTEDLY."

"A lad that came to hold my horse," answered Osra, hastily, and then she turned fiercely on the miller.

"And that," she said, "was all you wanted! I thought you loved me."

"Ay, I liked you very well," said the miller. "You are a handy——" A stamp of her foot drowned the rest. "But you should have come in time," he went on.

"And this Gertrude—is she pretty?" demanded Osra.

"Gertrude is well enough," said the miller. "But she has only two hundred crowns." And he put the purse, now full again, on the table, with a resigned sigh.

"And you shall have no more," cried Osra, snatching up her purse in great rage. "And you and Gertrude may——"

"What of Gertrude?" came at this moment from the door of the room where the sacks were. The princess turned round swift as the wind, and saw in the doorway a short and very broad girl, with a very wide face and straggling hair. The girl's nose was very flat, and her eyes were small; but her great mouth smiled good-humoredly, and, as the princess looked, she let slip to the ground a sack of flour that she had been carrying on her sturdy back.

"Ay, Gertrude is well enough," said the miller, looking at her contentedly. "She is very strong and willing."

Then, while Gertrude stood wondering and staring with wide eyes in the doorway, the princess stepped up to the miller and leant over him and cried:

"Look at my face, look at my face! What manner of face is it?"

"It is well enough," said the miller. "But Gertrude is——"

There was a crash upon the floor, and the six hundred crowns rolled out of the purse, and scattered, spinning and rolling hither and thither, all over the floor, and into every corner of the room. And Princess Osra cried: "Have you no eyes?" and then turned away; for her lip was quivering, and she would not have the miller see it. But she turned from the miller only to face Gertrude his wife; and Gertrude's small eyes brightened with sudden intelligence.

"WHAT OF GERTRUDE?"

"Ah, you are the other girl!" said Gertrude, with much amusement. "And was that your dowry? It is large. I am glad you did not come in time. But see, I'll pick it up for you. Nay, don't take on. I dare say you'll find another husband." And she passed by Osra, patting her on the shoulder kindly as she went, and then fell on her knees and began to pick up the crowns, crawling after them all over the floor, and holding up her apron to receive the recovered treasure. And Princess Osra stood looking at her.

"Ay, you'll find another husband," nodded the priest, encouragingly.

"Ay, you'll find another husband," assented the miller, placidly. "And just as one girl is pretty nearly as good as another, if she is handy and sturdy, so one husband is as good as another, if he can keep a house over you."

Princess Osra said nothing. But Gertrude, having picked up the crowns, came to her with a full apron, and said:

"Hold up your lap, and I'll pour them in. They'll get you a good husband."

Then Princess Osra suddenly bent and kissed Gertrude's cheek, and she said, gently:

"I hope you have got a good husband, my dear; but let him do some work for himself. And keep the six hundred crowns as a present from me, for he will value you more with eight hundred than with two."

The eyes of all three were fixed on her in wonder and almost in fear; for her tone and manner now were different. Then she turned to the miller; and she bit her lip, and dashed her hand once across her eyes, and said:

"And you, miller, are the only sensible man I have found in all the kingdom. Therefore, good luck and a good wife to you." And she gave a little short laugh, and turned and walked out of the cottage, leaving them all spellbound in wonder.

But the miller rose from his chair and ran to the door, and when he reached it the king was just lifting Osra on to her horse; and the miller knew the king, and stood there with eyes wide and cheeks bulged in wonder; and he could gasp out no more than "The king, the king!" before Rudolf and Osra had ridden away. And they could none of them, neither the miller, nor Gertrude, nor the priest, tell what the matter meant, until one day King Rudolf rode

"AND PRINCESS OSRA CRIED: 'HAVE YOU NO EYES?'"

again to the miller at Hofbau, and, having sent for the priest, told the three enough of the truth, saying that the affair was the outcome of a jest at court; and he made each of them a handsome present, and vowed them to secrecy by their fealty and attachment to his person and his honor.

"Then she would not have married me, anyhow?" asked the miller.

"I think not, friend," answered Rudolf, with a laugh.

"Then we are but quits, and all is well. Gertrude, the jug, my lass!"

And so, indeed, it seemed to the king that they were but quits, and he said so to the Princess Osra. But he declared that she had so far prevailed with the miller as to make him desire marriage as a wholesome and useful thing in itself, although she had not persuaded him that it was of great moment whom a man married. Therefore he was very anxious to give her the bracelet which he had promised, and more than once prayed her to accept it. But Osra saw the laugh that lurked in the king's eye, and would not consent to have the bracelet; and for a long while she did not love to speak of the miller of Hofbau. Yet once, when the king on some occasion cried out very impatiently that all men were fools, she said:

"Sire, you forget the miller of Hofbau;" and she blushed and laughed, and turned her eyes away.

And one other thing she did which puzzled very greatly Queen Margaret and all the ladies of the court, and all the waiting-women and all the serving-maids, and, in fine, every person, high or low, who saw or heard of it, except the king only. For in winter evenings she took her scissors and her needle, and she cut strips of red ribbon, each a foot long and a couple of inches broad; and she embroidered on each of them a motto or legend; and she affixed the ribbons bearing the legend to each and every one of the mirrors in each of her chambers at Strelsau, at Zenda, and all the other royal residences. And her waiting-

women noticed that whenever she had looked in the mirror and smiled at her own image, or shown other signs of pleasure in it, she would then cast her eyes up to the legend, and seem to read it, and blush a little, and laugh a little, and sigh a little—the reason for which things they could by no means understand.

For the legend was but this: "*Remember the miller of Hofbau.*"

RICHARD CROKER AS "BOSS" OF TAMMANY.

By E. J. Edwards.

TWENTY years was the term of service in Tammany Hall required of Richard Croker before he became its master instead of its servant. In that time he elbowed, bullied, plotted, nursed, and forced his way from the post of one of the humblest, but yet also one of the most desperate, of its subordinates to the dictatorship. He became the sovereign of Tammany because he had fairly earned the sceptre. He developed in many ways, but especially in self-control, as he mounted. In 1865 he was, if not a rough himself, the associate of roughs. In the early sixties he was, by trade, when he chose to ply it, a mechanic. Twenty years later he was receiving the distinguished consideration of the officers of the very railroad company whose engines he had once helped to make and drive. Living among men who were bullies by nature, and to whom politics meant the associations of the saloon, and the evasion and even the direct violation of the laws, he disclosed a courage which none of his associates could match, and a power of self-assertion which none of them could gainsay. But by 1885 he had become a man of silence, speaking only when he found it necessary to speak, and had brought his passions under rare control. He had mastered, too, some of the conventionalities which give at least a hint of refined associations. He had learned to govern by moral force, instead of by the fist. He had discovered the power that is in a look, a word, rather than brutal shoutings, and rough and tumble exploits on the pavement. He had learned that if he was to master Tammany he must first be the master of Richard Croker's weaker nature. He knew that within Tammany, or indirectly associated with it, were men who cared for the rough only to use him at caucuses and on election day, and who otherwise shrank from association with him; and thus he became ambitious, while ruling Tammany, to control it with some pretence of gentility, and to keep the Bowery swagger as inconspicuous as possible in the proceedings of Tammany Hall. Moreover, he knew that while to be suspected is the lot of any political leader, so long as suspicion does not lead to proof it need not seriously harm the man whose vocation is the control of political affairs. Therefore he seems to have so shaped his conduct that, whatever might be said of his

RICHARD CROKER.

From a photograph by Anderson, New York.

RICHARD CROKER'S FARM AT RICHFIELD SPRINGS, NEW YORK.

subordinates, no one could fortify accusation with proof of legal lapses on his part.

RICHARD CROKER IN 1865 AND IN 1885.

In 1865 Mr. Croker was, physically and mentally, a good type of the class with which from his childhood he had been associated. Physical strength was suggested in his sturdy build; he was of medium height, broad of shoulder, with muscular arms, and a head of that mould which suggests that hard blows produce little pain. It was even said of him that he was built for the prize ring. The eyes looked large, perhaps because the eyebrows were shaggy, and they revealed the capacity of the young man to blaze in anger of the kind which powerfully directs the fist. In his earlier days he somewhat suggested physically that master of local politics whom he so obediently followed, John Kelly, and of late it has sometimes seemed to those who know Croker well that the resemblance increased with years. In 1885, when he became the leader of Tammany, he was just entering the prime of life. He won his honors early; and he gained them not merely by favoring chance, but by self-discipline, and by an intensity of purpose which is the part of a better order of intellect than is commonly found in the lower strata of Tammany Hall. He has been called obstinate and dogged, and no doubt he is rightly so characterized. But these qualities are a part of the power of will which enabled him to subordinate the lower and more repulsive impulses of his nature, and to train and put in mastery the better ones. He was in 1885 a man of vigorous health; not of imposing stature, like Tweed, or of graceful figure, like Fernando Wood, but of the sturdy, stocky type. His beard, though close trimmed, was nevertheless of such plenteous growth as almost to conceal his cheeks, and hid a jaw and mouth which, were they shaven, would have instantly suggested the animal force which was in the man. He had a rare trick of the eye, suggestive of reserve power, giving a hint of passion, and even, when desired, a flashing intimation of his wishes. He dressed inconspicuously and in good taste. His manner was reserved, sometimes apparently almost to shyness. As already said, he had learned to control his tongue, and spoke

little. But more significant than all else was a pervasive, intangible quality which words can scarcely describe, that native capacity for, and impulse to, leadership which no other head of Tammany has shown in greater, if as great, degree.

That Croker saw in the leadership of Tammany an opportunity for gaining something which he prized more even than political power—pecuniary independence—no one who has studied his career can doubt. That he determined to maintain himself within the strict letter of the law, while caring nothing for the moral responsibility which might be upon him for disobedience of the law by his subordinates, is also a justifiable inference. He must have known of that vast system of blackmail which was exposed before the Lexow Committee. He must be held morally, if not legally, responsible for the offering of prizes for violations of the ballot-box, as conducted by a subordinate of his in one of the campaigns. He must have known that saloon-keepers, whose resorts and business were the principal source of the political strength of Tammany, were paying for protection in their violations of the law; and yet, with all his power, he never hinted that this was displeasing to him, and he so acted as to lead the saloon-keepers to believe that these things were done with his knowledge and approval.

RICHARD CROKER'S HOUSE IN SEVENTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.—THE HOUSE ON THE LEFT.

Mr. Croker therefore represents, in his own career, if not legal misdemeanor, the demoralizing and tainted atmosphere which leads to it. He was, at least, the upholder of those whose hands were stained with the filth of blackmail in its most abhorrent form. He must be accounted a most skilful politician, a masterly manager of bodies of rough, ignorant, and depraved men, a strategist of no mean power. Yet, with no other vocation than politics, in a few years he passed from the ranks of those who are in humble circumstances to be numbered with the multi-millionnaires. There is no apology that can wholly clear him of moral implication in those heinous and liberty-destroying practices which Tammany not only tolerated but compelled, and which to-day have brought some of the high officers of the police department under condemnation to the penitentiary, and caused others to be driven forth with broken reputations.

In the nine years of Croker's leadership he made a record such as no other Tammany leader ever gained, for he lost not one of the political contests in which he engaged. He took Tammany when it controlled only one important public office in New York, that of Register. Its rival, the County Democracy, possessed the city government; an astute leader, Hubert O. Thompson, aided by men of great political ability, who were supposed to be in the closest relations with the new Democratic administration at Washington, controlling that organization. William R. Grace was mayor. He had been elected as an anti-Tammany Democrat, and was known to be very skilful as a political organizer and leader. Yet under Croker's leadership Tammany at the first opportunity won an important victory; and in the last campaign which Croker himself directed, he saw Tammany delivering a vote so close to his own estimate of what it would be that the difference between his figures and those shown in the returns was only a few hundred.

Mr. Croker took the leadership of Tammany in 1885 with no other endowments than those which native ability and long experience furnished him. He was then a poor man; his manner of life and his own sworn testimony justify this statement. He lived in a humble way far up-town, having no social relations, and dependent entirely upon a salary of five thousand dollars a year, which he then drew as Fire Commissioner. When he retired from his post of leader he possessed a house in the most expensive

quarter of New York City; he owned a stock farm in the central part of the State of New York, and was part owner of a famous breeding farm in the South. Besides, he had thousands of dollars invested in racing horses, maintaining a stable comparable only with the stables of such men as August Belmont, the Jeromes, and the Lorillards. Morever, in other ways he had made it plain that he had come into possession of great wealth. After his retirement he went to England. In London he took a house in a fashionable quarter, where he has maintained a style of living quite impossible without the expenditure of large sums of money.

Croker was born in Ireland in 1843, and was a mere child when he came to New York. His father was poor, and had a large family. The boy attended the public schools in New York intermittently for four years, and in 1856, when he was thirteen years of age, he set about to find a trade. As he lived in the neighborhood of the machine-shops of the Harlem Railroad, he naturally found employment there. He was a good workman, when he wanted to be; but the rough life which characterized east-side New York in his boyhood seemed to have more fascination for him than his trade, and he became distinguished for his obstinate, domineering disposition — the disposition which afterwards, no doubt, brought him to leadership of men, but which at this time only involved him in quarrels.

He formed a friendship with the notorious James O'Brien, to whom afterwards he was bitterly opposed, and, through O'Brien's influence, began to secure some political consideration. In 1867, when twenty-four years old, he was elected Alderman, and then reëlected. In 1873 he was elected Coroner, was reëlected in 1876, but was defeated of reëlection in 1879. In 1883 he was elected Alderman again, and then appointed Fire Commissioner, this being the last public office he held, except for a short time, when he served as City Chamberlain. Under O'Brien's tutorship, and aided by his own energy and self-assertiveness, he became the political leader of his district, which was the Twenty-first Ward. He had his district well disciplined. He got the vote out upon election day, and increased it with each successive election. Therefore, while he was still a young man, he had attracted the notice of those in authority in Tammany Hall—not only those of the worse, but those of the better sort, men like Abram S. Hewitt. On election day in 1874 there was something like a riot in his district. Mr. Hewitt was then a candidate for Congress, and Croker was giving him his support. In the fracas a pistol was fired, and a

M. Dwyer. Richard Croker. Judge McDowell

MR. CROKER AT THE RACES.

From a photograph by J. C. Hemment, New York.

political "heeler," John McKenna, fell mortally wounded. Croker was charged with the murder, and was indicted and tried. The jury disagreed, and that was the end of the case. Mr. Hewitt then and afterwards expressed his belief in Croker's entire innocence, a belief which years after was confirmed by confessions which were made to him.

It was due in part to Mr. Hewitt's influence that Mr. Croker was reëlected to the office of Coroner, and, afterwards, that he was appointed Fire Commissioner. This friendly relation with a man of such high character as Mr. Hewitt illustrates other friendships which Croker established; and to this day, there are men of the highest standing who, while denouncing the low view of politics and the corrupt tendencies in Tammany Hall, which were so perfectly developed under Croker's leadership, nevertheless do not hesitate to speak in admiration of his ability as a politician and as an organizer.

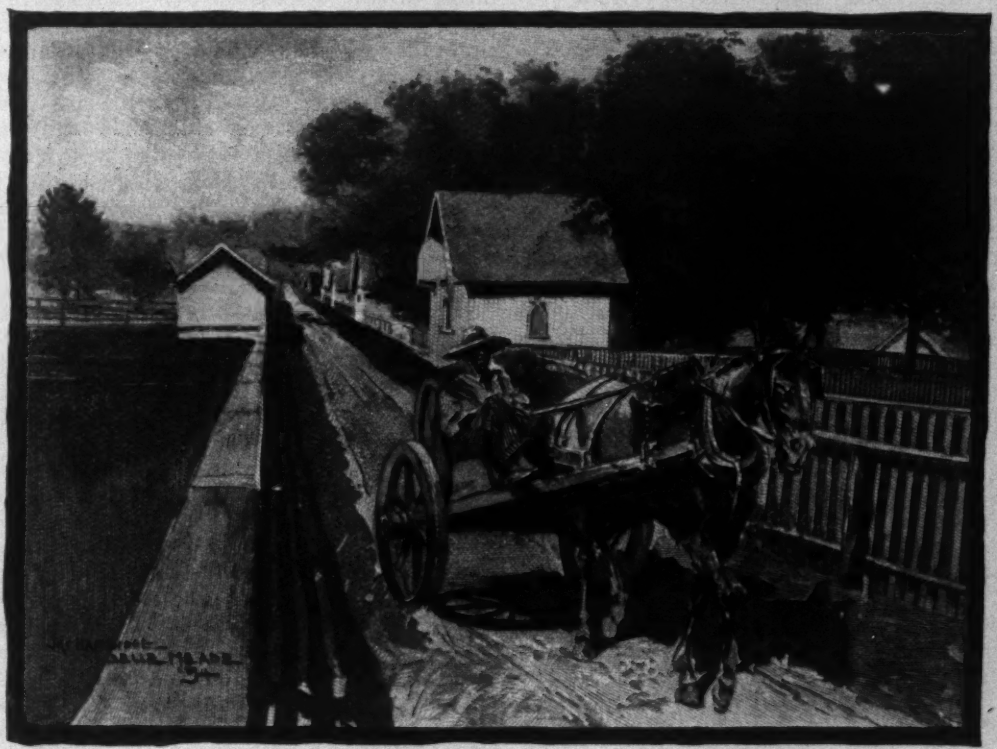
In 1885 the outlook for Tammany was gloomy enough. Mr. Kelly, who had been master since the overthrow of Tweed, was dead. The organization had almost no patronage. Every political influence, excepting perhaps that possessed by Governor Hill at Albany, was directed against it. President Cleveland was supposed to be hostile to it, since it had been bitterly opposed to his own nomination, and, until a few days before election, was determined to defeat him. After the death of Kelly it seemed almost a hopeless task for any one, no matter how great his abilities, to assume the leadership. Croker himself advised that there be no distinctive leader, but that a sort of federative council, designated by the different district associations, assume control. His counsel was unheeded. By a common impulse, as it seemed, all of the district leaders looked to him, and by formal agreement at last offered him the leadership. He began immediately to give proof of his capacity. He knew well enough that corruption had invaded the political organization which opposed Tammany, the County Democracy. An incident will best indicate the situation. One evening the card of a well-known public man, who in the general estimation was of unquestionable integrity, was presented to Mayor Grace at his house just after dinner. He caused the visitor to be shown to the room in which he transacted official business when at home; and on coming in the visitor looked cautiously around, to be sure that no one but Mr. Grace was there, to hear what he had to say. Satisfied that he could not be overheard, he put upon Mr. Grace's desk a package, and pointing to it he said: "Mr. Mayor, in that package there are some two hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds. They are good bonds, and they are negotiable. If you will consent to do what I have to suggest, I will go out of this room leaving those bonds upon your table." Then he made a proposition involving direct corruption and bribery. His proposition, of course, was declined, and he was shown from the house with strong language burning his ears. But the proposition was sufficient to show Mr. Grace that the spirit of corruption was abroad. Not long afterwards there came a complete revelation; it appeared that nearly all of the Board of Aldermen had been bribed to vote a franchise for a street railroad in Broadway. One of the two Aldermen who were not implicated in the scandal chanced to be Hugh Grant, then a warm friend of Richard Croker.

Mr. Croker was aware, too, that notwithstanding its apparent power, the County Democracy was filled with dissension. Mr. Cleveland had declined to appoint to a political office one of its leaders, privately giving as his reason that he could not in honor appoint to one of the most important political offices in his gift a man whose character for honesty had been impeached. In other instances, too, Mr. Cleveland disappointed the County Democracy.

Mr. Croker gave conclusive proof of his shrewdness as a politician in 1886, when he compelled the nomination of Abram S. Hewitt for mayor. It was a masterly stroke. Mr. Hewitt was one of the leaders of the County Democracy, but he was not the one whom the organization would have named for mayor if left to its own choice. Passing over the members of Tammany who might be candidates, Mr. Croker laid his hand on Mr. Hewitt and said: "Tammany will name you for mayor, even though you are not of us, and will give you cordial support." That act of itself forced the hand of the County Democracy, compelling it to accept Mr. Croker's offer and name Mr. Hewitt. Mr. Hewitt was elected, and being in office he did, no doubt, exactly those things which Mr. Croker supposed he would do, and which he expected would cause great dissatisfaction in Mr. Hewitt's own organization. And precisely what Croker must have foreseen, and planned for, happened.

By 1888, aided greatly by Governor Hill and indirectly by President Cleveland, but mainly by his own energies and ability, Croker had brought order out of chaos in Tammany, had developed an enthusiastic

spirit among the subordinate workers, and, governing with an iron hand, which was nevertheless often softly gloved, was in a position to swing his organization clear of all alliances, so that it might make its battle alone for the control of the city government. He named Hugh J. Grant as the candidate of Tammany for mayor, while the County Democracy renominated Mr. Hewitt. Tammany was successful, as it had not been for many years, in a straight contest between a rival Democratic organization on the one hand, and the Republican organization upon the other. The Republicans having won the national contest, neither organization of the Democratic party in New York could hope for any aid from Washington. In that respect, however, both were quite as well off as they had been during Mr. Cleveland's administration.



A LANE AT BELLE MEADE FARM—THE FARM IN WHICH MR. CROKER BOUGHT A HALF-INTEREST FOR TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. THE FIRST BUILDING ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE LANE IS THE STABLE OF "LUKE BLACKBURN."

Grant was triumphantly elected, and as Governor Hill was reëlected Governor of the State, and as it was to his political advantage to be in accord with Tammany, it was clear to every politician that Tammany was at last upon the flood tide. In 1890 some effort was made to arouse public opinion. Mr. Croker had by that time made it plain that in politics for him there was prosperity. Other Tammany leaders, who a few years before had been dependent upon small salaries, were also revealing the possession of considerable wealth. In summer a colony of them, some of whom had been car drivers or clerks, were living in luxury at Saratoga or other expensive resorts. And there was enough suspicion abroad that this sudden wealth meant public corruption somewhere, to cause citizens to get together and organize an anti-Tammany campaign. The clergy of the city took part in it, although Dr. Parkhurst had not then begun his crusade. The remnant of the County Democracy joined it, and the Republicans were induced to give it their support. Thus a union ticket was named, upon the platform of opposition to Tammany and reformation of the city government. At the head of this ticket was placed Mr. Francis M. Scott, an accomplished lawyer, and a warm friend of Mayor Grace, who himself was the leader of the combination.

The lines were very tightly drawn, and Mr. Croker was called upon to show his highest, his utmost, capacity as a leader.

He won. Mayor Grant and the whole Tammany ticket were elected by large majorities, and it seemed to many that the corruptionists had made secure their hold on the city for all time. But seed had been sown which was to produce a good harvest four years later.

At the instigation of Senator Fassett a committee of investigation was appointed by the State Senate, with Mr. Fassett as chairman. Political influences obstructed the committee from going as deeply into matters as it might have gone, but it did discover some facts. Mayor Grant, for instance, testified that after he had been elected Sheriff by Mr. Croker's aid, he presented Mr. Croker's daughter, a child, with ten thousand dollars. The confession naturally gave Mr. Croker great annoyance. It was also disclosed, partly by Mr. Croker's own testimony, that when he became leader of Tammany, and for some time thereafter, his income was not more than seven thousand dollars a year, and that he had afterwards bought real estate in New York City which he then estimated to be worth seventy thousand dollars. This, so far as appeared, was the extent of his wealth at that time. The year before he had been appointed Chamberlain of the city by Mayor Grant (an office with emoluments of about twenty-five thousand dollars a year), and he had no difficulty in giving a bond of half a million. Of his bondsmen, John D. Crimmins justified in a hundred thousand dollars; James Everard for a similar amount; J. Edward Simmons, president of one of the great banks of New York, for a similar amount; James N. Platt, one of the leading lawyers at the New York bar, for fifty thousand dollars; and David Dows, a great merchant and banker, for fifty thousand dollars. These names indicate how far Mr. Croker had been able to gain the confidence of men of business standing.

A few months after the Fassett committee had concluded its labors, Mr. Croker bought a residence near Central Park, on East Seventy-fourth Street, of the kind that requires the expenditure of at least thirty thousand dollars a year to maintain. For doing this he was severely criticised by some of his friends in Tammany, and it has been said that such criticism was one of the reasons for the change of relations between Mr. Croker and Mr. Bourke Cockran. After having long been friendly, they became desperately hostile. The house itself is probably worth to-day not far from a hundred thousand dollars, but the cost of the house alone represents only a part of Mr. Croker's outlay; for it was decorated and furnished with a regal magnificence. The wood-carving, the frescoing, and the painting were of the finest that money could buy. The furniture was specially designed. The lighting was by electricity. In short, it was designed as the home of a man possessing great wealth, and the intention to use it for great entertainments.

The purchase of this house, however, did not attract as much attention to Mr. Croker as did another investment which he made about the same time. It was in the midst of the discussion and manœuvring prior to the Democratic National Convention of 1892, when Tammany was again in opposition to Mr. Cleveland. But Mr. Croker disclosed that his mind was not entirely absorbed by his leadership of Tammany. He bought a stock farm near Richfield Springs, spent a great deal of money in improving it, and stocked it with promising young horses, his outlay, according to common report, being not far from a hundred thousand dollars. Not long after, he bought four or five high-priced race-horses. He paid twenty-four thousand dollars for "Yorkville Belle;" ten thousand for another, "Fairy;" fifteen thousand for "Red Banner," and twenty thousand for the famous "Dobbins." Besides, he offered fifty thousand dollars for the brood mare "Thora," and thirty thousand dollars for the filly "Helen Nichols." Here, altogether, was an expenditure made and purposed of nearly two hundred thousand dollars. But Mr. Croker did not stop here. Only a few months later he bought a half-interest in what is perhaps the most famous stud in the United States, at least east of California, paying two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for it. Among the horses included in this last transaction were "Luke Blackburn," "Iroquois," "Inspector B.," "Tremont," "Clarendon," and "Enquirer." At the same time Mr. Croker bought the famous "Longstreet," paying thirty thousand dollars for him.

Here, then, was an investment, in racing farm and stud, of at least half a million dollars, made by a man who, less than three years before, had testified to his comparative poverty. The sudden revelation of so great a fortune caused all manner of questions to be asked. The newspapers began to ask daily "Where did he get it?" and the phrase was taken up and became as popular as the most catching bit of slang.

It was clear that Mr. Croker could only have obtained his wealth by reason of his political associations. But there were many

ways in which such associations would serve him without involving him in any illegal act. His power in Tammany was so great as to command for him the respect of some of the large corporations. It was possible that persons of special knowledge and influence in speculative circles had given him opportunities, such as Superintendent Byrnes testified had been given himself by Mr. Gould and others, whereby he gained a fortune of a quarter of a million. Furthermore, by his influence through Tammany in the city government and the State legislature he was in the way of getting early information of proposed city improvements, by which real estate in given localities would be suddenly increased in value; and he could even, if he chose, by his influence and position, compel such improvements. He did, as a matter of fact, enter into a partnership with one of the most astute real-estate speculators in New York, and it has been asserted that some of his wealth was due to the operations of this partner.

Mr. Croker was Chairman of the Finance Committee of Tammany Hall. That is a committee which in the course of a year handles as much money as many of the banks in New York do. It receives enormous contributions, levied upon Tammany office-holders, contributions amounting to as much as half a million, or even, it has been claimed, a million dollars a year. Through its hands passes also what has been called the indirect blackmail, levied upon the saloon-keepers of New York. The accusation has been publicly made that the gamblers and poolsellers and bookmakers contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Tammany fund, and whatever the contribution was it was controlled by the Finance Committee. Then the private corporations and individuals contributing to the so-called "campaign expenses" sent their money to the Finance Committee. The aggregate sum which passed each year through that committee's hands must have been very large, and Croker controlled it. With his control Tammany was satisfied. It was at one time reported that he received a salary of one hundred thousand dollars for directing these finances, but that statement was incorrect. The control of such a sum, even under proper or legal direction, could be made to yield the man who possessed it rare pecuniary opportunities. However Mr. Croker managed his affairs, to become more than a millionnaire within three or four years, it is to be said that, after a partial investigation by one committee and an exhaustive one by another, the latter under the direction of Dr. Parkhurst and Recorder Goff, no proof of illegal action on Croker's part has yet been revealed.

Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham, in a public address, declared that one corporation had paid Tammany fifty thousand dollars for protection, and Mr. Havemeyer, when testifying before the Senate Committee in Washington in 1894, asserted that the corporation of which he is the head had paid large sums into "campaign funds," as had other corporations, as he understood, for the sake of procuring protection.

In Tweed's day, such protection involved bribery, but the later leaders of Tammany, so far as their personal relations with politics were concerned, were clearly disposed to avoid conduct distinctly illegal. When one of the surface railroads of New York City desired to change its motive power, the Board of Aldermen granted the franchise. Afterwards much complaint was heard from some members of the board, who asserted that as much as fifty thousand dollars had been paid to secure that franchise, of which the Aldermen had not received a cent. They were commanded, perhaps advised is the better word, to vote for the franchise, and the advice, coming from those in authority, was necessarily heeded. So, too, legislators at Albany, with sad faces, asserted that no longer was there any opportunity for a legislator at the capital, since they were compelled to obey commands, either to vote for this or vote against that.

If, then, a man who has taken no oath of office, and has therefore no public responsibility, has acquired such a power as to be able to command this thing to be done by a legislator or a Board of Aldermen, or that thing to be left undone, it is possible for him to be recognized as the controlling influence by corporations and individuals that seek favors or protection. There is no bribery. If a man, in such authority over Tammany Hall as to cause his advice to be looked upon as a command to be obeyed, chooses to advise the passage of this law or ordinance, or the defeat of that one, then it cannot be said in law that he has bribed legislators, since personal influence of that kind cannot be defined as bribery. On the other hand, if this man has himself taken no oath and is a private citizen, so far as public office is concerned, then it cannot be said in law that he has been bribed to do or refrain from doing anything. So well recognized is this that men doing these things have called themselves "parliamentary agents," and have defended such conduct by saying that it differs not at all from that of the lawyer who for

a fee appears before a committee and argues for his client's interest. It has not been shown, or perhaps even directly charged, that in this way Mr. Croker's wealth was accumulated, but it is easy to see that, with his position and authority, in some such way it might very easily have been accumulated.

While the leaders of Tammany were thus, under the Croker régime, gaining wealth (for Mr. Croker himself was not alone in these sudden acquisitions), those having smaller authority were practising that systematic blackmail which was finally revealed by Dr. Parkhurst and his assistants. That, of course, was crime, but it must in a general way have been known to every person of authority in Tammany as a common practice. Early in the spring of 1894, after the revelations before the Lexow Committee began and it was apparent that an overwhelming demonstration of public displeasure would be made as a result of the revelations, and when there were signs of demoralization, due in part to fright and in part to jealousy, in Tammany, Mr. Croker of a sudden announced his intention of retiring from his post as leader, of quitting politics for good, and of making a business as well as a recreation of his breeding-farms and racing-stables. There were accusations that he was deserting his post in a time of danger; that, seeing the gathering of the storm, he was making haste himself to escape its fury. But these charges did not alter his determination. He resigned some months before the election next following the Lexow Committee's disclosures, and by so doing he saved his record. By this "scratch" he secured to himself the distinction of having never had Tammany defeated at the polls under his leadership. This distinction he could not have claimed had he remained in office until the next November; for then Tammany suffered a rout as great as that which followed the exposure of the Tweed robberies. But there was a difference between the two cases. Then the leader of Tammany and his immediate associates were exposed as the most colossal public robbers of modern times. But now the leaders were left in a measure unimpeached, and it was only against the subordinates that conclusive proof of public corruption was found. And this goes to show, doubtless, that the later leaders of Tammany had learned a thing or two that Tweed and his associates did not know.

RHIND'S HEROIC STATUE OF CALHOUN.

By N. Macdonald.

MR. J. MASSEY RHIND, the sculptor, is now engaged, in his country studio at Closter, New Jersey, on a heroic statue of Calhoun. A good idea of the magnitude of the work is given by the picture of artist and statue on the opposite page. The statue, when completed, which will not be for five or six months yet, is to be set up in the city of Charleston, South Carolina. Mr. Rhind receives his commission from the Ladies' Calhoun Association of Charleston, which had organized and had raised a fund for the erection of a statue of Calhoun when the war broke out. After the war half of the fund was expended on a statue which is now standing in Charleston; but it is not a satisfactory one, and Mr. Rhind's is designed to take its place. Of the original members of the association only four now survive. One of these is Mrs. Snowden, now ninety years old. She from the first has been president of the association, and is said to have insured the safety of the fund during the war by sewing the government bonds, in which it was invested, into her petticoat. It is also said that, in her young days, there was a romantic attachment between her and Calhoun.

Mr. Rhind is a young Scotchman who came to New York in 1889, and who has since then produced some quite notable work. His grandfather and father were sculptors before him; and the latter produced the statue of William Chambers, the publisher, and the reclining statue of the Marquis of Montrose in St. Giles—works that are regarded as among the choicest art treasures of Edinburgh. Mr. Rhind first studied for a short time in Edinburgh, then in London, and then in Paris under Delan. It was soon after completing his studies in Paris that he came to America. The first work he did after coming was for the decoration of the chapel of the Theological Seminary at Twenty-first Street and Ninth Avenue, New York. His reputation, however, was established by

MR. RHIND AT WORK ON HIS HEROIC STATUE OF CALHOUN.
From a photograph by C. Bilordeaux, New York.

his designs for the bronze doors of Trinity Church, donated by William Waldorf Astor in commemoration of his father, and his designs for the King fountain in Albany, New York. He is at present engaged on a large decorative figure for the portico of the American Surety Building, New York, and an elaborate scheme of decoration for Commencement Hall, Princeton College.

QUIQUERN.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Plain Tales from the Hills," etc.

"He has opened his eyes. Look!"

"Put him in the skin again. He will be a strong dog; on the fourth month we will name him."

"For whom?" said Amoraq.

Kadlu's eye rolled round the skin-lined snow-house till it fell on fourteen-year-old Kotuko sitting on the sleeping-bench, making a button of walrus-ivory. "Name him for me," said Kotuko with a grin. "I shall need him some day."

Kadlu grinned back till his eyes were almost buried in the fat of his flat cheeks, and nodded to Amoraq, while the puppy's fierce mother whined to see her baby wriggling far out of reach in the little sealskin pouch hung above the warmth of the blubber-lamp. Kotuko went on with his carving, and Kadlu threw a rolled bundle of leather dog-harnesses into a tiny little room that opened from one side of the house; slipped off his heavy deerskin hunting-suit, put it into a whalebone net that hung above another lamp, and dropped down on the sleeping-bench to whittle at a piece of frozen seal-meat till Amoraq, his wife, should bring the regular dinner of boiled meat and blood-soup. He had been out since early dawn at the seal-holes eight miles away, on the ice at the edge of the floe, and had come home with three big seal. Half-way down the long, low snow passage or tunnel that led to the inner door of the house you could hear snappings and yelpings as the dogs of his sleigh-team, released from their day's work, scuffled for warm places.

When the yelpings grew too loud Kotuko lazily rolled off the sleeping-bench and picked up a dog-whip with an eighteen-inch handle of springy whalebone and twenty-five feet of heavy-plaited thong. He dived into the passage, where it sounded as though all the dogs were eating him alive; but that was no more than their regular grace before meals. When he crawled out of the far end half a dozen heavy, furry heads followed him with their eyes as he went to a sort of gallows made out of whale jawbones from which the dogs' meat was hung; split the frozen stuff in big lumps with a broad-headed spear; and stood, his whip in one hand and the meat in the other. Each beast was called by name—the weakest first—and woe betide any dog that moved out of his turn, for the tapering lash would shoot out like thonged lightning and flick away an inch or so of hair and hide. Each beast growled once, snapped once, choked once over his portion, and hurried back to the protection of the snow passage, while the boy stood on the snow under the blazing Northern Lights and dealt out justice. The last to be served was the big black leader of the team, who kept order when they were harnessed, and to him Kotuko gave a double allowance of meat as well as an extra crack of the whip.

"Ah!" said Kotuko, coiling up the lash, "I have a little one over the lamp that will make a great many howlings. *Sarpok!* Get in!"

He crawled back over the huddled dogs, dusted the dry snow from his furs with the whalebone beater that Amoraq kept by the door, tapped the skin-lined roof of the house to shake off any icicles that might have fallen from the dome of snow above, and curled up on the bench. The dogs in the passage snored and whined in their sleep, the boy-baby in Amoraq's deep fur hood kicked and choked and gurgled, and the mother of the newly named puppy lay at Kotuko's side, her eyes fixed on the bundle of sealskin—warm and safe above the broad yellow flame of the lamp.

And all this happened far away to the north, beyond Labrador; beyond Hudson's Strait, where the great tides throw the ice about; north of Melville Peninsula—north even of the narrow Fury and Hecla Straits—on the north shore of Baffin Land, where Bylot's Island stands above the ice of Lancaster Sound like a pudding-bowl wrong side up. North of Lancaster Sound there is nothing we know much about except North Devon and Ellesmere Land; but even there live a few scattered people, next door, as it were, to the very pole.

Kadlu was an Inuit—what you call an Esquimaux—and his tribe, some fifty persons all told, belonged to the Tununirmiut—

"the country lying at the back of something." In the maps that desolate coast is called Navy Board Inlet; but the Inuit name is best because the country lies at the very back of everything in the world. For nine months of the year there is only ice as hard as rock, snow, and gale after gale, with a cold that no one can realize who has never seen the thermometer even at zero. For six months of those nine it is dark, and that is what makes it so horrible. For the three months of the summer it only freezes every other day and every night, and then the snow begins to weep away on the southerly slopes, and a few ground-willows put out their woolly buds; a tiny stone-crop, or so, makes believe to blossom; beaches of fine gravel, and rounded stones, run down to the open sea; and polished boulders and streaked rocks lift up above the granulated snow. But all that goes away in a few weeks, and the wild winter locks down again on the land; while at sea the torn ice tears up and down the offing, jamming and ramming, and splitting and hitting, and pounding and grounding, till it all freezes together ten feet thick from the land outward to deep water.

In the winter Kadlu would follow the seal to the edge of this land ice and spear them as they came up to breathe at their blow-holes. The seals must have open water to live and catch fish in, and in the deep of winter the ice would sometimes run eighty miles without a break from the nearest shore. In the spring he and his people retreated from the thawing floes to the rocky mainland, where they put up tents of skins, and snared the sea-birds or speared the young seal basking on the beaches. Later they would go south into Baffin Land after the reindeer, and to get their year's store of salmon from the hundreds of streams and lakes of the interior, coming back north in September or October for the musk-ox hunting and the regular winter sealery. This travelling was done with dog-sleighs, twenty and thirty miles a day, or sometimes down the coast in big skin "woman-boats," when the dogs and the babies lay among the feet of the rowers, and the women sang songs as they glided from cape to cape over the glassy cold waters. All the luxuries the Tununirmiut knew came from the south—drift-wood for sleigh-runners, rod-iron for harpoon-tips, steel knives, tin kettles (that cooked food much better than the old soapstone affairs), flint and steel, and even matches, colored ribbons for the women's hair, little cheap mirrors, and red cloth for the edging of deerskin dress-jackets. Kadlu traded the rich, creamy, twisted narwhal-horn and musk-ox teeth (these are just as valuable as pearls) to the southern Inuit, and they, in turn, traded with the whalers and the missionary posts of Exeter and Cumberland Sounds, and so the chain went on till a kettle picked up by a ship's cook in the Bhindy Bazaar might end its days over a blubber-lamp somewhere on the cool side of the Arctic Circle.

Kadlu, being a good hunter, was rich in iron harpoons, snow-knives, bird-darts, and all the other things that make life easy up there in the great cold, and he was the head of his tribe, or, as they say, "the man who knows all about it by practice." This did not give him any authority, except now and then he could advise his friends to change their hunting-grounds; but Kotuko used it to domineer a little, in the lazy, fat, Inuit fashion, over the other boys, when they came out at night to play ball in the moonlight or to sing The Child's Song to the Aurora Borealis.

But at fourteen an Inuit feels himself a man, and Kotuko was tired of making snares for wild fowl and kit-foxes, and most tired of all of helping the women to chew seal and deer skins (that supples them as nothing else can) the long day through, while the men were out hunting. He wanted to go into the *quaggi* (the singing-house) when the hunters gathered there for their mysteries, and the *angakut* (the sorcerer) frightened them into the most delightful fits after the lamps were put out, and you could hear the Spirit of the Reindeer stamping on the roof, and when a spear was thrust out into the open black night it came back covered with hot blood. He wanted to throw his big boots into the net with the tired air of a head of a family, and he wanted to gamble with the hunters when they dropped in of an evening to play a sort of home-made roulette with a tin pot and a nail. There were hundreds of things that he wanted to do, but the grown men laughed at him and said: "Wait till you have been in the buckle, Kotuko. Hunting is not *all* catching!"

Now that his father had named a puppy for him, things looked brighter. An Inuit does not waste a good dog on his son till the boy knows something of dog-driving; and Kotuko was more than sure that he knew more than everything.

If the puppy had not had an iron constitution he would have died from overstuffing and over-handling. Kotuko made him a tiny harness with a trace to it, and hauled him all over the house floor, shout-

ing: "*Aua! Ja aua!*" ("Go to the right!") "*Choiachoi! Ja choiachoi!*" ("Go to the left!") "*Ohaha!*" ("Stop!"). The puppy did not like it at all, but being fished for in this way was pure happiness beside being put to the sleigh for the first time. He just sat down on the snow and played with the seal-hide trace that ran from his harness to the *pitu*, the big thong in the bows of the sleigh. Then the team started, and the puppy found the heavy ten-foot sleigh bumping up his back and dragging him along the snow, while Kotuko laughed till the tears ran down his face. There followed days and days of the cruel whip, that hisses like the wind over ice, and his companions all bit him because he did not know his work, and the harness chafed him, and he was not allowed to sleep with Kotuko any more, but had to take the coldest place in the passage. It was a sad time for the puppy.

The boy learned, too, as fast as the dog; and a dog-sleigh is a heart-breaking thing to manage. Each beast is harnessed—the weakest nearest to the driver—by his own separate trace, which runs under his left fore leg to the main thong, where it is fastened by a sort of button and loop which can be slipped by a turn of the wrist, thus freeing one dog at a time. This is very necessary, because young dogs often get the trace between their hind legs, where it cuts to the bone. And they one and all *will* go visiting their friends as they run; jumping in and out among the traces. Then they fight, and the result is more mixed than a wet fishing-line next morning. A great deal of trouble can be avoided by scientific use of the whip. Every Inuit boy prides himself on being a master of the long lash; but it is easy to flick at a mark on the ground, and difficult to lean forward and catch a shirking dog just behind the shoulders when the sleigh is going at full speed. If you call one dog's name for "visiting," and accidentally lash another, the two will fight at once, and stop all the others. Again, if you travel with a companion, and begin to talk, or by yourself, and sing, the dogs will halt, turn round, and sit down to hear what you have to say. Kotuko was run away from once or twice through forgetting to block the sleigh when he stopped; and he broke many lashings, and ruined a few thongs, before he could be trusted with the full team of eight and a light sleigh. Then he felt himself a person of consequence, and on smooth black ice, with a bold heart and a quick elbow, he smoked along over the levels as fast as a pack in full cry. He would go twenty miles to the seal-holes, and when he was on his hunting-ground he would twitch a trace loose from the *pitu*, and free the big black leader, the cleverest dog in the team. As soon as the dog had scented a breathing-hole, Kotuko would reverse the sleigh, driving a couple of sawed-off antlers, that stuck up like perambulator handles from the back-rest, deep into the snow, so that the team could not get away. Then he would crawl forward, inch by inch, and wait till the seal came up to breathe. Then he would stab down swiftly with his spear and running line, and presently would haul his seal up to the lip of the ice, while the black leader came up and helped to pull the carcass across the ice to the sleigh. That was the time when the harnessed dogs yelled and foamed with excitement, and Kotuko laid the long lash like a red-hot bar across all their faces till the carcass froze stiff. Going home was the heavy work. The loaded sleigh had to be humored among the rough ice, and the dogs sat down and looked hungrily at the seal instead of pulling. At last they would strike the well-worn sleigh-road to the village, and "toodle-kiyi" along the ringing ice, heads down and tails up, while Kotuko struck up the *Angutivun tai-na tau-na-ne taina*, the Song of the Returning Hunter, and voices hailed him from house to house under all that dim star-litten cold.

When Kotuko the dog came to his full growth he enjoyed himself too. He fought his way up the team sturdily, fight after fight, till one fine evening, over their food, he tackled the big black leader (Kotuko the boy saw fair play with the whip), and made "second dog" of him, as they say. So he was promoted to the long thong of the leading-dog, running five feet in advance of all the others; it was his bounden duty to stop all fighting in harness or out of it, and he wore a collar of copper wire, very thick and heavy. On special occasions he was fed with cooked food inside the house, and sometimes was allowed to sleep on the bench with Kotuko. He was a good seal-dog, and could keep a musk-ox at bay by running round him and snapping at his heels. He would even—and this for a sleigh-dog is the last proof of bravery—he would even stand up to the gaunt Arctic wolf, whom all dogs of the North, as a rule, fear beyond anything that walks the snow. He and his master—they did not count the team of ordinary dogs as company—hunted together, day after day, and night after night, fur-wrapped boy, and savage, long-haired, narrow-eyed, white-fanged, yellow brute. All an Inuit has to do is to get food and

skins for himself and his family. The women folk make the skins into clothing, and occasionally help in trapping small game; but the bulk of the food, and they eat enormously, must be found by the men. If the supply fails, there is no one up there to buy or beg or borrow from. The people must die.

An Inuit does not think of these chances till he is forced to. Kadlu, Kotuko, Amoraq, and the boy-baby who kicked about in Amoraq's fur hood, and chewed pieces of blubber all day, were as happy together as any family in the world. They came of a very gentle race—an Inuit seldom loses his temper, and almost never strikes a child—who did not know exactly what telling a real lie meant, still less how to steal. They were content to spear their living out of the heart of the bitter, hopeless cold; to smile oily smiles, and tell queer ghost and fairy tales of evenings; and eat till they could eat no more, and sing the endless woman's song: "*Amna aya, aya amnah,—ah! ah!*" through the long, lamp-lighted days as they mended their clothes and their hunting gear.

But one terrible winter everything betrayed them. The Tununirmiut returned from the yearly salmon fishing, and made their houses on the early ice to the north of Bylot's Island, ready to go after the seal as soon as the sea froze. But it was a bad and savage autumn. All through September there were continuous gales that broke up the smooth seal-ice where it was only four or five feet thick, and forced it inland, and piled a great barrier some thirty miles broad of lumped and ragged and needly ice, over which it was impossible to draw the sleighs. The edge of the floe, off which the seal were used to fish in winter, lay, perhaps, twenty miles beyond this barrier, and out of reach of the Tununirmiut. Even so, they might have managed to scrape through the winter on their stock of frozen salmon and stored blubber and what the traps gave them, but in December one of their hunters came across a *tupik*, a skin-tent, of three women and a girl nearly dead, whose men had come down from the far North and been crushed in their little skin hunting-boats while they were out after the long-horned narwhal. Kadlu, of course, could only distribute the women among the huts of the winter village, for no Inuit dare refuse a meal to a stranger. He never knows when his own time may come to beg. Amoraq took the girl, who was about fourteen, into her own house as a sort of servant. From the cut of her sharp-pointed hood and the long diamond pattern of her white deer-skin leggings, they supposed that she came from Ellesmere Land. She had never seen tin cooking pots or wooden-shod sleighs before; but Kotuko the boy and Kotuko the dog were rather fond of her.

Then all the foxes went South; and even the wolverine, the growling, blunt-headed little thief of the snow, did not take the trouble to follow the line of empty traps that Kotuko set. The tribe lost a couple of their best hunters, who were badly crippled in a fight with a musk-ox, and that threw more work on the others. Kotuko went out, day after day, with a light hunting-sleigh and six or seven of the strongest dogs, looking, till his eyes ached, for some patch of clear ice where a seal might, perhaps, have scratched a breathing-hole. Kotuko the dog ranged far and wide, and in the dead stillness of the ice-fields Kotuko the boy could hear his half-choked whine of excitement, above a seal-hole three miles away, as plainly as though he were at his elbow. When the dog found a hole, the boy would build himself a little low snow wall to keep off the worst of the bitter wind, and there he would wait—ten—twelve—twenty hours—for the seal to come up to breathe, his eyes glued to the tiny mark he had made above the hole to guide the downward thrust of his harpoon, a little seal-skin mat under his feet, and his legs tied together in the *tutareang*—the buckle that the old hunters had talked about. This helps to keep a man's legs from twitching as he waits and waits and waits for the quick-eared seal to rise. Though there is no excitement in it, you can easily believe that the sitting still in the buckle, with the thermometer perhaps forty degrees below zero, is the hardest work an Inuit knows. When a seal was caught, Kotuko the dog would bound forward, his trace trailing behind him, and help to pull the body to the sleigh, where the tired and hungry dogs lay sullenly under the lee of the broken ice.

A seal did not go very far, for each mouth in the little village had a right to be filled, and neither bone, hide, nor sinew was wasted. The dogs' meat was taken for human use, and Amoraq fed the team with pieces of old summer skin-tents raked out from under the sleeping-bench, and they howled and howled again, and waked to howl hungrily. One could tell by the soapstone lamps in the huts that famine was near. In good seasons, when blubber is plentiful, the light of the boat-shaped lamps would be two feet high, cheerful, oily, and yellow. Now it was a bare six inches; Amoraq carefully pricked

down the moss wick when an unwatched flame brightened for a moment, and the eyes of all the family followed her hand. The horror of famine up there in the great cold is not so much dying, as dying in the dark. All the Inuit dread the dark that presses on them without a break for six months in each year, and when the lamps are low in the houses the minds of people begin to be shaken and confused.

But worse was to come.

The underfed dogs snapped and growled in the passages, glaring at the cold stars and snuffing into the bitter wind, night after night. When they stopped howling the silence fell down again as solid and as heavy as a snow-drift against a door, and men could hear the beating of their blood in the thin passages of the ear, and the thumping of their hearts, that sounded as loud as the noise of sorcerers' drums beaten across the snow. One night Kotuko the dog, who had been unusually silent in harness, leaped up and pushed his head against Kotuko's knee. Kotuko patted him, but the dog still pushed blindly forward, fawning. Then Kadlu waked, and gripped the heavy wolf-like head, and stared into the glassy eyes. The dog whimpered as though he were afraid, and shivered between Kadlu's knees. Then the hair rose about his neck, and he growled as though a stranger were at the door ; then he barked joyously, and rolled on the ground, and bit at Kotuko's boot like a puppy.

"What is it?" said Kotuko, for he was beginning to be afraid.

"The sickness," Kadlu answered. "It is the dog-sickness." Kotuko the dog lifted his nose and howled and howled again.

"I have not seen this before. What will he do?" said Kotuko.

Kadlu shrugged one shoulder a little and crossed the hut for his short stabbing harpoon. The big dog looked at him, howled again, and slunk away down the passage, while the other dogs drew aside right and left to give him ample room. When he was out on the snow he barked furiously, as though on the trail of a musk-ox, and barking and leaping and frisking, passed out of sight. This was not hydrophobia, but simple, plain madness. The cold and the hunger and, above all, the darkness had turned his head ; and when the terrible dog-sickness once shows itself in a team it spreads like wild-fire. Next hunting day another dog sickened, and was killed then and there by Kotuko as he bit and struggled among the traces. Then the black second dog, who had been the leader in the old days, suddenly gave tongue on an imaginary reindeer track, and when they slipped him from the *pitu* he flew at the throat of an ice-cliff, and ran away as his leader had done—his harness on his back. After that no one would take the dogs out again. They needed them for something else, and the dogs knew it ; and though they were tied down and fed by hand, their eyes were full of despair and fear. To make things worse, the old women began to tell ghost-tales and to say that they had met the spirits of the dead hunters lost that autumn, who prophesied all sorts of horrible things.

Kotuko grieved more for the loss of his dog than anything else ; for though an Inuit eats enormously, he also knows when to starve. But the hunger, the darkness, the cold, and the exposure told on his strength, and he began to hear voices inside his head and to see people, who were not there, out of the tail of his eye. One night—he had unbuckled himself after ten hours' waiting above a "blind" seal-hole, and was staggering back to the village faint and dizzy—he halted to lean his back against a boulder which happened to be supported like a rocking-stone on a single jutting point of ice. His weight disturbed the balance of the thing ; it rolled over ponderously, and as Kotuko sprang aside to avoid it, slid after him, squeaking and hissing on the ice-slope.

That was enough for Kotuko. He had been brought up to believe that every rock and boulder had its owner (its *inua*), who was generally a one-eyed kind of a Woman-Thing called a *tornaq*, and that when a *tornaq* meant to help a man she rolled after him inside her stone house and asked him whether he would take her for a guardian spirit. (In summer thaws, the ice-propped rocks and boulders roll and slip all over the face of the land ; so you can easily see how the idea of live stones arose.) Kotuko heard the blood beating in his ears, as he had heard it all day, and he thought it was the *tornaq* of the stone speaking to him. Before he reached home he was quite certain that he had held a long conversation with her, and as all his people believed that this was quite possible, no one contradicted him.

"She said to me : 'I jump down. I jump down from my place on the snow,'" cried Kotuko, with hollow eyes, leaning forward in the half-lighted hut. "She said, 'I will be a guide.' She said, 'I will guide you to the good seal-holes.' To-morrow I will go, and the *tornaq* will guide me."

Then the *angakut*, the village sorcerer, came in, and Kotuko told him the tale a second time. It lost nothing in the telling.

"Follow the *tornait* (the spirits of the stones) and they will bring us food again," said the *angakut*.

Now the girl from the North had been lying near the lamp, eating very little and saying less for days past; but when Amoraq and Kadlu next morning packed and lashed a little hand-sleigh for Kotuko, and loaded it with his hunting gear and as much blubber and frozen seal-meat as they could spare, she took the pulling-rope and stepped out boldly at the boy's side.

"Your house is my house," she said, as the little bone-shod sleigh squeaked and bumped behind them in the awful, silent Arctic night.

"My house is your house," said Kotuko, "but *I* think that we shall both go to Sedna together."

Now, Sedna is the mistress of the Underworld, and the Inuit believe that every one who dies must spend a year in her horrible country before going on to Quadliparmiut, the Happy Place, where it never freezes and the fat reindeer trot up when you call.

Through the village, people were shouting: "The *tornait* have spoken to Kotuko. They will show him open ice. He will bring us the seal again!" Their voices were soon swallowed up by the cold, empty dark, and Kotuko and the girl shouldered close together as they strained on the pulling-rope or humored the sleigh through the broken ice in the direction of the Polar Sea. Kotuko insisted that the *tornaq* of the stone had told him to go north; and north they went, under Tuktugdjung, the Reindeer—those stars that we call the Great Bear.

No European could have made five miles a day over the ice-rubbish and the sharp-edged drifts; but those two knew exactly the turn of the wrist that coaxes a sleigh round a hummock, the jerk that neatly lifts it out of an ice-crack, and the exact strength that goes to the few quiet strokes of the spear-head that make a path possible when everything looks hopeless.

The girl said nothing, but bowed her head, and the long wolverine-fur fringe to her ermine hood blew across her broad, dark face. The sky above them was an intense velvety black, changing to bands of Indian red on the horizon, where the great stars burned like street lamps. From time to time a greenish wave of the Northern Lights would roll across the hollow of the high heavens, flick like a flag, and disappear; or a meteor would crackle from darkness to darkness, trailing a shower of sparks behind. Then they could see the ridged and furrowed surface of the floe, tipped and laced with strange colors—red, copper, and bluish; but in the ordinary starlight everything turned to one frost-bitten gray. The floe, as you will remember, had been battered and tormented by the autumn gales till it was one frozen earthquake. There were gullies and ravines; and holes like gravel-pits cut out of ice, lumps and scattered pieces frozen down to the original floor of the floe; blotches of old black ice that had been thrust under the floe in some gale and heaved up again; roundish boulders of ice; saw-like edges of ice carved by the snow that flies before the wind; and sunk pits, where thirty or forty acres lay five or six feet below the level of the rest of the field. From a little distance you might have taken the lumps for seal or walrus, overturned sleighs, or men on a hunting expedition, or even the great Ten-legged White Spirit Bear himself; but, in spite of all these fantastic shapes, all on the very edge of starting into life, there was neither sound nor the least faint echo of sound. And through this silence and through this waste, where the sudden lights flapped and went out again, the sleigh and the two that pulled it crawled like things in a nightmare—a nightmare of the end of the world at the end of the world.

When they were tired Kotuko would make what the hunters call a "half-house"—a very small snow hut, into which they would huddle with the travelling lamp and try to thaw out the frozen seal-meat. When they had slept, the march began again—thirty miles a day to get ten miles northward. The girl was always very silent, but Kotuko muttered to himself and broke out into songs he had learned in the singing-house—summer songs, and reindeer and salmon songs—all horribly out of place at that season. He would declare that he heard the *tornaq* growling to him, and would run wildly up a hummock, tossing his arms and speaking to some one in loud, threatening tones. To tell the truth, Kotuko was very nearly crazy for the time being; but the girl was sure that he was being guided by his guardian spirit and that everything would come right. She was not surprised, therefore, when, at the end of the fourth march, Kotuko, whose eyes were burning like fire-balls in his head, told her that his *tornaq* was following them across the snow in the shape of a two-headed dog. The girl looked where Kotuko pointed, and something seemed to slip into a ravine. It was certainly not human, but everybody knew that the *tornait* preferred to appear in the shape of bear and seal and such like.

It might have been the Ten-legged White

Spirit Bear himself, or it might have been anything, for Kotuko and the girl were so starved that their eyes betrayed them. They had trapped nothing and seen no trace of game since they had left the village; their food would not hold out for another week, and there was a gale coming. A polar storm will sometimes blow for ten days without a break, and all that time it is certain death to be abroad. Kotuko laid up a snow-house large enough to take in the hand-sleigh—never be separated from your meat—and while he was shaping the last irregular block of ice that makes the key-stone of the roof, he saw a Thing looking at him from a little cliff of ice half a mile away. The air was hazy, and the Thing seemed to be forty feet long and ten feet high, with twenty feet of tail, and a shape that quivered all along the outlines. The girl saw it too, but, instead of crying aloud with terror, said quietly: "That is Quiquern. What comes after?"

"He will speak to me," said Kotuko, but the snow-knife trembled in his hand as he spoke, because, however much a man may believe that he is a friend of strange and ugly spirits, he seldom likes to be taken at his word. Quiquern, too, is the phantom of a gigantic toothless dog without any hair, who is supposed to live in the far North, and to wander about the country just before things are going to happen. They may be pleasant or unpleasant things, but not even the *angakut* care to speak about Quiquern. He makes the dogs go mad. Like the Spirit Bear, he has several extra pairs of legs—six or eight—and this thing jumping up and down in the haze had more legs than any real dog needs.

Kotuko and the girl huddled into their hut quickly. Of course, if Quiquern had wanted them he could have torn it to pieces above their heads; but the sense of a foot-thick snow-wall between themselves and the wicked dark was great comfort. The gale broke with a shriek of wind, caught in the jagged ice, like the shriek of a train, and for three days and three nights it held, never varying one point and never lulling even for a minute. They fed the stone-lamp between their knees and nibbled at the half-warmed seals' meat, and watched the black soot gather on the roof for seventy-two long hours. The girl counted up the food in the sleigh—there was not more than three days' supply; and Kotuko looked over the iron heads and the deer-sinew fastenings of his harpoon and his seal-hook and his bird-dart. There was nothing else to do.

"We shall go to Sedna soon—very soon," the girl whispered. "In four days we shall lie down and go. Will your *tornaq* do nothing? Sing her an *angakut's* song to make her come here."

He began to sing, in the high-pitched howl of the magic songs, and the gale went down slowly. In the middle of his song the girl started, laid her mittened hand and then her head to the ice floor of the hut. Kotuko followed her example, and the two kneeled, staring into each other's eyes and listening with every nerve. He ripped a thin sliver of whalebone from the rim of a bird-snare that lay on the sleigh, and, after straightening, set it up upright in a little hole in the ice, firming it down with his mitten. It was almost as delicately adjusted as a compass-needle, and now, instead of listening, they watched. The thin rod quivered a little—the least little jar in the world—then it vibrated steadily for a few seconds, came to rest and vibrated again, this time nodding to another point of the compass.

"Too soon!" said Kotuko. "Some big floe has broken far away outside."

The girl pointed at the rod and shook her head. "It is the breaking," she said. "Listen to the ground-ice. It knocks."

When they kneeled this time they heard the most curious muffled grunts and knockings, apparently under their feet. Sometimes it sounded as though a blind puppy were squeaking above the lamp, then as if a stone were being ground on hard ice, and again like muffled blows on a drum, but all dragged out and made small, as though they travelled through a little horn a weary distance away.

"We shall not go to Sedna lying down," said Kotuko. "It is the breaking. The *tornaq* has cheated us. We shall die."

All this may sound absurd enough, but the two were face to face with a very real danger. The three days' gale had driven the deep water of Baffin's Bay southerly, and piled it on the edge of the far-reaching land-ice that stretches from Bylot's Island to the west; also, the strong current which sets out of Lancaster Sound east carried with it mile upon mile of what they call pack-ice—rough ice that has not frozen into fields; and this pack was bombarding the floe at the same time that the swell and heave of the storm-worked sea were weakening and undermining it. What Kotuko and the girl had been listening to were the faint echoes of that fight thirty or forty miles away, while the little rod quivered to the shock of it.

Now, as the Inuit say, when the ice once wakes after its long winter sleep there is no knowing what may happen, for solid floe-ice changes shape as swiftly as a cloud. The gale was evidently a spring gale, sent out of time, and anything was possible.

Yet the two were happier in their minds than before. If the floe broke up there would be no more waiting and suffering. Spirits, goblins, and witch-people were moving about on the racking ice, and they might find themselves stepping into Sedna's country side by side, with all sorts of wild things, the flush of excitement still on them. When they left the hut, after the gale, the noise on the horizon was steadily growing, and the tough ice moaned and buzzed all round them.

"It is still waiting," said Kotuko.

On the top of a hummock sat or crouched the eight-legged Thing that they had seen three days before, and it howled horribly.

"Let us follow," said the girl. "It may know some way that does not lead to Sedna;" but she reeled from weakness as she took the pulling-rope. The Thing moved off slowly and clumsily across the ridges, heading always toward the westward and the land, and they followed, while the growling thunder at the edge of the floe rolled nearer and nearer. The floe's lip was split and cracked in every direction for three or four miles inland, and great pans of ten-foot-thick ice, from a few yards to twenty acres square, were jolting and ducking and surging into one another, and into the yet unbroken floe, as the heavy swell took and shook and spouted between them. This battering-ram ice was, so to speak, the first army that the sea was flinging against the floe. The incessant crash and jar of these cakes almost drowned the ripping sound of sheets of pack-ice driven bodily under the floe, as cards are hastily pushed under a table-cloth. Where the water was shallow, these sheets would be piled one atop of the other till the bottommost touched mud fifty feet down, and the discolored sea banked behind the muddy ice till the increasing pressure drove all forward again. In addition to the floe and the pack-ice, the gale and the currents were bringing down true bergs, sailing mountains of ice, snapped off by the frost from the Greenland side of the water or the north shore of Melville Bay. They pounded in solemnly, the waves breaking white round them, and advanced on the floe like an old-time fleet under full sail. But a berg that seemed ready to carry the world before it would ground helplessly in deep water, reel over, and wallow in a lather of foam and mud and flying frozen spray, while a much smaller and lower berg would rip and ride into the flat ice, flinging tons of ice on either side, and cutting a track a mile long before it was stopped. Some fell like swords, shearing a raw-edged canal through the floe; and others, falling on hard ice, could not break through it, but splintered into a shower of blocks, weighing scores of tons apiece, that whirled and skirled among the hummocks. Others, again, rose up bodily out of the water when they shoaled, twisted as though in pain, and fell solidly on their sides, while the sea thrashed over their shoulders. This trampling and crowding and bending and buckling and arching of the ice into every possible shape was going on as far as the eye could reach, all along the north line of the floe. From where Kotuko and the girl were, the confusion looked no more than an uneasy, rippling, crawling movement under the horizon; but it came towards them each moment, and they could hear, far away to landward, a heavy booming, as it might have been the boom of artillery through a fog. That showed that floe was being jammed home against the iron cliffs of Bylot's Island, the land to the southward, behind them.

"This has never been before," said Kotuko, staring stupidly. "This is not the time. How can the floe break *now*?"

"Follow *that!*" the girl cried, pointing to the Thing, half limping, half running distractedly before them. They followed, tugging at the hand-sleigh, while nearer and nearer came the roaring march of the ice. At last the fields round them cracked and starred in every direction, and the cracks opened and snapped like the teeth of wolves. But where the Thing rested, on a mound of old and scattered ice-blocks some fifty feet high, there was no motion. Kotuko leaped forward wildly, dragged the girl after him, and crawled to the bottom of the mound. The talking of the ice grew louder and louder round them, but the mound stayed fast; and, as the girl looked at him, he threw his right elbow upwards and outwards, making the Inuit sign for land in the shape of an island. And land it was that the eight-legged, limping Thing had led them to—some granite-tipped, sand-beached islet off the coast, shod and sheathed and masked with ice, so that no man could have told it from the floe, but at the bottom solid earth, and not shifting, drifting ice. The smashing and rebound of the floes, as they grounded and splintered, marked the borders of it, and a friendly shoal ran out to the northward, and turned aside the rush of the heaviest ice exactly as a ploughshare

turns over loam. There was a danger, of course, that some heavily squeezed ice-field might shoot up the beach and plane off the top of the islet bodily, but that did not trouble Kotuko and the girl when they made their snow-house and began to eat, and heard the ice hammer and skid along the beach. The Thing had disappeared, and Kotuko was talking excitedly about his knowledge of, and power over, spirits, as he crouched before the lamp. In the middle of his wild sayings the girl began to laugh, and rock herself backwards and forwards.

Behind her shoulder, crawling into the hut, crawl by crawl, there were two heads, one yellow and one black, that belonged to two of the most sorrowful and ashamed dogs that ever you saw. Kotuko the dog was one, and the black leader was the other. Both were now fat, well-looking, and quite restored to their proper minds, but coupled to each other in an extraordinary fashion. When the black leader ran off, you remember, his harness was still on him. He must have met Kotuko and played or fought with him, for his shoulder loop had caught in the plaited copper wire of Kotuko's collar and had drawn tight, so that neither dog could get at the trace to gnaw it apart, but each was fastened sidelong to his neighbor's neck.

The girl pushed the two shamefaced creatures towards Kotuko, and, sobbing with laughter, cried: "That is Quiquern, who led us to safe ground. Look at his eight legs and double head."

Kotuko cut them free, and they fell into his arms, yellow and black together, trying to explain how they had got their senses back again. Kotuko ran a hand down their ribs, which were round and well clothed. "They have found food," he said, with a grin. "I do not think we shall go to Sedna so soon. My *tornaq* sent these. The sickness has left them."

As soon as they had greeted Kotuko, these two, who had been forced to sleep and eat and hunt together for the past few weeks, flew at each other's throats, and there was a beautiful battle in the snow-house. "Empty dogs do not fight," Kotuko said. "They have found the seal. Let us sleep. We shall find food."

When they waked there was open water on the north beach of the island, and all the loosened ice had been driven landward. The first sound of the surf is one of the most delightful that the Inuit can hear, for it means that spring is on the road. Kotuko and the girl took hands and smiled, for the clear, full roar of the surge among the ice reminded them of salmon and reindeer time and the smell of blossoming ground-willows. Even as they looked, the sea began to skim over between the floating cakes of ice, so intense was the cold, but on the horizon there was a vast red glare, and that was the light of the sunken sun. It was more like hearing him yawn in his sleep than seeing him rise, and the glare only lasted for a minute or two, but it marked the turn of the year. Nothing, they felt, could alter that.

Kotuko found the dogs fighting over a fresh-killed seal that was following the fish, which a gale always disturbs. He was the first of some twenty or thirty seal that landed on the island in the course of a day, and, till the sea froze hard, there were hundreds of keen black heads rejoicing in the shallow free water, and floating about with the floating ice.

It was good to eat seal-liver again, to fill the lamps recklessly with blubber and watch the flame blaze three feet in the air; but as soon as the new sea-ice bore, Kotuko and the girl loaded the hand-sleigh and made the two dogs pull as they had never pulled in their lives, for they feared what might have happened in their village. The weather, of course, was as pitiless as usual, but it is easier to draw a sleigh loaded with good food than to hunt starving. They left five-and-twenty seal carcasses buried in the ice of the beach, all ready for use, and hurried back to their people. The dogs showed them the way as soon as Kotuko told them what was expected, and, though there was no sign of a landmark, in two days they were giving tongue outside Kadlu's house. Only three dogs answered them; the others had been eaten, and the houses were all dark. But when Kotuko shouted, "*Ojo!*" ("Boiled meat!") weak voices answered; and when he called the roll-call of the village, name by name, very distinctly, there were no gaps in it.

An hour later the lamps blazed in Kadlu's house, the pots were beginning to simmer, and the snow was dripping from the roof as Amoraq made ready a meal for all the village, and the boy-baby in the hood chewed at a strip of rich, nutty blubber, and the hunters slowly and methodically filled themselves to the very brim with seal meat. Kotuko and the girl told their tale. The two dogs sat between them, and whenever their names came in they cocked an ear apiece, and looked most thoroughly ashamed of themselves. A dog who has once gone mad, the Inuit say, is safe against all attacks.

"So the *tornaq* did not forget us," said Kotuko. "The storm blew, the ice broke,

and the seal swam in behind the fish that were frightened by the storm. Now the new seal-holes are not two days distant. Let the good hunters go to-morrow and bring back the seal I have speared—twenty-five seal buried in the ice. When we have eaten those we will all follow the seal on the floe."

"What do *you* do?" said the *angakut* (the sorcerer), in the same sort of voice as he used to Kadlu, richest of the Tununirmiut.

Kotuko looked at the girl from the North, and said quietly: "*We* build a house." He pointed to the northwest side of Kadlu's house, for that is the side on which the married son or daughter always lives.

The girl turned her hands palm upwards, with a little despairing shake of her head. She was a foreigner, picked up starving, and she could bring nothing to the house-keeping.

Amoraq jumped from the bench where she sat, and began to sweep things into the girl's lap—stone lamps, iron skin-scrapers, tin kettles, deer-skins embroidered with musk-ox teeth, and real canvas-needles such as sailors use—the finest dowry that has ever been given on the far edge of the Arctic Circle, and the girl from the North bowed her head down to the very floor.

"Also these," said Kotuko, laughing, and signing to the dogs, who thrust their cold muzzles into the girl's face.

"Ah," said the *angakut*, with an important cough, as though he had been thinking it all over, "as soon as Kotuko left the village I went to the singing-house and sang magic. I sang all the long nights, and called upon the spirit of the reindeer. *My* singing made the gale blow that broke the ice, and drew the two dogs towards Kotuko when the ice would have crushed his bones. *My* song drew the seal in behind the broken ice. *My* body lay still in the *quaggi*, but my spirit ran about on the ice and guided Kotuko and the dogs in all the things they did. I did it."

Everybody was very full and sleepy, so no one contradicted; and the *angakut* helped himself to yet another lump of boiled meat, and lay down to sleep with the others, in the warm, well-lighted, oil-smelling house.

. . . . . .

Now Kotuko, who drew very well in the Inuit way, scratched pictures of all these adventures on a long, flat piece of ivory with a hole at one end. When he and the girl went forth to Ellesmere Land, in the year of the Wonderful Open Winter, he left the picture-story with Kadlu, who lost it in the shingle when his dog-sleigh broke down one summer on the beach of Lake Netilling at Nikosiring, and there a Lake Inuit found it next spring, and sold it to a man at Imigen, who was interpreter on a Cumberland Sound whaler, and he sold it to Hans Olsen, who was sailor on board a big steamer that took tourists to the North Cape, in Norway. When the tourist season was over, the steamer ran between London and Australia, stopping at Ceylon, and there Olsen sold the ivory to a Cingalese jeweller for two imitation star-sapphires. I found it under some rubbish in his house at Colombo, and have translated it from one end to the other.

MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

By George E. Pond.

A VISITOR to Governor's Island, toward the close of a fine afternoon last September, might have seen a tall, robust figure spinning rapidly on a bicycle over the well-kept roads of that beautiful locality. General Miles, at that time stationed there in command of the Department of the East, was an early advocate of the wheel for army use, and it has long served him for the exercise that keeps him in vigorous health.

The visitor would have noted that the erect, strongly built man of fifty-six looked fit to rough it with the youngest subaltern in frontier campaigning, though his hair, once brown and curling over a broad forehead, had become, like his mustache, well sprinkled with gray; that his nose was the "conquering beak" of the soldier; that the steadfast blue-gray eyes consorted well with the firm lines of his mouth and chin to denote fixity of purpose and a resolute will.

Entering the hospitable house of the General, he would have seen there a profusion of relics of campaigns and the chase—stands of colors decorating the walls, and among them the flag of the Second Corps with its famous trefoil; here the head of a buffalo; there the pelt of a fox fashioned into a quiver, filled with arrows; yonder the gaily colored war-bonnet of Iron Star, trailing to the floor, the hole at the top showing where the bullet went through that killed him.

Half the States are included in the Department of the East; and as General Miles has also had charge at various times of the Divisions of the Pacific and of the Missouri, the Departments of the Columbia, of the Missouri, and of Arizona, and the District of the Yellowstone, his round of commands has been more comprehensive geographically than that of any other officer in the service. Of each of these, with the location of its garrisoned forts, and its strategic character and possibilities, he has a clear and exact knowledge, that must serve him well in that command of the whole army to which, at the recent retirement of General Schofield, he succeeded.

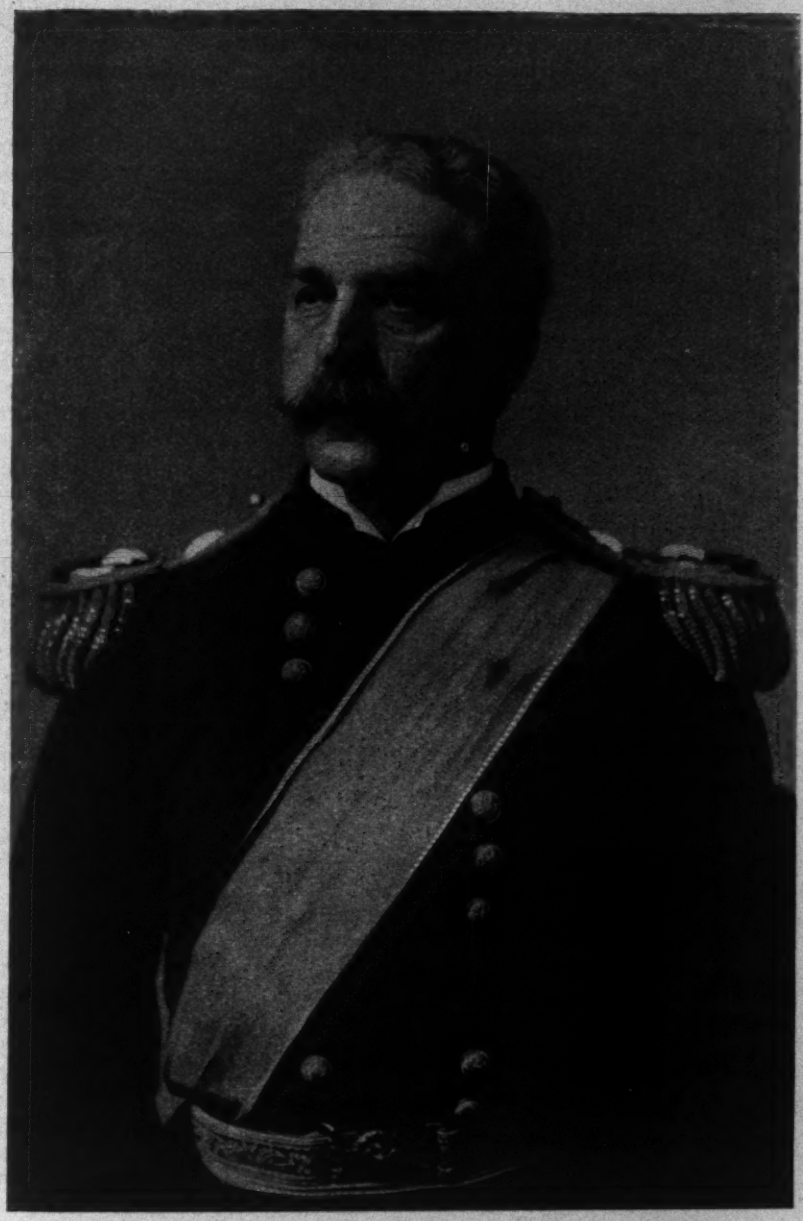
I.

The central fact in the career of General Miles is that a young lieutenant of 1861, who had had none of the aids that a West Point training gives, has reached the top round of the military ladder in this country. Schofield, Sheridan, Sherman, Grant, were all graduates of the Military Academy; but now for the first time we find the place of senior on the active list attained by one who began his service in the ranks of the Union volunteers.

General Miles, however, comes of fighting stock. The Reverend John Myles, or Miles, who migrated to this country from Wales in 1662, was the minister of the first Baptist church in Massachusetts, and for a time carried on a school "for the teaching of grammar, rhetoric, and arithmetic, and the tongues of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, also how to read English and to write." But this soldier of the cross could be, at need, a valiant fighter; for it appears that "he commanded a company in King Philip's war, and his house was known as Miles's garrison." Thus the preacher-soldier of early frontier hostilities is linked with his descendant in the fifth generation, who commanded in what ought to prove our last great series of Indian wars.

Samuel, son of John Miles, after graduating at Harvard in 1684, went to England, where he took orders in the Church, and on returning to Boston became rector of King's Chapel, and there officiated twenty-nine years. Daniel, the great-grandfather of General Miles, and Daniel's three sons, of whom one was Joab, the General's grandfather, served in the Revolutionary army, and one of the sons died on his way home from the final battle at Yorktown. "My great-grandfather," said the General, "was a firm believer in the government; and when he sold his property, he had the payment made to him in Continental currency. So we have as an heirloom in the family," he added with a smile, "a stout package of worthless notes, which I well remember seeing as a boy."

The General's father, whose name also was Daniel, was living at Westminster in Massachusetts, about fifty miles from Boston, when Nelson Appleton Miles, the young-



GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

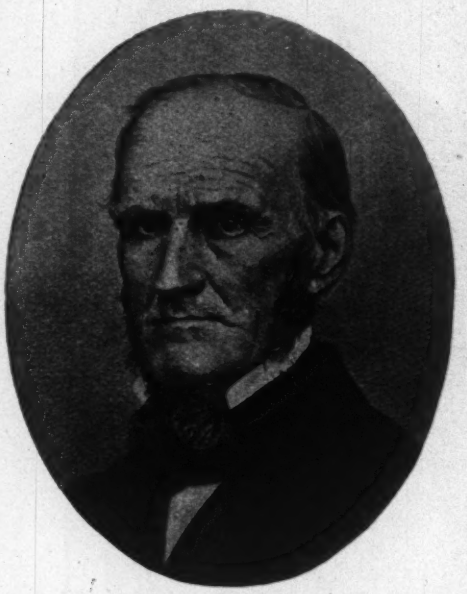
est of four children, was born. His mother was Mary Curtis, of a well-known Massachusetts family, and a descendant of William Curtis who arrived at Boston on the ship "Lyon" in 1632.

Young Miles's early life was that of other country lads brought up on a farm. He went to the district school, which was taught for a time by his elder brother, then to the academy. He was fond of outdoor sports: at six years he could ride and manage a horse, and he used to take delight in exploring the Wachusett Mountain near by. In 1855, at the age of sixteen, he set out to seek his fortune in Boston, and was soon installed as a clerk in a store on Washington Street, as little forecasting the future as did Grant in the leather store at Galena.

II.

"I BEGAN as a captain reduced to a lieutenant," is the General's quaint description

of his entrance upon his military career. With other young men in Boston, when the civil war drew near, he had taken lessons in drill from an old French officer named Salignac. A sum of about one thousand dollars, given to him by his father, he devoted to recruiting a company, and borrowed twenty-five hundred dollars more from a wealthy uncle, for which he gave his note. Company E of the Twenty-second Massachusetts Infantry was duly raised, and he was commissioned as its captain. But on the evening before the regiment was to start for Virginia, Governor Andrew sent a messenger to request him to give up that commission "to an older man," and to accept one instead as first lieutenant of the company. The future general protested against this injustice, but at length submitted, on reflecting that he "had enlisted to fight the enemies of his country, and not to fight the governor of his State."



DANIEL MILES, FATHER OF GENERAL MILES.

Those who were with the young officer at the outset of his career speak of his tireless energy as the trait that most struck them—"his incessant activity," as one brigade commander phrased it. For it must here be noted that he was soon detailed from his regiment, as an aide-de-camp on the staff of General Howard in the Peninsula campaign. "Other men let up once in a while," said one of his associates, "but he kept at it always." He was a tall, graceful young officer, and an admirable horseman, whose resolute, handsome face soon became well known in the brigade, for every battlefield, prosperous or adverse, somehow yielded him laurels. At Fair Oaks, the officer commanding the left wing of one of the regiments of Howard's brigade was killed. "Stop here and rally them," said the General to Miles, as he rode on with the rest of his staff; and very quickly the lad who a few months before had been considered as too young to head a company, was leading half a regiment, and winning official mention for his success.

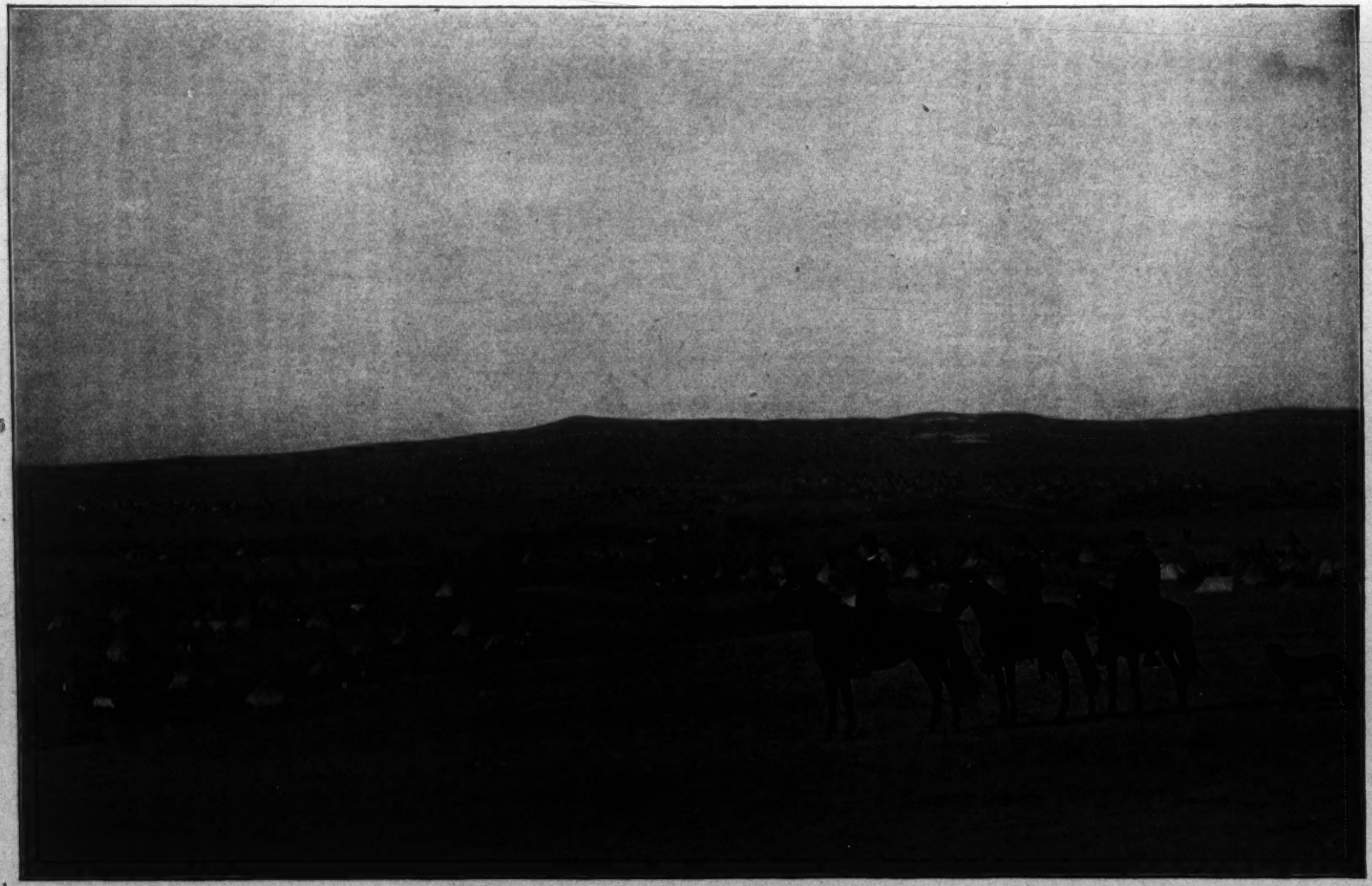
After Fair Oaks followed Savage's Station, White Oak Swamp, Glendale, and Malvern Hill. Miles volunteered to cut a road through the woods from Allen's Farm to Savage's Station, and, collecting axemen from various regiments, made a road practicable for artillery, and saved three batteries from falling into the enemy's hands. Finding Colonel Barlow's regiment, the Sixty-first New York, hard pressed, he led reënforcements to it under a heavy fire, and by great exertions also got forward a field-piece that silenced a destructive musketry fire.

These last exploits had a remarkable sequel; for on the recommendation of Colonel Barlow, whose official report had praised Miles's skill and gallantry in the highest terms, Governor Morgan appointed the young officer to the vacant lieutenant-colonelcy of the Sixty-first New York. "It was an unusual proceeding," wrote the governor, years afterward, "to take a lieutenant from another State and thus promote him over the officers of the regiment, but my action was more than justified by the brilliant career of Colonel Miles."

III.

So closed the young soldier's experience as a staff officer; but his new command quickly opened other opportunities for distinction. The scene of combat for the Army of the Potomac was shifted northward; and at Antietam, where Colonel Barlow was severely wounded and carried from the field, Miles took command in his stead; and when, soon after, Barlow was promoted, Miles became colonel of the Sixty-first New York. He was then but a little over twenty-three years old.

Each of the next two battles, however, came near proving fatal to him. At Fredericksburg he was shot in the throat by a bullet that left a track on the neck several inches long, the scar of which lasts to this day. Riding back to the field hospital, holding one hand to his throat, he met General Hancock, to whom, with mind still intent on the fortunes of the day, he pointed out the value of a bayonet charge against "the stone wall," and offered to lead it.



GENERAL MILES AND STAFF VIEWING THE HOSTILE INDIAN CAMP NEAR PINE RIDGE, SOUTH DAKOTA, JANUARY 16, 1891.

From a photograph taken and copyrighted by Grabill, 1891, Deadwood, South Dakota.

At Chancellorsville his escape from death was still narrower. In charge of Hancock's skirmish line, consisting of three regiments and of detachments from three more, he held that line successfully against all the attacks of Lee's veterans. But on the second day he was struck on the belt-plate by a rifle bullet that glanced into the groin, crushed through the hip bone, and imbedded itself in the muscles of his left leg. It was feared that the wound was mortal, and there was a dubious *if* in General Hancock's letter urging his promotion—"If Colonel Miles lives he will be one of the most distinguished officers in the service." After prolonged probing through deep cross-cuts in the path of the bullet, it was found and removed. This was Miles's third wound, his first being at Fair Oaks, where he had been shot in the foot; and, to close the score here, it may be added that his fourth and last wound was at Petersburg, where he was struck in the shoulder by a bullet that had split on his uplifted sword.

IV.

To Petersburg, however, the road was still long, and it led through the bloody thickets of the Wilderness. At Spottsylvania, Miles's brigade formed, with Brooks's, the first line of Barlow's division of the Second Corps, in the memorable "assault on the salient" that captured Johnson's division, about four thousand strong, with twenty guns and thirty colors. Lee's effort to recover the lost ground made the fighting of that day as fierce as any of the war; and at Washington may still be seen the stump of an oak, twenty-two inches through, that was cut down by musket bullets in that fight, one of Miles's staff officers barely escaping the tree as it fell. For his services there and in the Wilderness, Miles was made a brigadier-general.

When, after North Anna and the deadly grapple at Cold Harbor, Grant put his army south of the James, and invested Petersburg, Miles rose to the command of the first division of the Second Corps, a division of exceptional size, comprising twenty-seven regiments and two batteries, which he led thenceforth to the end of the war. For a fortnight, during the temporary absence of General Humphreys, he commanded the corps, about twenty-five thousand strong. And when the long struggle was over, and peace came to the land, Miles was commissioned a major-general of volunteers, and received the brevets of brigadier and major-general in the regular army, for Chancellorsville and Spottsylvania (the former battle yielding him afterwards, also, a medal of honor), and of major-general of volunteers for the final campaign as a whole, with a specific mention of his services at Reams's Station. He was also made colonel of the Fortieth Infantry. "I believe I was then the youngest colonel, except Pennypacker," said the General, "in the regular army."

The portraiture of General Miles that we find in the records of the civil war is that of an officer eager to take responsibility, one "who never waits to be told how to do a thing, but does it." His superiors mention his gift of seeing at a glance the points of vantage in a battlefield—his "quickness of perception and skill in taking up positions." He had clearly what Hare calls "the geographical eye;" and it was to serve him well in the strategy of his frontier campaigns, as it had in the field tactics of the civil war.

In 1868 General Miles married Mary, the daughter of Judge Charles Sherman, and niece of General W. T. and Senator John Sherman.

V.

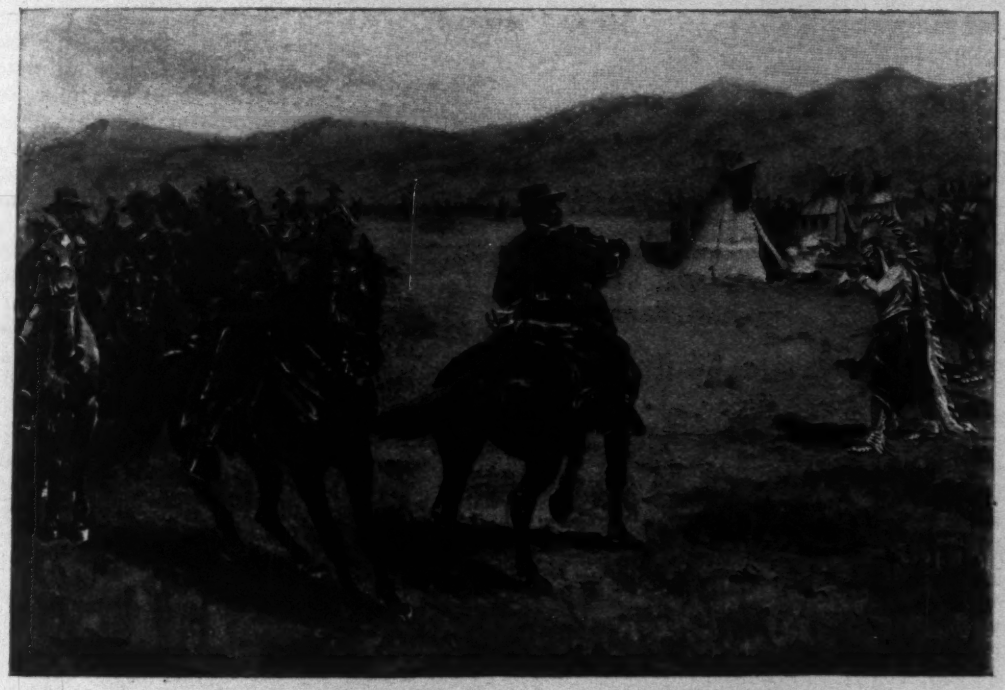
We now come to a second stage in General Miles's career. Indian warfare in our generation is no matching of spears and arrows against modern rifles and machine guns; for, as has well been pointed out, the dusky warriors of the West have often had breech-loaders when the regulars did not.

In the six campaigns of General Miles against Indians he cut loose from methods that had only custom to recommend them, and turned to account his experience in the civil war. He believed in giving hostile forces no rest until they were subdued. If the winter made campaigning hard for the troops, it must, he held, be worse for the Indians, with villages to care for and a dearth of supplies.

In 1874 raids were made upon the borders of Kansas and Colorado by bands of Southern Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches from the Indian Territory; and General Miles, then colonel of the Fifth Infantry, was ordered to fit out an expedition to punish them. He left Fort Dodge in August, and marched rapidly until, about a dozen miles north of the Red River, among the "breaks," as the deep gypsum ravines there are called, the hostiles, about six hundred strong, suddenly sprang from ambush upon his advance, whooping and firing. They held a line of rugged bluffs; but, "confident that they would not stand a charge," General Miles sent in his cavalry,

under Compton and Biddle, and pushed up his Gatlings, under Pope, with their infantry support, and the astonished hostiles were quickly driven in a retreat that continued to and beyond the river, and only ceased when the labor of pursuing down ravines and over buttes, now through a burning village and now across a waste of sand, in terrible heat, and with only the acrid and filthy water of the Red River to drink, had forced a halt.

Throughout the autumn and winter this campaign went on. The scene was the borders of El Llano Estacado, the Staked Plains, a desert-like stretch, where stakes were driven to mark trails. Very little respite did the hostiles get. At one time they were followed through sand-hills for a hundred miles; at another, the troops were after them when the mercury was twenty-five degrees below zero, the frozen streams bearing up the loaded trains. There were "nine different engagements and affairs," and at last they went back to their agencies, worn out, almost starving, and completely broken in spirit; and from that day to this they have never again been on the warpath.



GENERAL MILES FIRED UPON BY LAME DEER.

VI.

TWENTY years ago the Sioux, from their numbers and prowess, were the dread of the settlers of the Northwest; and among the most interesting chapters in the annals of frontier fighting is the one that records how a comparatively small force subjugated that nation, and robbed the names of Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse of their terrors.

In June, 1876, General Custer's command was slaughtered on the Little Big Horn, and the Fifth Infantry was ordered to Montana to take part in the resulting operations of Generals Terry and Crook. These over, with little accomplished, and the hostile Sioux still unsubdued, most of the troops were withdrawn, and Miles was left to winter alone on the Yellowstone, with his own regiment and six companies of the Twenty-second Infantry, so as to be ready for a spring campaign. But to an officer thus isolated, discretionary power had to be entrusted, and Miles used it in a characteristic way. He resolved, as soon as the work of hutting at the mouth of the Tongue River was cared for, to strike the hostiles at once. "They expected us to hive up," said the General, "but we were not of the hiving kind." The Indians who had left their reservations were in two principal bodies, one under Sitting Bull, in the Yellowstone Valley, and the other under Crazy Horse, in the Wolf Mountains.

Made insolent by recent successes, Sitting Bull sent word to Colonel E. S. Otis, who

was escorting one of Miles's supply trains, to get out of the way, as he was scaring off the buffalo. "If you don't," said the note, "I will fight you again. I want you to leave what you have got here, and turn back. I mean all the rations you have got and some powder." Colonel Otis, however, kept on, the Indians from time to time exchanging shots with his troops.

When General Miles heard of this affair he moved after Sitting Bull, and on the 21st of October found him near the head of Cedar Creek. The famous medicine-man sent in a flag of truce, and an interview was held between the lines, under an agreement that General Miles should take six persons with him, and Sitting Bull also six.

MRS. MILES.

"Sitting Bull," said the General, in telling the story to the writer, "spread out a blanket and wanted me to sit down upon it, but I stood up while he sat down. As we talked, one and another young Indian sauntered up, until there were, perhaps, ten or fifteen in a half circle. One of my men called my attention to this. I said to Sitting Bull: 'These men are not old enough for council, and unless you send them back we will stop talking.' Soon afterward the interview came to an end with nothing settled. I found out later, from a scout and interpreter named John Brughier, that one Indian muttered, 'Why don't you talk strong to him?' and that Sitting Bull replied, 'When I do that, I am going to kill him.' Brughier also told me that one of the young warriors slipped a carbine up under Sitting Bull's buffalo robe. But I had in mind the fate of Canby, and had instructed the troops on the ridge back of us to keep the spot in range."

The next day came a second interview. The General tried hard to induce the Indians to obey the government, and go to their reservations. Sitting Bull's answer was emphatic:

"The Great Spirit made me an Indian. He did not make me an Agency Indian, and I do not intend to be one."

Seeing that further parley was useless, General Miles gave an ultimatum through the interpreter:

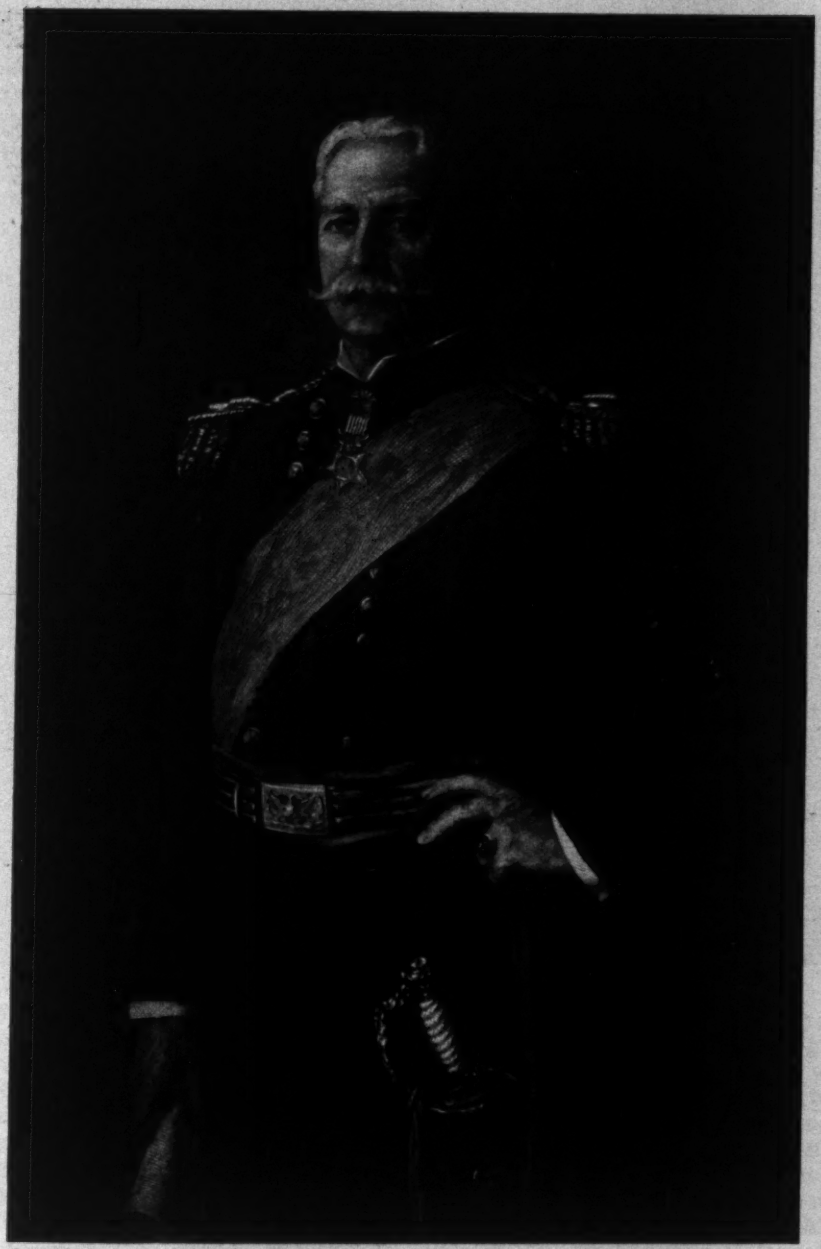
"Tell him that either I will drive him out of the country, or he will drive me out. I will take no advantage of his being under a flag of truce, and will give him fifteen minutes to get back to his lines. If my terms are not accepted by that time, I will open fire."

Sitting Bull started up with a grunt, and rushed out in a fury, followed by his chiefs, not stopping to shake hands. In a very short time the Indian lines were all astir with yelling warriors dashing about on ponies; and presently the grass was burning here and there to stop any advance of the troops. Miles had with him only three hundred and ninety-eight rifles, while the Indians swarmed in far greater numbers in front and on the flanks; but his men went forward with a rush, and the hostiles were driven two-score miles to the Yellowstone, leaving some of their dead in their flight.

Six days later, about two thousand Indians surrendered, and agreed to go to their agencies, while five chiefs, given up as hostages, were sent down the Missouri River. Sitting Bull, during the retreat, had broken away from the main body with his lodges, and was joined by those of Gall and Pretty Bear; but Miles pursued him through the snow, and on the 18th of December Lieutenant Baldwin surprised his camp, then numbering one hundred and twenty-two lodges, and captured a good part of its equipage.

VII.

THE winter had now set in with great severity, and the brilliant success already achieved might well have justified pausing until spring. But Miles could not rest, with Crazy Horse, a very brave fighter, still at large. Having returned to the cantonment, he fitted out his command as if for an Arctic expedition. Besides having thick woollen



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GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

From the original painting by C. Ayer Whipple, 1895.

garments supplied to them, the men cut up buffalo robes and made moccasins or overshoes and mittens. They cut up grain sacks and bound them around their feet and legs. With holes in their mufflers for seeing and breathing only, they looked like so many Esquimaux or Ku-Klux, and one man could not be told from another. General Miles wore a fur-trimmed overcoat, which gave him among the Indians the name of Bear Coat. It was a strange-looking column that started, four hundred and thirty-six strong, from the Tongue River cantonment four days after Christmas. The men slept on the snow, and the loaded wagons and the two field guns crossed rivers on the ice.

After three skirmishes the Indians, mostly Ogalalas and Cheyennes, were found on the crests of a deep gorge of the Wolf Mountains. They shouted down derisive wel-

comes to the troops. "You'll eat no more fat bacon," they called; "you've had your last breakfast." Suiting his tactics to the nature of the ground, General Miles deployed all his force, keeping no reserve, and set the men at climbing up the steep hillsides, now through gullies filled with snow, and now over the slippery ice. Despite the drag of their heavy clothing, they reached the crests, and there, facing the Indians on equal ground, at length drove them through the mountains. Big Crow, their medicine-man, had told them his medicine was so strong that the whites could not kill them; and he may have had faith in it himself, for, coming out in front, he ran about in a circle of perhaps a dozen feet in diameter, shaking his gun. "It was a dare-devil thing to do," said the General, "but Indians sometimes try it, perhaps counting on the constant change of position to protect them." Shot after shot failed to hit him, but at length a bullet brought him down; and then a panic spread through the camp. The end of the battle and the flight of the Indians took place in a blinding snow-storm.

Returning to the cantonment, General Miles sent Brughier to Crazy Horse's camp, with a demand for his surrender; and during the spring that chief, with Little Hawk, Little Big Man, The Rock, and more than two thousand Indians, gave themselves up at the agencies; and about three hundred more, under Two Moons, Hump, White Bull, and Horse Road, at the cantonment. Sitting Bull had found refuge on Canadian soil.

VIII.

When spring opened it was learned that one band, mostly Minneconjous, under Lame Deer, was still out, along the Rosebud. Early in May, therefore, General Miles started after them, using as scouts some of his surrendered Sioux and Cheyennes. A hard and secret march enabled him to surprise Lame Deer's village, of fifty-one lodges, at the mouth of Muddy Creek. Desiring to avoid bloodshed, the General directed Lieutenants Casey and Jerome to charge through the village, cutting off the herd, while another body of troops, following more deliberately, was to call out that, if the Indians would throw down their arms, their lives would be spared. This was done, White Bull making the demand for surrender, while General Miles rode up and held out his hand to Lame Deer, saying: "How, how?" and Lieutenant Baird, of his staff, in like manner grasped Iron Star's hand.

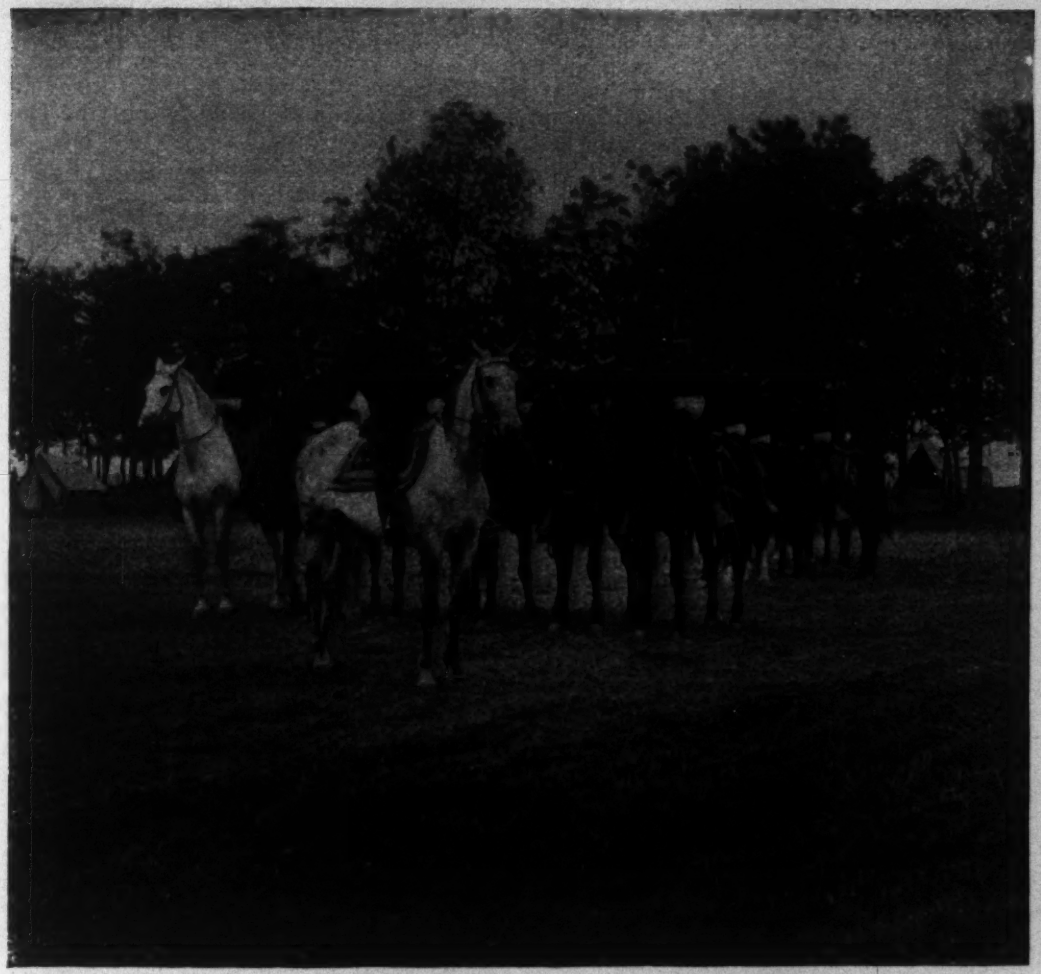
Just then a scout foolishly pointed a rifle at Lame Deer, as if to cover him. "The chief, who was a big, powerful fellow," said the General, "jerked away his hand from mine, and reached down for his gun, as if he suspected treachery and thought, 'I'll send him, at any rate, to the happy hunting-ground.' My horse started back, and Lame Deer's bullet, whistling by, killed a soldier named Stringer, just behind me."

The troops at once opened fire, and then charged the hills, to which the Indians had retreated, keeping up the pursuit for eight miles. Among the killed were Lame Deer and his chief warrior, Iron Star, and twelve other warriors; and the band, under other leaders, afterwards surrendered at the agencies. As for the captured horses, they were used for mounting the Fifth Infantry.

IX.

One of the noblest figures in Indian history, and one of the greatest warriors, is the Nez Percé Chief Joseph. In this same year, 1877, he had resisted attempts to put him and his band on the Lapwai reservation, in Western Idaho, and had sought to carry all his people hundreds of miles to Canada. He outran the force that General Howard had on his trail, escaped from Big Hole, where General Gibbon fought him, and again from General Sturgis, who engaged him in the Yellowstone Valley. Sturgis had been sent out by Miles; and when the latter, on the evening of September 19th, heard what had occurred, he started the same night with all the available force of the Tongue River cantonment, to head off Chief Joseph before he should reach the border.

Hard marching brought the command, on the last day of the month, to Joseph's village, in the Bear Paw mountains. It lay within the curve of a crescent-shaped bank, in the valley of Snake Creek, and the warriors occupied the beds of adjoining ravines. A brilliant charge of the Second Cavalry battalion, under Tyler, cut off the herd of eight hundred ponies; and then battalions of the Seventh Cavalry and Fifth Infantry, under Hale and Snyder, headed by the Sioux and Cheyenne scouts, under Lieutenant Maus, charged directly into the village. The heroic attack was resisted with a valor as heroic, and in a short time Captain Hale, Lieutenant Biddle, and twenty-two soldiers were killed, and four officers and thirty-eight soldiers wounded, among them being Lieutenant Baird, of the General's staff. One gallant charge by Captain Carter,



GENERAL MILES AND STAFF AT CHICAGO AT THE TIME OF THE RIOTS IN 1894.

with a small body of the Fifth Infantry, had cost over a third of his command. Promptly varying his plans, therefore, and adapting them to the situation, the General moved up his artillery, and disposed the troops so as to hold the Indians under siege, with escape impossible.

On the sixth day Chief Joseph advanced to surrender. It was a scene for a painter, a typical scene in American history, when this noble-looking warrior, facing General Miles, a worthy counterpart in mien and bearing, handed his rifle to his white conqueror, and with impressive dignity pointed to the sun in the heavens, saying: "From where the sun now stands, I fight no more."

General Miles, in announcing the victory, used the terse, significant phrase: "We have had our usual success." His full report described his brave adversaries as "the boldest men and best marksmen of any Indians I have ever encountered," and Chief Joseph as "a man of more sagacity and intelligence than any Indian I have ever met."

X.

In 1878, the Bannocks, of the Fort Hall reservation, in Idaho, began a thieving and murdering raid, and General Howard's troops, pursuing, repeatedly struck and scattered them. One band, however, under Elk Horn, crossed the mountains in August, at a time when General Miles chanced to be passing through Yellowstone Park, accompanied by some guests, under an escort of about one hundred soldiers and a force of Crow Indians. Learning of their approach, he sent his guests, guarded by a part of his troops, to Fort Ellis, and with the remainder moved out to intercept them. A part of his force was ordered to Boulder Pass; with the rest, consisting of thirty-

two soldiers and seventy-five Crow Indians, he made a forced march to Clark's Fork Pass. Having concealed his men in a pocket of the mountains, he waited a day, until the hostiles had appeared and gone into camp, and then, stealing up, attacked them at daybreak of September 4th. The whole band was captured, eleven being killed in the fight, while the chief loss to the troops was that of Captain Bennett. The Bannocks had with them two hundred and fifty horses, and these General Miles turned over to the Crows, having agreed to give them all they could capture.

The following year, by an expedition from Fort Peck, General Miles once more drove Sitting Bull over the Canadian border. That invisible line of latitude had the curious property of allowing hostile Indians to cross it forth and back without hindrance by the Dominion, while suddenly turning to a wall of steel against our troops that pursued them. But at length, worn out by constant harrassings whenever they showed themselves this side of the boundary, great numbers of them surrendered during 1880 at Fort Keogh.

Railways could now be built and farms cultivated with safety everywhere in the Northwest. Peace had come, and the problem of settlement and civilization had been solved.

As the Kansas legislature had thanked General Miles for his campaign against the Cheyennes, Comanches, and Kiowas, so the Montana legislature expressed its gratitude for the subjugation of the Sioux; while a brigadier-general's star, awarded near the close of 1880, formed the military recognition of his services. Then he was assigned to command the Department of the Columbia.

XI.

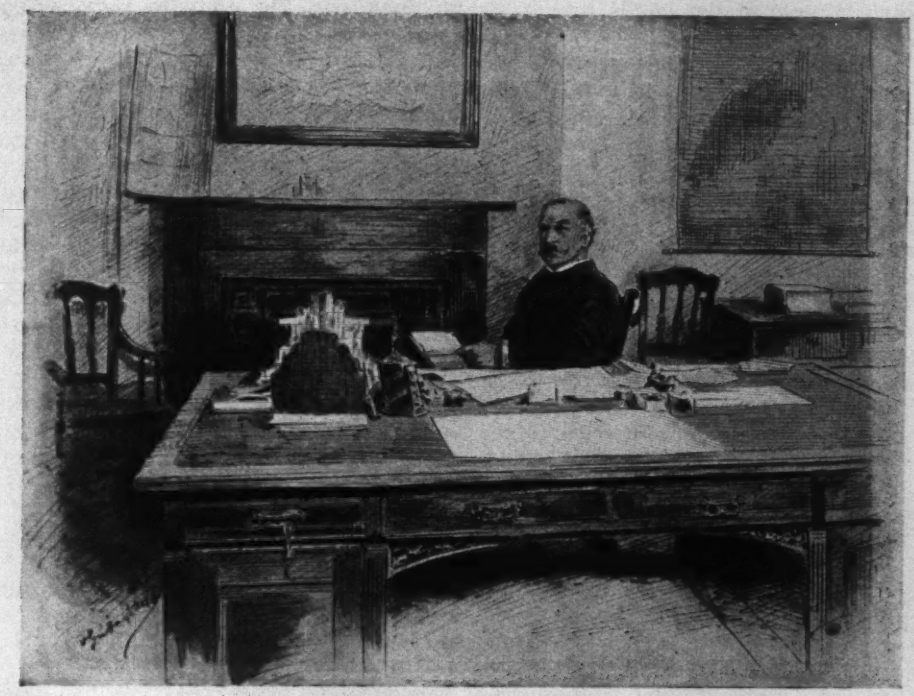
For centuries the Sierra Madre of northern Mexico and the region now included in New Mexico and Arizona were the prey of the savage tribe of Apaches. Crafty, active, and seemingly untamable, they found cover in the rugged mountains and trackless wastes, where fierce heats and the lack of water baffled white pursuers.

In the year 1885 a threatened conflict between Indian Territory tribes and the cattlemen had caused the President to transfer General Miles to the command of the Department of the Missouri, with one-fourth of the available army under his orders. These troops were skilfully disposed, and the dangers of bloodshed averted; but scarcely had this duty been performed, when he was sent to fight the Chiricahua and Warm Spring Apaches, under Geronimo and Natchez, for this purpose relieving General Crook in the command of the Department of Arizona.

When General Miles arrived on the scene he found many of the border industries paralyzed, and it was reported that one hundred and forty persons had been killed by the hostiles within a year. "A more terror-stricken lot of people I have never found," he said. There was some reason, too, for their discouragement. The raiding Indians, not being numerous, were all the harder to find, as "they roamed over the most rugged mountain region on the continent, six hundred miles north and south, and three hundred east and west." They were of astonishing physical endurance, and "as mountain-climbers they had probably no superiors on earth." They rode stolen horses, and subsisted on stolen cattle and sheep, or, failing these, on "their natural food of field-mice, rabbits, seeds, desert fruit, and the substance of the mescal and the fruit of the giant cactus."

Devising a plan of campaign suited to the region and the enemy, General Miles began his work by dividing the whole area into observation districts, and organized a relay system, under which the troops of each district were to follow the hostiles until a fresh command in the one adjoining should take up the pursuit. "The animal does not live," he held, "that can stand being hunted without cessation." Then, on the lofty peaks he established signal stations, which flashed to each other heliograph tidings from mirrors over enormous distances. Thus every movement of the raiders was made known, and, as Major Baird, in his admirable account of these campaigns, has well said, he turned his two greatest obstacles, the mountains and the sun, into allies.

Scarcely were these plans formed when the hostiles, having begun their raids in Sonora, swept northward across the border. The troops, pursuing, struck them again and again, until they found no course open except to turn and head for their fastnesses in the Sierra Madre. Fortunately a treaty with Mexico allowed our forces to cross into that country; and a picked body under Captain Lawton, which General Miles had organized for the purpose, followed Geronimo three hundred miles south of the boundary, day after day and week after week, now over lofty peaks and now down deep ravines, where, with the mercury at



GENERAL MILES IN HIS OFFICE AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

one hundred and twenty in the shade, "it was so hot you could not touch a gun-barrel or sit on a rock." Satisfied, at length, that the hostiles were thoroughly worn out, General Miles communicated with them through two friendly Indians, and then Lieutenant Gatewood rode into their camp and made known the terms of surrender. They gave themselves up, and were sent under guard to Florida, as were also the four hundred Warm Spring and Chiricahua Indians near Fort Apache.

The settlers were overjoyed at this complete clearance. Public meetings expressed their gratitude; and at Tucson, General Miles received a richly decorated sword, while the legislatures of New Mexico and Arizona passed resolutions of thanks. The results achieved were permanent, as not one of the Indians then removed has ever gone back, and, save for the occasional marauding of some outlaw, there have been no hostilities on the Southwestern border.

XII.

THE two most prominent tasks of General Miles, of late years, have been the suppression of the "Messiah" outbreak of 1890 among the Sioux and the suppression of the Chicago riots of 1894. These events are so fresh in public remembrance as to require only a brief mention here.

"A Messiah was about to come, who would bring back to life all the Indian dead, outnumbering the white men, and they would drive countless herds of buffalo, elk, deer, and horses before them." Such was the strange and dangerous delusion that broke out among the Indians half a dozen years ago and spread from tribe to tribe. Ghost dances were held, and the red men were to march in great bodies to Western Nevada, where the Messiah was supposed to be. Sitting Bull, who had surrendered in 1881, saw in this frenzy a means of gratifying his still smouldering hatred of the white man, and with him it became a conspiracy.

To General Miles fell the duty of dealing with this widespread and perilous movement. Promoted to the grade of Major-General, he had just before been transferred from the command of the Division of the Pacific to that of the Division of the Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago. Forces were hurried to him from all parts of the West, and these he carefully placed so as to show the malcontents the hopelessness of a resort to the war-path. The great strength of the outbreak was among the Sioux, whose extensive reservation accordingly had to be watched at every point, while in the rough region of the Bad Lands

the most turbulent of the bands had gathered in great numbers. Besides being excited by the Messiah delusion, they had some grievances against the government, complaining especially of a lack of rations.

But "Bear Coat" and the campaigns from 1876 to 1880 were well remembered by the Sioux, and, thanks to his prestige among them, to a judicious union of firmness and diplomacy, and to a proper distribution of the troops, the disaffected Indians went back to their agencies, and the threatened revolt was quelled. Sitting Bull had been killed by men of his own race—the Agency police—while resisting arrest.

As to last year's overthrow of Debs and his followers, it is perhaps enough to say that when General Miles began his operations at Chicago not a freight train was running, and "over a thousand locomotives and cars were said to be more or less injured." He took possession of the strategic points, such as the Lake Front Park, the Government Building, and the six great railroad centres, where twenty-two trunk lines came together, stationing his forces with masterly skill. Then construction trains, guarded by troops, were made up to repair tracks and start the flow of traffic, and many simultaneous movements so divided the attention of the rioters that trains began to run and the reign of lawlessness came to an end.

XIII.

THE sketch of General Miles's career here given has dealt largely with his field services. And this is natural, since it may be doubted whether any general officer now living has been oftener and longer under fire in battle. Fox, in his "Regimental Losses in the Civil War," says that "the hardest fighting and greatest loss of life occurred in the First Division of the Second Corps, in which more men were killed and wounded than in any other division of the Union army, east or west," and this was the division in which Miles served—the division successively commanded by Richardson, Hancock, Caldwell, Barlow, and himself. Of all the officers, too—regular or volunteer—who fought in the war for the Union, he more than any other has increased his renown by field services performed since.

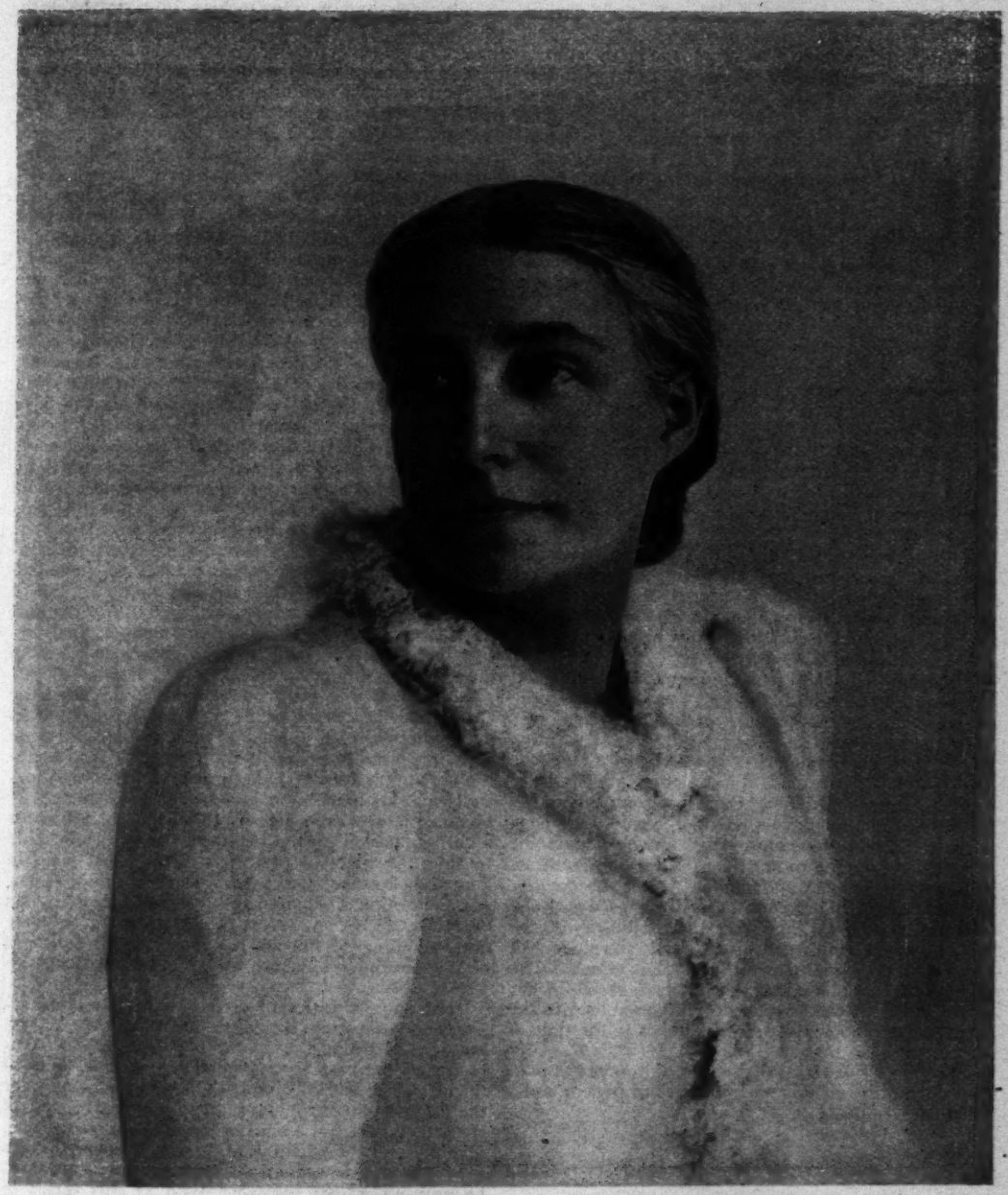
But General Miles finds a source of satisfaction also in the occasions when he has been able to avoid hostilities with the red men, notably in three such occasions—one when he went out against the Jicarilla Apaches and Muache Utes; a second when he dealt with the Colville Indians, and a third in his management of the Indians of San Carlos reservation. His plan in the Messiah disturbances, too, was to avoid bringing upon the white settlements another war. To him the chief significance of his frontier campaigns seems to be their bearing upon the opening of great regions in the Northwest and the Southwest to safe settlement and to the march of civilization.

Whatever, indeed, pertains to the development of the country has for General Miles an interest. On the Pacific coast he sent exploring expeditions to Alaska that enlarged our knowledge of that territory. On the arid plains he studied the problem of irrigation, and has made known in a magazine article his views on that important subject.

XIV.

A MEMBER of various social organizations, General Miles yet takes much more pleasure in home than in club life. He has the happy art of making strong and loyal friends. He has always enjoyed outdoor sports and athletic exercises, and did not miss, you may be sure, being at the America's Cup races in September. He is fond of horseback riding, and appears to great advantage mounted, but has come to prefer the bicycle; and in his daily spins on the wheel, his daughter or his son, a lad about to enter his teens, is often his companion. He likes to have pet animals about him, especially good dogs; "and his pets," as a friend once said, "are the pets of the whole family."

In manner the General is quiet and self-controlled, but none the less affable and courteous, and it has been remarked that he never refuses to see anybody who calls upon him. Perhaps it is a systematic method in routine work, with a habit of beginning as soon as possible whatever has to be done, that gives him this abundant leisure for visitors. The members of his family have access to his library in his working hours, and never seem to disturb him. He is free from affectations, and presents no eccentricities or angularities with which to point a "character sketch." He likes a joke, and in conversation has an agreeable, well-modulated voice, which, of late, has frequently been heard in public addresses. General Miles also is an exceptionally good listener. Much of his leisure lately has been taken up with writing a book on the growth of the West, particularly as he has observed that growth during the last twenty years.



MRS. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

THE NEW McCLURE'S,

AND yet THE OLD McCLURE'S, for, while our notable enterprises for the coming year will show a marked advance over our previous work, the magazine will retain its characteristics of noble human interest, of friendliness to what is most worthy of the attention of serious-minded people, of keen alertness in reporting human progress; at once pioneering and recording.

Our new "Life of Lincoln" was not undertaken hastily. It was at first planned to cover two or three articles; but the preliminary work revealed a wealth of new material of extraordinary interest. It will make several important additions to our knowledge of Lincoln's life. The chapters dealing with his early life in Illinois, his flatboating, his Black Hawk War experience, his career as a circuit lawyer, will contain masses of new material. An extraordinary speech delivered at Bloomington in 1856, known as the "lost speech," never before reported, will be given from the only notes taken of it. Indeed a wealth of new facts and new anec-

dotes has been secured by Miss Tarbell during months of travel in Illinois.

The most remarkable discovery made by the editors is the extraordinary amount of *new* pictorial material. The frontispiece of this number is absolutely new, and is of paramount interest, while none of the other portraits of Lincoln in this issue has been published in any prominent way before. There are many other new pictures in this instalment, as will be seen from the notes.

There will be fully three hundred illustrations of the "Life of Lincoln" in the twelve numbers. And these pictures will be intimately related to the subject. We are eager to secure new material, and bespeak the kindly interest of our readers and friends in collecting and sending us pictures, facts, and anecdotes relating to any period of Lincoln's life.

The autobiographical papers by Mrs. Ward, or, as she is better known, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, begin in our next number. These records, covering a period of nearly forty years, will reveal the influence of a beautiful home life, of the Andover of thirty years ago, of the civil war, and of the great movements of our time, on a highly gifted and very spiritual nature.

The story of the writing of "The Gates Ajar" is peculiarly interesting. A mourning nation, whose fathers and sons had fallen on the battle-field, a loss in which nearly every home in the land shared, seemed to compel the writing of this wonderful book.

It is true that, thanks to the improved methods of reproduction, pictures of varying merits, in the form of engravings in our popular periodicals, have been scattered broadcast through the land. But as quantity rather than quality has been the standard of choice, this familiarity has bred, if not contempt, but little benefit to art or to the higher civilization comparable with that which judicious selection would have conferred. If looked at, however, from the standpoint of one to whom the productions of various countries and various schools are familiar, it can be demonstrated that art in our century has kept pace with the marvels of progress, and that the art history of the time is replete with interest not only to the student of art, but to that great mass of the "plain people" who have built up our country, who have stood in the ranks in the time of war, or have lingered long in the Centennial or Columbian Expositions in the time of peace.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE therefore proposes to publish during the coming year a series of papers under the general title of

A CENTURY OF PAINTING,

in which the author, Will H. Low, will consider, decade by decade, the art productions of the various countries. Accompanied by reproductions of their works, each artist of first importance will be considered in comparison, not only with the men of his profession and time in his own country, but in the larger environment of the world of art. The conditions under which he worked, his art education, his character as a man in so far as it influenced his work, will be treated, and a consecutive and clearly defined arrangement of the various painters in relation with their place in art will be attempted. For the preparation of these articles a journey covering the greater part of central Europe was undertaken by Mr. Low, in order to refresh his memory in regard to pictures already seen, and to view others in countries with which he had no previous acquaintance. At the same time a large collection of photographs direct from the original paintings was chosen, and from these, reproductions equally faithful will be made by a process which will place in the hands of the readers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE the masterpieces of modern art, not translated through the medium of another temperament, as is the case with any form of manual engraving, but absolutely as the accurate photographic lens has reproduced them. A careful selection of subjects will be made; so that while the papers will be perhaps more profusely illustrated *than any articles yet offered by any magazine to its readers*, the principle of judicious selection will be strictly enforced, and no picture will appear which has not achieved its right to be considered of importance in the art history of the nineteenth century. In nearly every case portraits of the painters represented will be given, and in most cases these portraits will have the peculiar value of having been painted by the men themselves. The Uffizi Gallery in Florence possesses a large collection of portraits of painters painted by themselves, and a generous selection has been made from these. An absolutely unique feature of this series of papers will be the attention paid to the art history of the United States, it being clearly demonstrable that during the entire century we have had men, fewer in number than in older countries, but of equal merit, some of whom, owing to the dearth of art interest in this country until a comparatively recent period, are to-day almost unknown by name to the majority of our people.

The remarkable growth of American art since the Centennial Exposition of 1876, which has excited as much interest in Europe as at home, and has led more than one foreign critic to prophesy that it presages the next great Renaissance period, which should logically find its home here, will be considered, and its notable pictures reproduced. Each article will cover a certain period of the century, and will show, side by side, the pictures produced during that time in England, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Spain, and the United States, enabling thereby the readers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE to arrive at an accurate understanding of the art history of the century and of the position which art to-day holds in the entire world.

That such a series of articles is timely, instructive, and interesting, the editor of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE needs no further assurance than the remembrance of the vast throngs which filled the halls of the art palace at the Columbian Exposition, where, for the first time in our history, a comprehensive view of the art of different countries was offered our people. The pictures there exhibited, however, covered but a few years of art production, and were unaccompanied by any explicative comment such as this series of articles will supply. A painter by profession, Mr. Low's criticism will bear the weight of one most thoroughly alive to the difficulties to be overcome in his art; and to the myriads of students working in the art schools of our country this series will embody the result of many years of experience and study of the art collections of the world, while, for the benefit of the general reader, a careful avoidance of strictly technical considerations will be practised. In a recent editorial notice it was declared that our standard of illustrations was the same as our standard of literature—*the best;* and in presenting this series of illustrated papers we are confident that our readers will feel that our assertion is more than confirmed.